

LADIES' HOME

Journal

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN * FIFTEEN CENTS * DECEMBER, 1944



Dear Reader: my mommie
told me to wish you a
specially merry Christmas
because our Christmas is going
to be specially merry because
Daddy, we think, will be
home pretty soon now so
Merry Christmas to everyone.

Chandler

Bright Future

Look ahead . . . to the room

you've always wished for . . . a gay carnival of color from floors

to walls to cabinets bright with sparkling towels that delight the touch. For, of course, upon their crystal shelves will be a wonderful new towel wardrobe designed by Cannon for perfect use and beauty and priced to suit your own post-war pocketbook.

Meanwhile, we know you're appreciating the long-lived color and quality of your present Cannon towels. And that you'll draw sparingly upon the limited store selections now available. Because Cannon is the world's leading towel maker, we can promise you our new colors and patterns, as they come, will far exceed your rosiest expectations both in style and traditional Cannon value no matter what you pay. So plan that room — and put by War Bonds to make your plan come true.



Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS

CANNON HOSIERY

WAR BONDS will build a room like this and Cannon will furnish it with the thrillingly color-schemed and patterned matched sets of bath and face

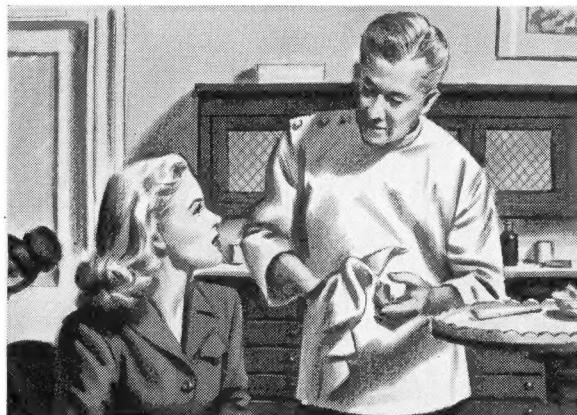
towels, wash cloths, finger-tip towels, bath mats and rugs you will select — as soon as our Armed Forces no longer need so much of our production.



"Come on, Ouija board—You find me a man!"



1. "But honestly, darling! Suppose Ouija could find you a man? What then? Where would it get you without a nice, shiny smile? And your smile, Cupcake, isn't so—well, have you ever noticed 'pink' on your tooth brush? If you have... better see your dentist!"



2. "A sparkling smile depends so much on healthy gums. Soft foods rob gums of exercise. For extra stimulation, I suggest you massage your gums." (Note: 1944 survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for their own personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



3. "But look at my wonderful smile!" Ever since I found out about Ipana and massage my teeth seem to sparkle so! And I'm sure partial to that Z-I-P and freshness in my mouth when I massage with Ipana! Seems like my smile just gets brighter every day!"

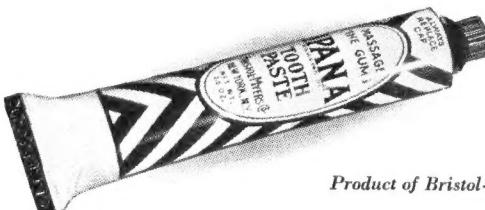


4. (Thoughts of a girl going places.) "Well, the Ouija Board didn't find me a man. But my sparkling new smile certainly did! And the wonderful way he talks to me—'Every time you smile, Beautiful, I start thinking about us in double harness!' Me for Ipana and massage from now on!"

Don't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—heed its warning!

WHEN "PINK" shows on your tooth brush—see your dentist! His opinion may be that today's soft foods are denying your gums the hard chewing and exercise they need for health. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more attractive smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start Today—with Ipana and Massage

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 women with all types of skin!



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look," says Mrs. Stanley Nash of Long Island, N.Y. "So I said 'yes' when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: I washed my face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—for a full 60 seconds—massaged onto my skin Palmolive's lovely soft lather, as you would a cream. Then rinsed. This cleansing massage brought my skin the full, beautifying effect of Palmolive's lather. After 14 days, my doctor confirmed what my mirror told me—my skin was brighter, fresher, cleaner! You must try this wonderful plan."

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ★ Brighter, cleaner skin
- ★ Finer texture
- ★ Fewer blemishes
- ★ Less dryness
- ★ Less oiliness
- ★ Smoother skin
- ★ Better tone
- ★ Fresher, clearer color



All 36 doctors proved that 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women who tested the Palmolive Plan for you got many of these improvements in 14 days. Now it's *your* turn! If you want a complexion the envy of every woman, start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive Soap tonight. In 14 days, you, too, may look for fresher, brighter, *lovelier* skin.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Soap uses vital materials that are needed to win the war.



**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**

IT'S NEW! IT'S BIG! BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE!
Use it for tub or shower. Solid. Thrifty. Long lasting.

Journal Contents

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS



S/Sgt. HOBERT SKIDMORE, author of *Shoulder the Sky*, writes, "The things I've learned about men in the Army have made me proud and humble. One night a

kid came into my tent and wanted to give me five dollars for typing some things he had in his hand. They were Presidential citations for his outfit! My credentials from Yank magazine enabling me to get around, I spent some time with the infantry while they mopped up the island. I learned a lot about the American soldier when he is fighting. In the field he commands your admiration and respect. He is a swell guy.

"It's been said that the garrison soldier and the field soldier are two different people, although they may be two stages of the same man. But the things you learn about men that stick in your mind, you learn in the mess halls, tents, latrines, foxholes, and sitting in a driving rain watching an aged movie."

BLACKSTONE



MARGARET COUSINS, author of *The Fifty-Dollar Bottle*, writes, "Born in Texas (my grandpa pioneered there from Tennessee via covered wagon), I spent a lyrical childhood in a small town. After

graduating from the University of Texas I had a brief, tempestuous whirl at police reporting, but the family considered it no fit vocation for a young girl, so I worked on my father's drug-trade magazine. Then in 1937 I sold a short story, moved to New York and began to think of myself as an Author. Only I didn't write. At long last I stopped trying to be an author and am now trying to write. But it has been a struggle. I dislike cantaloupes and 'stuffed shirts,' like people and good talk, collect ironstone china, and my favorite exercise is riding, in which, it has been said, the horse gets most of the exercise."

ALEXANDER



AUDREY DE GRAFF, author of *I'll See You Again*, writes, "I was born in Brooklyn, but was transplanted by marriage to Albany, New York. My interests, work, hobbies and enthusiasms all come

under one heading—boys. I have three of them, John, Richard and David, so I have to make time to write. Aside from them I've never done anything unusual, never lived in strange lands, and I'm the world's worst cook. And I'm afraid of dogs and allergic to horses. When I read the biographical sketches in the last JOURNAL to Ellen, our maid, she shook her head. 'Miz De Graff, 'pears like you'll just have to make up a life!' she said."

DECEMBER, 1944

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Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

You remember how America thrilled as a voice came over the radio—"Our planes have bombed Tokyo!"

★ ★ ★ ★

We thrilled again and again to learn how Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle led his men in the greatest gamble of the war—how they took off from the carrier "Hornet"—how they loosed their bombs on the city—how some were forced to abandon their planes over China—and how they found their way out.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now that epic story reaches the screen in M-G-M's mighty film, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", based on Captain Ted W. Lawson's *Collier's* serial and best-selling book.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now you can see for yourself what that adventure meant to the men who went out to avenge Pearl Harbor—the human story behind the boys who left home and sweethearts and wives and set forth on a perilous mission!



"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is the story of their courage and their glory.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is one of the very few truly great pictures to come out of this war.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued it with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm human understanding.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has provided an ace cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker (great roles for two rising young actors), Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few.

★ ★ ★ ★

AND—AS a crowning touch—SPENCER TRACY as Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is a thrilling picture that will make your American heart swell with pride...a prophecy of things to come.

★ ★ ★ ★

As this is being written our planes are coming closer and closer to Tokyo. By the time you read it they may even have bombed Hirohito's capital again. If not, it won't be long now.

★ ★ ★ ★

And if we seem a little excited about the picture, you'll understand why when you see it.

—Leo



Casserole Fruit Cake!

Crisco makes cakes lighter!

1 medium orange • 1/2 cup sugar
 3/4 cup nuts • 1 cup dates
 1/2 cup Crisco • 1 cup sugar • 2 eggs
 3/4 cup sour milk or buttermilk
 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
 1 tsp. soda • 1 tsp. salt

Squeeze orange and combine juice and 1/2 cup sugar. Remove white pulp and membrane from orange rind; put rind, nuts and dates through food chopper. Blend Crisco, 1 cup sugar and eggs together. (Crisco has developed a special cooking secret. It gives you lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening!) Stir in fruit-nut mixture. Add milk alternately with flour sifted with salt and soda. Turn into "Criscoed" casserole and bake in slow oven (300°F.) about 1 1/2 hours. Remove and pour orange juice over the cake at once. Cool in casserole and allow to stand several hours or overnight before cutting. All Measurements Level.

M-M-M!

**I smell
Christmas!**

For Exciting, Digestible Treats—COOK WITH CRISCO!

It does more for Wartime Meals!

With wartime shortages, you can't take chances with your Holiday baking. Take a tip from good cooks. They're fussy about ingredients. And when it comes to shortening, you'll find they swear by Crisco.

It's true! More women use Crisco than any other vegetable shortening. It has a cooking secret that gives you lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening!

NEW CRISCO COOK BOOK

Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in United States, including Hawaii.

As for pie crust! You're sure to get the tender, flaky kind with Crisco and the Pastry Method on the label. And Crisco gives you fried foods so light and digestible even children may eat them!

Yes, Crisco cooking makes good eating! You can count on pure, all-vegetable Crisco to make all your cooking exciting to eat—easy to digest!

Crisco
 9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:
"IT'S DIGESTIBLE!"



Cranberry Pie!
 Crisco Pastry is flaky, tender every time
 2 cups cranberries • 1/2 cup water
 3/4 cup sugar • 1 tbsp. tapioca
 Single crust recipe Crisco Pastry
 Sort cranberries, wash and cook in a covered pan with water until the skins burst. Stir in sugar blended with tapioca. Line a shallow pie pan with Crisco Pastry. (Follow the new sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label! No guesswork! You'll get a flaky, tender crust every time.) Fill with cooked cranberry mixture. Cut designs from pastry, brush with milk and place on top of cranberries. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 25 to 30 minutes or until pastry is browned. All Measurements Level.

Chewy Pecan Sticks!

Rich in flavor, made with Crisco!

1/2 cup Crisco • 1 1/2 cups flour
 1/4 tsp. salt • 1 tbsp. sugar • 1 egg
 2 tbsps. water
 2 eggs • 1 cup brown sugar
 2 tbsps. flour • 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt • 1/2 tsp. vanilla
 1 cup chopped pecans

With a fork, blend Crisco, flour, sugar and salt until mix is like fine meal. (Use fresh, sweet Crisco and be sure of delicious, digestible cookies!) Stir in egg and water. Press dough into pan 8" x 12". Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 min. Beat eggs; add remaining ingredients and beat thoroughly. Spread over pastry and bake 40 min. Cool; cut into bars. Makes 32 cookies 1" x 3". All Measurements Level.



Rationing Shows Folks Up

By Constance J. Foster

IT HAPPENED recently in a kindergarten class. The teacher had just finished reading the story of Noah to the children. She passed out paper and crayons, suggesting that they draw a picture of the ark.

"Remember," she cautioned, "that there wasn't much room, and Noah could take only the most valuable and precious of his belongings with him."

When the pictures were finished, every single child had drawn Noah holding a ration book in his hand!

A Gallup poll of what people value most would probably find the all-essential ration book ahead of diamonds on the list. Burglars broke into a suburban home a few weeks ago. In reporting his losses to the police, the owner sighed gratefully, "Thank God, they took only the silver, my wife's jewelry and my Phi Beta Kappa key. We had our ration books safely hidden in the folds of a sheet in the linen closet!"

One woman dashed into the local War Price and Rationing Board office and demanded more sugar stamps because her maid had been regularly stealing five-pound sacks and taking them home with her. Asked if she had discharged the dishonest servant, so that the incident would not be repeated, Mrs. B. was genuinely amazed.

"Fire a maid these days? I should say not! I'm the only person on the block who still has one. She can steal my husband if she likes and I'd still keep her!"

Under the circumstances the extra allowance was not forthcoming and Mrs. B. flopped out, muttering under her breath.

"Lots of them threaten to go straight to Washington," sighed the overworked volunteer assistant.

Strangely enough, it is the wealthy who make the least fuss about doing without things to which they have always been accustomed. They take shortages and privations in their stride without any whimpering. The same thing goes for families with members in the armed forces, especially if the boys are serving overseas. They bend over backward to be fair and square about sharing with others on the home front. Ration-board officials say that the chiseler and the hoarder are the exception, not the rule, and can usually be quickly spotted.

Everything can, and does go on in the crowded quarters of a War Price and Rationing Board office. People have hysterics, fall down in dead faints and even start fist fights or hair-pulling matches. Neighbors recognize and trip up each other's stories; like the time the spinsterish woman crowded ahead of the rest out of her turn, explaining that she had to get back to her sick babies.

"Babies, sez she?" snorted an acquaintance who chanced to live across the hall in the same Bronx walk-up. "Why, she ain't even married!"

RATION books are lost and found in the strangest places. They go through washing machines in the pocket of a pair of wash slacks, the wind blows them into wastepaper baskets or out of windows, babies chew them up and pups tear them to bits. "Carelessness" is the verdict of rationing boards in such cases, and the unlucky losers are submitted to a rigmarole of filling out lengthy duplicate forms for each lost book.

Where losses are beyond the individual's control, duplicate books are available immediately. Recently a fire destroyed the ration books of sixty families in an apartment house. Members of the rationing board worked overtime the next day to supply every victim of the loss with new books before sundown.

A sweet-faced, white-haired woman of seventy-nine applied recently for books which records showed had already been issued to her. Don't ask how the rationing

boards know these things—it is a deep, dark secret—but they do! She was advised to go home and search for them again. Later a telephone call came from her:

"I found them. You'll never guess where. In my Bible, which shows that I don't read it as often as I should, I'm afraid!"

Rationing brings out all kinds of queer quirks in people. One old maid of fifty had lived an uneventful life that revolved around her large family of cats and her cup of afternoon tea. She appeared at the rationing-board office one day and applied for extra points because she had recently married an elderly invalid.

"I wasn't in love with him," she admitted, "but I figured I might be able to use some of his extra meat points for my cats!"

MANY a ration book is serving symbolically to remind an elderly person of his lack of a substantial bank balance. Where ill will exists in a family, it is sometimes vented by turning over the farmed-out old folks with ration books devoid of usable stamps for the current period. Conversely, a family will often extend new and unprecedented hospitality to its elderly members because they are able to obtain additional fuel-oil allotments on the basis of the old persons' advanced age.

Quite a few marital squabbles flare up over ration books. One day a man came to the local War Price and Rationing Board, complaining that his wife had thrown him out of the house and he was living in a furnished room.

"She's in love with another man," he explained. "I don't mind that so much. But I draw the line at having him use my ration book. How can I get it back from her?"

A pretty, flighty little newlywed applied for a duplicate ration book, explaining that her young husband had hidden hers to keep her from leaving for Reno, where she intended to get a divorce. When she was told that under the circumstances no new book could be issued to her, she decided that eating was of more immediate importance than the divorce. So she stayed on, the quarrel was patched up amicably; when next seen by the officials at the board, she was on hand to apply for ration books for a new set of twins just born to the happy couple.

Out-and-out bribes are seldom proffered to rationing-board officials. But they admit that they find it difficult to step out of the office without running into someone who offers to buy them a drink or take them to lunch.

Still and all, many things happen to make these volunteer workers hopeful about the fundamental decency of human nature. Every day mothers come in with tremulous smiles, slap down a ration book and say proudly, "He's in the Navy now!" Families are invariably conscientious about returning the books of members who die.

It used to be that proud fathers passed the cigars in celebration of the birth of a new baby. Now they dash into the rationing board, often within a few hours of the birth, to apply for the infant's ration coupons.

"I've never been able to figure it out," said a member of one of the boards. "You'd think they planned to start Junior off on beefsteak and canned corn before he was twenty-four hours old!"

But one thing is sure. Rationing has extended democracy beyond the ballot box into the realm where it affects each one of us most keenly—in the pit of the stomach. If it has lessened some of the untrammeled joys of being a millionaire, it has taken a good deal of the sting out of being a poor man. For one man's sugar coupon is as good as another's, regardless of the fluctuations of the stock market. This is democracy at work.

"Now I see why Duz beat 25 washday soaps!"

Duz does Everything-BEST!

TESTS PROVE Duz IS TOPS FOR
YOUR BIGGEST WASHDAY NEED—

**White Washes +
Suds + Safety!**



"Yep! Duz beat 25 soaps
—including all the most
popular ones!"

Are you saying, "Did Duz beat my soap?" Here's the answer. Not one of the 25 soaps tested, not even the most popular, beat Duz on any of the 3 big washday problems: Whiteness, Suds and Safety!

Some soaps lost to Duz on safety. Some lost on suds. Only Duz rated tops for whitest washes, most suds for cleaning and greatest safety for colors—combined!

Laundry Experts washed grimy work clothes, grubby towels, even dainty rayon undies to make absolutely sure that Duz does EVERYTHING—BEST!

Don't waste Duz—Like all soap it uses vital war materials!



SAFER? AND HOW!
I CAN EVEN TRUST MY
UNDIES TO Duz!

THESE TOWELS PROVE
DUZ BEATS SCADS
OF OTHER SOAPS
FOR WHITENESS!



"This **NEW** kind of soap beats 'em all
Duz does Everything-BEST!"

LADIES' HOME

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Apprentices for Peace

"I'M FOURTEEN," said Johnny, "and I want to do a war job."

"But our jobs don't pay any money—they're volunteer jobs," said the interviewer.

Johnny was standing very straight to make up for his shortness. "I know." He smiled anxiously. "I'm a volunteer."

Johnny's father was in service and his mother had a war job. He had been alone all day, every day, until late evening in a near-slum home. From the volunteer office, he walked into a new life at the hospital where he was to work as a messenger three afternoons a week. Soon he volunteered for six, and became an official page, known and liked by all the staff. He has decided to become a doctor, and all his medical friends are betting that he'll make the grade.

If it hadn't been for the Student Volunteer Bureau, started two years ago in Philadelphia by the Community Crusade (the women's educational branch of the United War Chest), Johnny might have been caught in the delinquency battle on the slum front. The bureau which started him on a professional career was envisioned by its founders not only as a safety valve for potential delinquents, but as a desperately needed source of manpower, boy and girl power, to help the thinned and hard-pressed staffs of social agencies and institutions. They saw it as an organ for peace as well as war, a training ground for citizens, a college in first-hand social studies, and a vocational trial period and springboard.

Over one thousand youngsters between the ages of fourteen and eighteen have been placed in more than a hundred different types of part-time volunteer jobs: they are working as clinic aides, assistant librarians, lifeguards, day-nursery helpers, diet-kitchen helpers, storytellers, ward aides, messengers, and so on, in settlement houses, hospitals and social planning agencies. They give an average of twelve hours a week, and four out of five have proved to be reliable workers—a good percentage at any age level.

The Volunteer Bureau has done such valuable work that civic leaders are determined its purpose and meaning shall not be forgotten in any peacetime lethargy. Already reaching into the horizon is a new program begun this fall in the junior and senior high schools, to give regular credit for courses incorporating educational movies and tours to slum areas and social agencies.

"At all periods of history," says Dorothy Canfield Fisher in *Our Young Folks*, "what young people need is the same—to learn how to be useful enough to the society of their time to be accepted by the adult world."

Too many of our teen-agers have missed the chance to grow in usefulness. Their problem is going to be more acute than ever in an adult world suddenly released, and reacting, from the adrenalin of war. But all communities can find in this Philadelphia pattern a key to the indispensable element of the future—mature citizenship.

The Education of the Heart

By Dorothy Thompson

IN the JOURNAL I have talked before about the intellectual and moral education of the American child. I should like to pursue this question further.

During a full generation a curious struggle has been going on between science and religion; spirit and matter; reason and intuition. The general attitude has been that these things are incompatible: that if a person is rational he is, *ipso facto*, skeptical and without faith; that if he has imagination, insight and intuition, he will be misled by them into unscientific mysticism; that, as a consequence, all people who believe in moral imperatives and intuitive revelations are intellectual idiots. Those who have tried to translate into practice the emotion of the idea have been branded as "unrealistic." Those who have confined their personal and public policies to conscious reason have been called—by the other side—"materialists."

IN OUR own times this conflict has resolved itself into two extremes: the Communists and their associates, who have renounced everything that you cannot touch, hear, taste, smell and see, and have announced that what holds back the progress of mankind are dark religious bogeys and folklores; and the Nazis, who have affirmed that man thinks with his blood, and that everything that matters arises from deep racial and unconscious urges, to follow which is the only true wisdom.

Both "ideologies" have infected the whole of democratic life much more deeply than we care to admit.

On the one side we have the almost complete secularization of our education, which more and more confines itself to rational, scientific and utilitarian ends, while everywhere there are outbreaks of highly emotionalized religious or semireligious and pseudomystic cults, from Aimee Semple McPhersonism to astrology, numerology, crystal gazing, palmistry, derivatives of East Indian cults and a score of other means by which people, revolting from reason and science, seek to lift the veil on the mystery of life.

There is something insane and schizophrenic about this division between the emotional nature and the intellectual nature of man.

For plainly we are, each of us, emotional and intellectual beings. We have instincts. We have feelings. We are susceptible to purely emotional reactions of pity, anger, tenderness, horror, rage, fear, indignation, courage, vanity, envy, pride, generosity. On the other hand, we are reasonable creatures, capable in greater or less degree of rational processes of thought, and behavior based upon thought. We are able, in greater or less degree, to discern fallacies in debate; to differentiate between statements of fact; to put together the parts of an airplane, a complicated can opener, a vacuum cleaner or a picture puzzle, according to purely rational observations. In the higher reaches of intellectual activity, we—as members of *Homo sapiens*—are able to plot and predict the motions of planets; to dissect the elements of Nature and rearrange them, physically and chemically; to overcome, by sheer reason, the "laws" of gravity, and to acquire for ourselves the attributes of fishes and birds, which can swim through and under all waters and fly through all weathers.

I suppose that, in the past fifty years of this "passionate age of discovery," mankind, by sheer reason, has made greater progress in the material world than in three thousand preceding years of history. He has harnessed light, heat, the waves of the ether and the waves of the sea, and the infinitesimal pulsations of energy which matter is discovered to be.

AND yet mankind has a broken heart. All his inventions and all his genius bring him vast material advancements and comforts, and neither rest nor wisdom nor happiness. They teach him how to kill his own kind in manners and with horrors that would flabbergast the torturers of the Middle Ages. Man doubts the earth on which he stands; he looks upon the starry firmament with fear; he views the promising future with alarm; he predicts whole dynasties of wars: the First World War, the Second World War, the Third World War. What is wrong with this piece of work which is man, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculty—and yet such a quintessence of dust?

(Continued on Page 112)





CAN YOU PASS A MAIL BOX WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE?

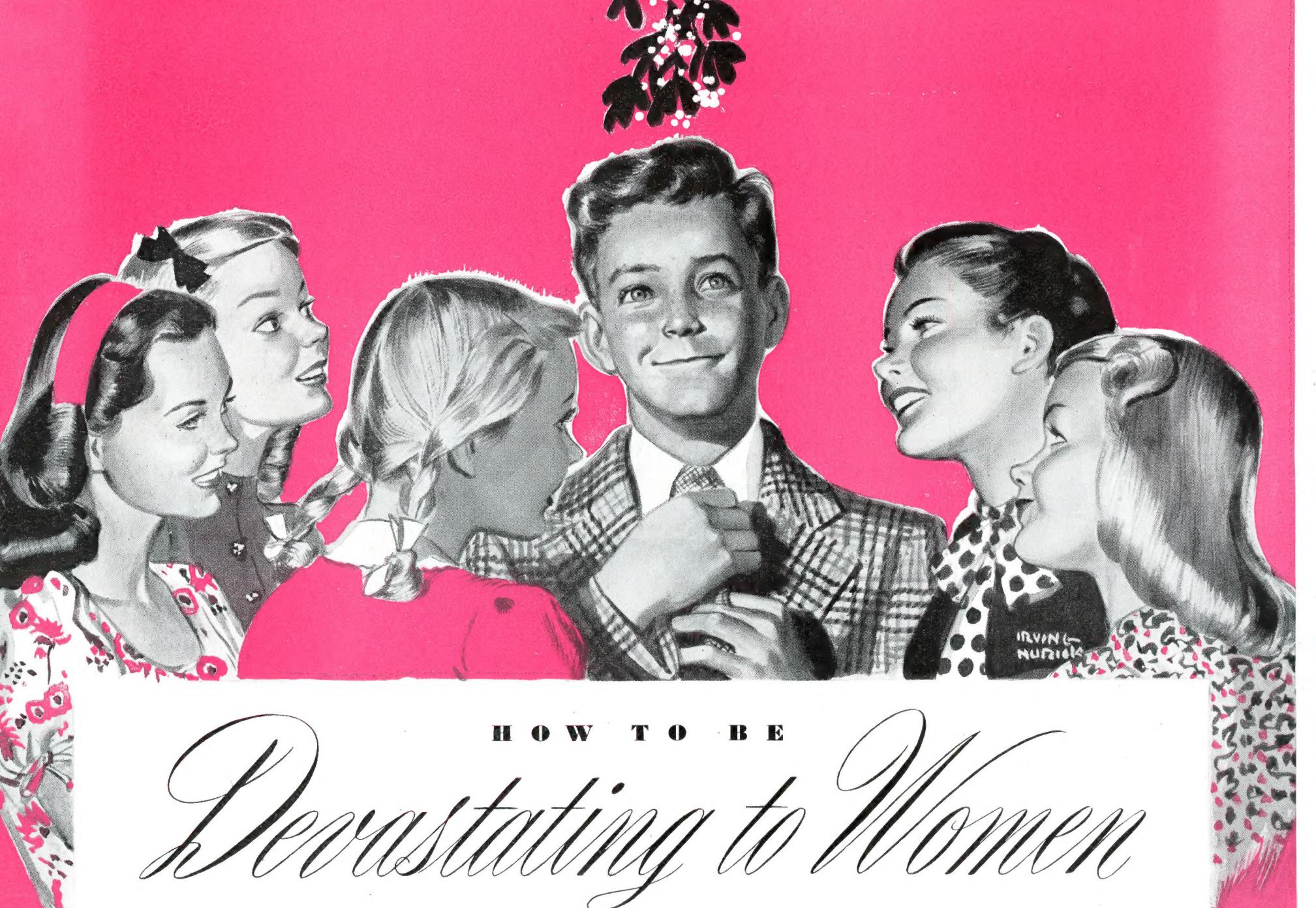


Just suppose that instead of this mail box you came face-to-face with the boy in uniform you've neglected to write! . . . After all, writing a letter is such a *little* thing to do . . . and yet to those in the Service it is the most important thing in the world. From the Southwest Pacific, a Dole employee who is now in the Service writes as follows—

"Mail is a great thing. It is a barometer on a ship. When we don't have mail for long periods, the morale becomes

very low . . . but just as soon as mail is brought aboard, the entire ship brightens and the change in atmosphere is certainly surprising."

Even if you have no one of your own in the Armed Forces, drop a cheery line to a neighbor's son or daughter, a former business associate, or, perhaps, one of the servicemen you've entertained in your home. To speed your letters and to save valuable shipping space, use V-Mail.



HOW TO BE

Devastating to Women

BOY SCOUT campaign ribbons trim your mirror. Fossils line your window sill. Your curio cabinet is hallowed ground. You can drive the car, but you're not supposed to. Your phone calls are mostly male. Your shirt-tail's more often out than in. And of a sudden to you, women are wonderful! "Tufty" with blue bows on her pigtails. "Mitch" with the tiptilted nose. "Gwen" with her lean, long legs.

You haven't felt inspired to do anything about them. They've surrounded you at school. They've spotted that empty seat beside you in the dark of the movies. They've invited you to parties. But you and the other Butches have been nonchalant.

Now you decide to date a woman. You've never been out alone with one before. You whistle furiously to cover up the whir of your think machinery as you line up your tactics. If you'd only absorbed a little more of what those older guys were up to. If you'd only found a couple of books to read. If you could only trust your sister not to laugh. How do you get started? Here's help!

THE APPROACH DIRECT

For your first date, pick a girl who's had her first date. A girl you know well. You don't want a strange dead weight to drag while you're trying something new. Then pick out something to do. A vague sit-and-talk date is a large dose for your first. Something like a class play, a movie or the name-band concert—that doesn't call for artful performances on your part and hers—is good for a starter. You can invite a girl to bowl when you know she can. To skate, to dance, to swim—after you've lined up her talents. Meantime stick to sit-and-listen things. You don't have to talk much. Just put her in a comfortable seat, then sit back and relax. A bite after requires no special ability. Getting her home safely should present no hazards. And there it is—your first date. From there on you can fling your fancy flourishes.

SPIRIT AND POLISH

Hooligans and wild Indians go big on picnics. But not on dates. Girls prefer smoothy-pants for such big moments. Men who go in for washing behind the ears, crisping the pleats in the trou, civilized ties, inspected fingernails. Casual undress is jake when you're mussing it up with the boys. But girls dress up for you!

Looking pretty is only part. They want your motions polished. They're trying to act like ladies—so don't undo their good work. The hooligan who hoots their manners, pooh-poohs their politeness, sarcastizes their conversation and pokes a finger into their poise gets short shrift from girls. Your mother has been trying to drum a few facts of polite life into your cranium—against this very moment when you isolate a woman from the pack and start to take her places. This woman and your mother agree that hooligans should be hung!

And think on this. It takes two to make a date click. Inviting a girl to spend the evening in your fascinating company is only the beginning. There's the follow through. In brief:

Fifty per cent chat about things that matter to her.

Three comments on how lovely she looks and is.

Enough coin to take her somewhere.

Your best manners—they are not sissy.

Let her impress you.

Show it—what're you afraid of?

Rapt attention when she talks, sneezes, stays silent.

Have fun if it kills you.

Leave her with a plan for your next date.

Avoid talk about the other girls.

Skip heavy sophistication—everything's new to you.

Good-night kisses will come later.

Be a clod and you'll inspire her to her worst efforts. Silence will freeze her. Bulldog stubborn-

ness will get her back hair up. Your attention to all the other girls in her presence will chill her to the bone. Your clumsiness and wrong words will make her awkward too. Your doltishness is catching. You'll wonder why you ever bothered to isolate this particular woman. And all the time it's half your fault!

THE FIELD

But women are your object. You're not at all interested in getting stuck with one. Not until you've had a chance to look them all over. It's the field for you. Playing the game with all women. Following through with "Tufty," "Mitch," "Gwen" and others.

POINT 1. Hold back the devotion of your heart. Most girls are attractive. They all want to be liked. They'd all like to impress you. So be impressed. By them all.

POINT 2. Deal out your interest, consideration, attention and concentration individually. Register yourself on each girl you spend any time with, as a smoothy-pants who's willing to be convinced.

POINT 3. Then when you're surrounded by a flock plus mistletoe, you'll tuck the proof in your pocket that women think you're wonderful!

FOR MEN ONLY

Whereas the Sub-Deb Department recognizes that a date without a man is no date at all; and whereas we're convinced that of all people, Sub-Debs like men best; and whereas we know that understanding women is man's life work, we've prepared some very special tips on getting along with women, in the Sub-Deb booklet library. You can get the lowdown by writing a post card and asking the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for No. 1695, the free complete booklet list. And while you're at it, take a look at the booklets written for the girls!



In an emergency A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND

HERE'S nothing like a good friend to help you through an emergency whether it be great or small. If Listerine Antiseptic isn't in your medicine cabinet you're missing a wonderful feeling of security and protection this trustworthy antiseptic inspires.

Think how often it can render real first-aid . . . how often you and your children may appreciate its quick germ-killing action!

Remember how Listerine Antiseptic was called in to take care of those little cuts,

scratches and abrasions that you grew up on?

And, of course, you simply can't overlook its value as a precaution against the misery of

colds and their accompanying sore throats. Bear in mind that in tests made over a 12-year period, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always at hand to fight infection. It combines a delightfully refreshing effect and complete safety with rapid germ-killing power.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo

Sixty years in service

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



*Sanitone
drycleaning
keeps fabrics
Beautiful*

Pep up your clothes to greet the holidays. A refreshing Sanitone beauty treatment will restore their glow and sparkle of newness. Sanitone is a special drycleaning process that revives tired fabrics while it gently but thoroughly removes soil and perspiration. Phone your local Sanitone cleaner now. He is expert on clothing care.

EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC., CINCINNATI 2, OHIO



LOOK UP YOUR SANITONE CLEANER IN THE CLASSIFIED PHONE BOOK

Our Readers Write Us

The Hot School Lunch

La Fontaine, Indiana.

Dear Editor: Why couldn't the Government serve every child, rich and poor alike, with just such a meal as you show in your 11¢ complete lunch? Many children of the families who have ample means are as poorly nourished as those from poorer families.

This plan would guarantee each child proper nourishment and educate children to eat properly and form eating habits which would carry through life.

As to expense, it would save enough in hospital bills, disability and criminal cases to pay for itself, I firmly believe.

Yours truly,
MRS. C. E. TROYER.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Editor: My purpose in writing is simply to blow off steam that has accumulated at the appearance of those articles by dietitians who gleefully describe "A Well-Balanced Lunch for 11¢." There is only one explanation. Dietitians must have access to a secret and celestial grocery store with prices based on the depression of 1895.

We girls like to learn all about these nice diets and things for Johnny and Jenny, but we don't like to be kidded. And so, for the future, let us get down to reality. The 11¢ lunch must go.

Your faithful reader,
MRS. F. V. SCHONECK.

► The editors regret the turmoil in some readers' minds roused by a too-casual reading of the JOURNAL's six-page article on the Hot School Lunch. As the article stated, the 11¢ lunch we suggested was not possible for home consumption at that price, but was a suggestion for a *community* hot-school-lunch project. That means, of course, that the foods would be purchased wholesale in large quantities.

For example, from official September market reports on wholesale school purchases, the lunch we suggested could be itemized this way: apple, ½¢; orange, 2¢; milk, 2½¢; cheese, 1¢; rusk, ¼¢; cod-liver-oil tablet, ½¢; butter, ¼¢; egg, 2¢; carrot, ½¢; dehydrated soup, 1.8¢. Total, 11.3¢.

From Warren D. Mack, Ph.D., head of Pennsylvania State College Department of Horticulture, and from Pauline Beery Mack, director of Ellen Richards Institute, we have this joint statement:

"The foods in the JOURNAL's recommended school lunch are purchasable in large quantities at wholesale. When procured on this basis, the lunch can be bought at prices ranging from 10¢ to 18¢ per child per day, depending upon region of the country and season. The lunch as pictured could be bought in large sections of the U. S. at 11¢ during August and early September. Individual buying at retail could not, of course, procure the foods as inexpensively as if they were bought on a large-scale institutional basis at wholesale." ED.

Paris Lives Again

Sally Elting, former member of the JOURNAL fashion department, recently arrived in Paris to take charge of organizing Red Cross clubs and canteens.

Paris.

Dear Editor: Last Wednesday I went with a Russian friend to Schiaparelli's opening of the fall collection. It was jammed with the little gold chairs stuck in every available inch. The show was run off with only three mannequins and, as a result, was too long. My over-all impression was of too much chi-chi for lack of the basically good materials. This is indicative of Paris now. Buttons were outstanding—mother of pearl used well, but with these often embroidery was added up the sleeves or on the front of coats and suits. A couple of reefers—very plain with good shoulders and patch pockets, buttons on them—caught my eye. Underneath, a

severe and good black or yellow wool dress. Full skirts—high necks and usually buttons. Lots of fur-lined coats.

But the hats! Hopeless piles, with here and there a wimple effect on velvet. You'd be quite shocked if you could see what goes on people's heads. The Suzy-type turban is still the best—otherwise the homemade turban stiffened with paper is popular. These are worn constantly because one's hair cannot be dried here most of the time. Not enough electricity yet.

I saw a bicycle costume of plaid wool and corduroy—split skirt and plaid garters, complete with wimpled hat. Evidently each collection has some bicycle suits, but one never sees them. Every now and then one sees a smart culotte suit. Otherwise these gals just have the knack of looking right while riding. There are two schools of thought on the skirt—some have it out over the seat, others sit on it as they do in England. Of course nothing but wedge (wooden ones) shoes. There is no leather—even at Hermes. A tiny bag was 5000 francs!

To go back to Schiaparelli, on the ground floor there were corporals, colonels and Red Cross girls buying "Shocking" or "Sleeping" by the dozens! My, America's women are going to be bathing in perfume this Christmas.

It's not your Paris—you'd die with no food. A doughnut via Red Cross is the most popular food in existence, and our coffee. The ersatz stuff they've been drinking tastes like liquid rubber.

There is a mess at the Ritz, Place Vendôme end, where I dined the other night and saw a congresswoman, one of the WAC heads, Marlene Dietrich in ermine, and a general with a blonde!

Empty champagne bottles are top black-market items, as one must give two for one full one—a little man goes up and down the Rue de la Paix with a cart, selling them. One can buy American cigarettes for 180 francs a pack. A carton of cigarettes will get almost anything.

Ciro's is jammed—mostly with Americans and blondes with hair piled high and badly dyed. Dance spots in Montmartre are doing good business. No transportation after the Metro closes at 9:30 except a carriage (for which you pay enough to buy the horse and his feed for a year) or a bicycle usually operated like a tandem pulling a gocart affair, just big enough for two.

My coterie of hostesses for the dances is building fast. The girls are pretty young, but charming with the soldiers and fast learning slang, jitterbug, gum chewing! The men are happier in this city than I've ever seen them; there is practically no drunkenness. They are avid sight-seers.

We're in for a cold winter, with no hot water. I did go to the Crillon for my hot baths, but they have none now either. So now we will go to an ack-ack group in the city dump every Saturday morning (being called for in a weapons carrier) and bathe in a public bathhouse taken over by the Army. It's the greatest luxury one can imagine.

SALLY ELTING.

Daughter Mary's Daughter

*The Duke's Cottage,
Rudwick, England.*

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Came a telegram to say daughter Mary has a little girl with red hair and very blue eyes. Isn't that clever of her? She is in Ireland still. How incredible it is to think of Mary as a mamma. Only yesterday, it seems to me, she herself was borne in to me, brand-new, a singularly savage and threatening baby of whom I was candidly afraid! And now—welcome to Annette Rowan.

The blanket burglary I wrote you about has led to endless and what to me seem entirely futile interviews with the police. Futile because there is not the slightest chance of them finding my blankets, or, if my insurance pays, of being able to replace them. We hold long rambling conferences that lead nowhere, in which the police appear to be trying to assure me the blankets were not stolen. But when I say, "Then where are they?" that they cannot tell.

(Continued on Page 13)



For starlit moments...
you want your hands to be pretty
as a love tune... soft, bequeling.

So guard their beauty with
Trushay... the "beforehand" lotion.
Smooth it on every day... before
household tasks.

This rich velvety lotion helps
prevent roughness and dryness
... guards busy, beautiful hands,
even in hot, soapy water.

Try Trushay today.
See how it helps your hands
stay lovable.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

We nominate for the best-dressed women of 1944

Our Women at War

The Army Nurse is typical of the women serving with America's Armed Forces. She knows the mud of France and Italy, the rains of China, the sodden earth of the South Pacific's tropical islands, the slush and snow of the Aleutians....and with her calm efficiency and healing touch, she's the most beautiful sight a soldier's ever seen.



Pre-War Gaytees are illustrated. While these colorful shoes are not available today, like most good things, they will be back after the war.

"U.S." Gaytees
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N. Y.



Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E. W. T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

Serving Through Science

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 10)

Personally, when we can once more do as we like without asking a government department for permission, I know what I want. My poor shabby house was bad enough before the bomb in my field blew curtains and cushions and sofas full of plaster and powdered glass. Let my face go—but the sofa shall have attention, and I will buy vast bales of chintz and cretonne, and that awful mantrap on the stairs, where one's heel catches in the hole we cannot mend, shall go, and go for good. And all the other depredations shall be mended up, and all the disasters done away with, for there are things one can learn only by experience, like not having the ink uncorked just before an explosion. I will go on wearing my old clothes, but the house is going to be wonderful. Towels and sheets I shall replace, and no longer shall I awake with the darn on the pillow-case imprinted on my cheek! Already they are talking tentatively of the things that may soon come off the ration.

And one day soon we may be able to replace with respectable receptacles and platters that chipped and battered collection of earthenware now known as the Tea Set. It looked as if it had come out of Tutankhamen's tomb even before the last bomb fell.

Later. We have just heard that John Winstanley, my nearly son, and Jock's best friend, is wounded, in Burma. Burma at that time of year was not a good place to be in, even whole, with the electric fans all turned on, and the ice chest ticking merrily in the bottle *khana*. John was all set to be a doctor when the war came, but he wouldn't avail himself of that loophole to stay behind. I still can see him, the last time he came here, rushing upstairs with his night clothes in a most professional-looking little doctor's bag, saying pompously, "Good evening. Which room is the patient in?" He is very long and thin and he had a quiff of hair on top of his head, like a nice baby. Before he went away he made me vow a solemn vow that I would never, never part with my appendix to any other doctor, but would keep it for him.

There are rumors of increased rations for Christmas, but no train was heated until November first, so we have had to put up with a good bit of cold feet. Down here in the country we do pretty well, but in London the food is pretty dreadful. Worse even than when you were here. And lunching at the club the other day, we found ourselves faced with the dreadful alternative: "Tripe. Or black puddings." Both an acquired taste we neither of us had acquired, so we said, "Bread and cheese." And they said, "Sorry. Cheese is off."

I was trying to think the other night, what will be the things one will remember about it all long after? Not the big dreadful things, like telegrams coming—but the more everyday happenings. And I know one of the things I shall never forget is standing on a veranda in a house in Collingham Gardens in the middle of the Battle of Britain. The house a few doors away had come down. The air was full of dust and the street full of broken glass. And I remember a tired warden stopping to rest for a moment in the porch down below. He was talking to himself: "Quiet! That's all I want. A little peace and quiet!" I've no idea who he was. But in a way, he spoke for every one of us here on this battered little island.

Later. I wonder if you remember my telling you of the Air Force blue wedding we had here last year, and the bride and bridegroom standing shoulder to shoulder, singing so bravely, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow—" On Saturday we took flowers down to the church again—just over one year later. The poor little bride is a widow. Her husband was killed flying. And again one has to stand amazed at the courage of these children. She squared her shoulders, took charge of everything herself, made the funeral arrangements. Such a brave forlorn little figure; it broke one's heart. Her baby is due at any moment. At least she will have that, and the memory of one perfect year. They had the spring together, and that is best of all.

Later. Bruce Cottage is all in order again, the grass mowed, the windows

cleaned, ready for daughter Mary's return, with infant, at a later date. It is meantime inhabited by a very small man with a very large dog, who has promised to turn out at a moment's notice, to let the lawful owner in.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

P. S. Will someone please tell me what sour-cream dressing is? I keep on reading about it in Ann Batchelder's heart-breaking discussions. I often have sour cream, at which I stare despondently, without inspiration.

Poet's "American Child"

Stone City, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Gould: It seems proper to show you what the child who has already appeared in your pages, in a poem, looks like four years after birth. As I have told you, we live on a farm forty miles from



"Lucky the child" (See p. 58)

Iowa City. We wanted a playhouse for the girl last summer, and of course couldn't get one. So we ordered a hog house, made of a stout asbestos board, had the roof lifted, put in a screen door and four windows, and had a playhouse. She is sitting in the window of that hog house in the picture. As a fly discourager, she has a grass skirt sent her by a marine boy friend (a little older) from Guadalcanal hung from the ceiling above the door.

PAUL ENGLE.

Send Christmas Cards

Kingman, Kansas.

Dear Editors: I've heard so many of my friends say, "We're not sending Christmas cards this year." Then another, "We aren't either, as we think that money can better be spent on some more important item." Yet perhaps these same people see every change of picture shows.

I am the wife of an Army doctor who has been overseas for a year. I have two little boys—one four years old and one almost two. Last year we lived with my folks; this year, with my husband's family. Our own home is in a small town some distance from both places. Our friends are scattered to the five corners of the earth. Christmastime is the only time I ever hear from some of my friends and relatives. It seems to me that this year, more than ever before, we should all send Christmas greetings. Our husbands, sons and sweethearts who are thousands of miles away from home like to know that someone is thinking of them at Christmastime. Your greeting may change a sad, lonely heart into a happy, thankful one on Christmas Day. Sincerely,

MRS. R. E. BULA.

Cradle for Democracy

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editors: I have two whole hours—two hours in which I am reasonably sure there will be no interruptions! Two hours which belong exclusively to me. Unless you are a mother with no nurse, no servants, only an occasional cleaning woman, you can't imagine what that means. And,

(Continued on Page 110)



Wrappings can be just as gay as ever, this Christmas—if you'll put your imagination to work. Here are a few suggestions for pretty packages, just to give you the idea.

CHRISTMAS RIBBONS SCARCE?

Take a look in the family scrap bag,—then get out your pinking shears! Pretty scraps of cotton or silk can be "pinned" into narrow strips that are both giddy and strong enough to tie up heavy packages. And, for an extra-festive touch, "pink" out circles of multicolored scraps, slash, then cut holes in the center, as shown here, and string together into a frilly rosette.



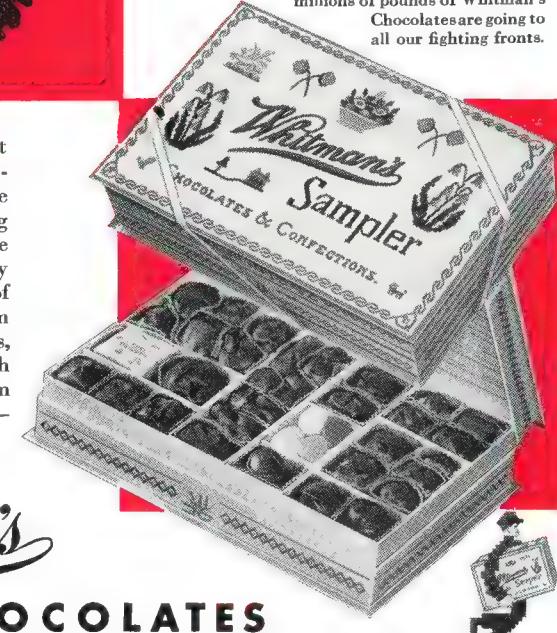
HOLIDAY PAPERS are easy to make—and add an even more personal touch to gifts. White shelf paper or lightweight drawing paper and vivid crayons or paints for these—and the only limit to the possible variety is your own imagination. For youngsters, try gay little houses and fir trees. For grown-ups, "Merry Christmas" in red and green is eye-catching.

Especially when you delve into your knitting bag—and come out with some bits of



BRIGHT YARN for the tie-up. Even the youngsters will love to crochet "chains", and they make simple finger work for winter evenings. And tassels and balls and little yarn "dolies" are easy, too. Or, if you're specially clever with your crochet hook, you can top your very favorite packages with brightly hued yarn flowers.

If you can't always get your favorite Sampler, it's because millions of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates are going to all our fighting fronts.



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1944, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Phila.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Recipe



Star Sausage Patties and Eggs

1 lb. Star Cello Roll Pork Sausage
4 Cloverbloom Eggs
Toast

Shape Armour's Star Sausage into 5 to 6 patties. Place in cold frying pan and set over low heat. Cook slowly for 15 minutes, turning once or twice to brown evenly and pouring off fat as it accumulates. Serve with poached eggs on toast for hearty breakfast or quick supper. 4 servings.

Armour's Star on this pure pork sausage promises you savory, flavorful meals

It is the pledge of Armour and Company that you cannot buy better sausage than Armour's Star—for Armour's Star label means the finest quality available.

This flavorful pure pork sausage will thrill your family for breakfast or supper on any brisk wintry day.

For Armour's Star Pork Sausage is made always from selected pure pork cuts, blended with

fresh-ground imported spices. And it's made fresh every day, in scores of Armour Sausage Kitchens across the country—just so you'll get it when its flavor is best.

To make the suppers shown here, buy the best—buy Armour's Star Pork Sausage. You will find its extra special goodness makes a hit with everyone.

Star Link Sausage with Succotash

1 lb. Armour's Star Link Sausage
1 pkg. frozen lima beans or No. 2 can
1 pkg. frozen whole kernel corn or
No. 2 can

Place Armour's Star Sausage in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly for 12-15 minutes, turning once or twice and pouring off fat as it accumulates. Combine corn and lima beans and cook as directed for frozen vegetables or heat if vegetables are canned. Season with salt, pepper and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sausage drippings. To serve, place succotash on platter and arrange sausages on top. 6 servings.



© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Tune in Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time

ARMOUR
and Company



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ Modern American
★ Business Depends on
★ Teamwork
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Today's well-managed business corporation is a pool of the combined "know-how" of many specialized workers, aided by tools and other resources supplied by thrifty persons—the stockholders.

The captain of the modern corporate team is the chief executive.

His role is to bring qualified workers into association with superior tools and power equipment, which help them to process raw materials.

The acceptability of products thus made is determined by the customer, who is the real boss.



When the housewife goes to the retail meat shop, she, in a democratic way, participates in what amounts to a daily customers' plebiscite. By buying the products which she approves and by rejecting the others, the housewife, as purchasing agent for the family, casts a vote to determine the business trend.

When the housewife expresses a preference for Armour hams and other products and makes a purchase, she provides us, through retail meat dealers who distribute our products, with the funds which enable us to carry on.

These gross receipts make it possible for us to employ tens of thousands of workers directly and hundreds of thousands of farmers, livestock men, railroaders, truckers and others indirectly. Similarly, out of such receipts, we help to support government with taxes, provide for the replacement of worn out tools and equipment, and to accumulate funds which can be paid into the corporate treasury to finance future growth.

A corporation, such as Armour, which has endured for 76 years, has in effect regularly stood high in popularity contests conducted among the discriminating housewives of the nation.



The trade-marked and other products of this enterprise, which provide meats for the dinner table of approximately one-seventh of the entire population, are in a very lasting sense best-sellers.

We in Armour value above all else these recurrent votes of confidence from the discriminating buyers of typical American families.

Such perennial expressions of customer approval in effect renew our franchise to remain in business.

Sebastwood
President, Armour and Company

Sixth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN DECEMBER, 1894, three famous persons died: Christina Rossetti, the poet; Amelia Bloomer, whose life is glamorized in the present Broadway hit, *Bloomer Girl*; and on the treasure island of Samoa, the greatly beloved Robert Louis Stevenson passed away. Horatio Alger published a new book about another of his get-rich-quick heroes, called *Victor Vane, the Young Secretary*; and Victorian ladies in leg-o'-mutton sleeves two yards wide, and with waists a man's two hands could span, sat down to eight-course Christmas dinners, commencing with creamed macaroni.

Who remembers the old children's games mentioned in the December, 1894, JOURNAL: "Halt! I Spy"; "Slave, On Your Knees!"; "Stage Coach"; and "Making a Cheese"?

Kids' costume party: "Choose for the little boys such flower costumes as the daisy, buttercup, aster or dahlia. Let them carry half hoops wound with ribbons and decorated with flowers, which they swing in a pretty posy dance."

Which does not sound like the subject of Eugene Field's now-famous poem, *Jest 'Fore Christmas*, which appeared in this fifty-year-old issue of the JOURNAL:

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the sellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy.
Love to chawnk green apples and go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the hull year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

"CYCLIST: Many English women who are ardent cyclists keep down their skirts with loops or stirrups of wide black elastic. The feet slip through the loops and keep the skirt down even in a high wind."

"The fur of the skunk is an extremely pretty brown, but one must beware of getting it wet, for a disagreeable odor is almost always perceptible when it dries."

For taffy-pulling parties: "To one quart of New Orleans molasses, add one and one fourth pounds of sugar, set on fire and stir and cook until it forms a hard ball in water. Add a quarter pound of butter and cook to soft crack, pour in greased tin and let stand until nearly cold, then pull until light yellow."

"POPULAR SUE: When two gentlemen are calling on the same lady, the one who has called first should leave soon after the arrival of the second one."

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JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EUROPEAN

Snow may be all the beautiful things the poets have called it, but here in New York it's just a \$7,000,000 headache.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

REMEMBERING that last year at this publication date we watched the first blizzard of the winter from the Workshop windows, we spoke to **John J. Sica**, down at City Hall, who's in charge of snow removal. And here are some figures he gave us for you to mull over as you sweep the first flakes off the front steps. Cleaning up the snow from New York City's 5500 miles of streets costs as much as \$7,000,000 a winter; and while it sometimes takes 15,000 men to get rid of a good snowfall, Mr. Sica claims they save a lot of manpower now by using salt. Used 20,000,000 pounds of it getting rid of the snow last winter, he said.

"Can't I send you some lipstick or something, from back home?" Ann

EUROPEAN



John and Ann swap souvenirs.

Sheridan asked an Army nurse in Burma with Merrill's Marauders. "No, thanks," said the nurse. "Just some canned mincemeat and crust mix, so I can make pie for the boys on Christmas." Ann showed **Mary Cookman** the Jap flag she got from **Pfc. John W. Landock**, of Meadow Lands, Pennsylvania, the Marauder who's hugging her in the picture. These flags used to be the most prized souvenir that you could pick up in the China-Burma-India theater, until they became so common a trophy.

Which reminds us that when a man in the advertising department told **Elizabeth Woodward** about the souvenir his son had brought home from battle, she began checking up on this war's sou-

venir trends in general. The son, a Navy signalman on an ex-Jap freighter that struck a mine during the Normandy invasion and started to sink, took time to unscrew the twenty-pound brass name plate from the ship, and somehow got ashore with all that extra weight. Explained to his parents it was partly sentimental, he being a University of Illinois boy and the ship having been renamed the S. S. Illinoian—though the plate was still in Japanese.

It's Gen. George C. Marshall's birthday on the last day of the year; Marlene Dietrich's and Oscar Levant's on December 27th; Marshal Stalin's on the 21st; Eve Curie's on the 6th; and Walt Disney's on the 5th.

The Paper Drive doesn't underestimate the power of a woman, says **Walter D. Fuller**, president of The Curtis Publishing Company, just back from the little **Jewell** farm, at the top of Vermont, a few weeks ago. One big war call is for pulpwood. The Jewells responded last winter with 200 cords of it, cut by Mrs. J. and her three young sons, often at 40° below, in four feet of snow, after her husband John's leg had been crushed by a tractor. And if you want to know what 200 cords can be in war matériel, it's 2,600,000 cartons for K rations, or containers for 4,600,000 20-mm. shells. Closer to hand, it's 63,000,000 pages of the JOURNAL. Anyhow, when someone heard a Jewell boy say how much more cordwood they could cut if they only had a power chain saw, the Periodical Publishers National Committee bought them one—for Mr. Fuller, as chairman, to present up there in person.



Wood-sawing Jewells.

You can now get a bell for the outdoor garden made of two horseshoes welded together bell-shape, as in the picture,



Good-luck dinner bell.

with a clapper hung by a rawhide thong, and a musical chord that carries to wherever your children may be in the neighborhood, to bring them home for the barbecue. When we asked **Fulton Brown**, who makes the bells, how horseshoes got to be such lucky symbols, he said it was because St. Dunstan, famous as a farrier, once shod the devil's single hoof so painfully, he vowed never to molest a place or thing where a horseshoe hung. And as far as Mr. B. knows, he's kept his word.

Some children's books, new and old, that should not be missed when you're making out that Christmas list: A BOOK OF MYTHS (old myths charmingly retold), by **Helen Sewell**; HI-PO THE HIPPO (the delicious pink baby hippo), by **Dorothy Thomas**, with illustrations by **Ruth Gannett**; THE CHRIST CHILD (as told by Matthew and Luke), illustrated (beautifully) by **Maud and Miska Petersham**; SING FOR CHRISTMAS (carols, with music and something of their history), illustrated by **Gustaf Tenggren**; GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WORLD and ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S WORLD (telling by words and pictures what went on in the rest of the world when each of these men lived), by **Genevieve Foster** (two separate books).

"We must and we will continue to be united with our Allies in a powerful world organization which is ready and able to keep the peace—if necessary by force."

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

GIVE YOUR LOVELIEST STOCKINGS

Longer Life

WITH COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW

*... the "snowdrop" soap
that carries protection
a step farther!*

YOU CAN have lovely stockings today—in the fine-textured, true-fitting rayons the manufacturers have learned to make. And you can *keep* their beauty flattering to your leg longer—with life-prolonging, gentle Ivory Snow care!

Wonderful Ivory Snow is the only soap that combines Ivory-purity with the granulated "snowdrop" form. It gives you far more protection than other soaps which are not Ivory-mild.

Ivory Snow is different from cake or flake soap—not only Ivory-pure and mild, but *granulated* for quick sudsing without hot water! Even in *cool water*, Ivory Snow's tiny "snowdrop" granules burst into instant, foamy suds. So mild and protective to sensitive stocking dyes . . . so non-streaking, quick-rinsing . . . these completely dissolved Ivory Snow suds leave stockings glamorous after each washing.

★ SAVING IS PATRIOTIC. All soap is made of vital war materials. Make your Ivory Snow go farther. If your dealer is out of Ivory Snow, don't blame him. We're making it as fast as we can, and he'll have it soon.



 **WONDERFUL**
LONGER LIFE WITH IVORY SNOW
THAN WITH WATER ALONE!

Follow tested directions on the back of your Ivory Snow package and freshen your stockings faithfully after each wearing this easy, safe way. They'll actually wear longer, washed with Ivory Snow than if you used water alone!



COOL-WATER

IVORY SNOW

Longer Life for All Nice Washables



Watching Betsy undermine the sarge, he winced—with pleasure.

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

STRICTLY G. I.

PRIVATE HUDDLESTON FIELD wore a delighted grin on his thin young face as the dingy apartments of upper Park Avenue slid past the train windows. Ten minutes more and he'd be in Grand Central. Ten minutes after that and he'd be home. His first furlough since he'd been in the Army, and would he make the most of it! He and his sister Betsy would really do the town. Dink would help them. Dink was to be in New York on leave from Washington, which made everything swell. Because he was Hud's choice to win the Betsy sweepstakes. Hud thought about it all blissfully. Sleeping late every morning, eating fancy food at El Morocco, drinking Billingsley's champagne at the Stork Club. *And no sergeants around to bellow orders!*

His gaze went cautiously across the aisle to where two large feet were clamped determinedly to the floor. Long, khaki-clad legs led from the feet to a flat stomach, wide shoulders and a face that always reminded Hud of those countenances carved in rock on the side of mountains. The features were of austere regularity, the mouth controlled and grim, the eyes—Hud turned his own away hastily. Sergeant Blake's eyes always had a sinister effect on him. They seemed to be saying, *How can we win a war with relapsed idiots like this in the Army?* Hud was definitely not one of Sergeant Blake's favorite characters—and vice versa. He considered that the sergeant had made life hardly worth living during four months at Camp Cawley. Then, at last, this longed-for furlough had come through.

Hud had stepped on the train with a heart as light as a soufflé. And the first thing he had seen had been Sergeant Blake's large, authoritative feet. The sergeant, too, was going to New York—his first visit there. It had, Hud felt, been the longest trip East since the days of the pony express.

His reverie was rudely broken. "Field!" Hud leaped to his feet automatically, falling over someone's duffel bag in the process. "Yes, Sergeant Blake." This sort of thing was bad for the heart, he thought gloomily. Even if he survived the war, he would come out of it a broken-down old man.

"Relax," said the sergeant crisply. "This timetable says 'New York four-forty-eight, Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth Street. Is that where I get off?'"

"I'd like to tell you where to get off, sergeant," Hud said, "but I can't." He got a rapier glance from Blake and added hastily, "Unless I know what part of New York you're going to, that is."

The sergeant pondered this. He got out his wallet and fished a dingy card from it. "The Hotel Merriwell," he read aloud. "West Forty-fifth Street. That's where I'm going, Field."

Hud felt a pleasant glow. He smiled happily at Sergeant Blake. "The Hotel Merriwell was torn down four years ago," he said. The wheel had turned, and life was a thing of joy. The sergeant was no longer omniscient.

Blake cleared his throat. He didn't exactly look disconcerted, but the granite cracked a little. He tore the card into small pieces and put them carefully in his pocket.

"Field," he said, "you live in New York. You must know other hotels."

"Oh, several," Hud assured him. "There's the Waldorf, and the Ritz, and —"

"Never mind, I'll find one myself."

"I wish you luck." Hud was polite. "The last I heard people were sleeping on park benches. No rooms available anywhere."

HE SAT down again, and put his feet on the duffel bag, and gave himself up to bliss as he watched the sergeant's face. If this delightful performance could only go on — Hud straightened suddenly as an idea came to him. The kind of idea that might make up for all the parade-ground sufferings and barracks tortures of the past four months. At camp, the sergeant was practically God. But this was not camp. This was—or would be in a minute—New York. It was alien territory to the sergeant, but Hud had lived here during his entire nineteen years and he knew it like a checkerboard.

He and Betsy were as nostalgic about the fumes of gasoline on Park Avenue as most people were about apple blossoms in a May orchard. It was their town and they loved it. It was not meant for people like Blake, who wouldn't appreciate it anyway. The situation, Hud decided, had possibilities.

"Sergeant Blake," he said cautiously, "I wonder—uh—that is, my sister and I live alone in a little house on Sutton Place. There would be lots of room for you if you'd like to stay with us a day or so till you find a hotel."

There was a short silence, broken by the stir and bustle of passengers gathering their belongings together. The pillared catacombs of Grand Central slipped into view. It was the first time Hud had ever seen a sergeant look undecided, and he wished he could paste the sight in a scrapbook.

"Your own room, of course," Hud said softly. "And bath. We'd be awfully glad to have you."

The sergeant stood up. He was a tall man, taller than anyone else in the car. His expression crystallized into purpose as the train slowed to a stop.

"Thank you, Field," he said. "Frankly, you surprise me. But I'm going to take you up on it before you change your mind. It's nice of you."

"Not at all," said Hud, with perfect truth. "This way, sergeant."

They pushed through the crowd.

"Your sister'll be pretty surprised, won't she?" Blake asked doubtfully.

"She certainly will." Hud grinned to himself. He'd been writing her for months about what a stinker Blake was. But she'd catch on to the angle—Betsy was smart.

"What's she like, Field?" The sergeant sounded worried.

"She's a slick chick, sergeant. Blond, beautiful and hep as they come."

"Blondes," said Blake gloomily, "are usually shallow, fickle and too much concerned with their personal appearance."

"Where did you read that? In a dream book?" Hud was outraged. "Betsy's not like that at all. And she makes more money in a week than you do in a month!"

"Doing what?"

"She's a Conover model. You've probably seen her lots of times on magazine covers."

"Just the type I mean," said the sergeant. "I think I'd better go to a hotel, Field."

But there in the crowd outside the gate was Betsy, and Hud dashed toward her. She gave him an enthusiastic hug.

"You lug! You look terrible!" she said with deep affection. "What a haircut!"

"H'ya, Cover Girl! Don't tell me that thing you're wearing is a hat!"

"It says 'hat' on the bill. An awfully big bill, too," Betsy declared. She patted the two pink roses and scrap of veiling ruefully.

There was a sound like a balky motor starting on a cold morning. It was Sergeant Blake clearing his throat. Hud turned ceremoniously.

"Betsy," he said, "we have a house guest. I've invited Sergeant Blake to stay with us a day or so. Sergeant—my sister."

Betsy's face was something to see. But Hud gave her a long, slow wink and she came to and put out a slim rose-nailed hand.

"Hello, sergeant," she said. "We're delighted to have you." You'd almost have thought she meant it. She was that good.

Something happened to the sergeant's face. It gave Hud an odd feeling, just watching it. The granite seemed to dissolve in some curious fashion and the eyes came alive instead of being a couple of gray pebbles, and the grim mouth relaxed. The sergeant smiled.

"Hello, Miss Field," he said. "This is the nicest thing that's ever happened to me."

It was going to be almost too easy. Hud had seen Betsy's charm work before, but he had supposed a sergeant would be tougher. *The bigger they are, the harder they fall*, he reminded himself, pleased. And Betsy did look awfully pretty, with her pale blond hair soft and shining and her blue eyes sort of shining too.

But by the time they reached Sutton Place, the sergeant was back in character. When their taxi stopped, he eyed the Field house with astounded disapproval. Hud could understand that. Even from the outside it was far too frivolous a house for Sergeant Blake. It even bothered Hud sometimes, and he was used to it. Now that mother had given up being a decorator and married her California guy, maybe he and Betsy would do it over. Get the purple paint off the door and window frames. Take down the sprawling gold monkey mother had used as a door knocker.

Betsy let them in with her key and the sergeant, entering the hall, gave a muffled exclamation.

HUD laughed. "Don't mind the mirrors," he said. "Mother was nuts about them. I think she overdid it a little."

Sergeant Blake stared at the reflections leaping at him from the walls, ceiling and floor. "Interesting," he mumbled.

Hud winked at Betsy again, but she didn't seem to see him. She was busy guiding Blake into the living room. It was a long room, turquoise and silver and black, with glass tables, low divans, lots of pillows and no chairs. Lovebirds chattered in five different cages.

The sergeant looked around. "I think," he said earnestly, "I'm imposing on you people. I'm sure I can find a room in *some* hotel." His tone was almost pleading. It did Hud's heart good to hear him. He shoved Blake firmly onto a turquoise cushion.

"Relax," he said. He said it crisply, the way the sergeant always said it. "I'll get you a drink."

The drinks were good, and so were the canapés and little cheese biscuits Betsy had made. She might be one of the most fashionable models in New York, but there was nothing chi-chi about her cooking.

The sergeant gradually thawed. Betsy sat on a cushion on the floor and gazed up at him with that "you're so wonderful" look in her eye.

"You're awfully tall, aren't you?" she said admiringly.

"Back in Wyoming, where I come from, all the men are tall. My father," said Blake solemnly, "was so tall he'd go out of the house in the morning and then lean in the second-floor window and kiss my mother good-by while she was having breakfast in bed."

Betsy laughed delightedly. It wasn't, Hud thought coldly, that funny. But he was amazed at the sergeant. Imagine the guy developing even a feeble sense of humor!

"Wyoming must be marvelous," Betsy said.

"It is marvelous! The air makes you feel as if you're sailing around in a balloon. The mountains are purple and blue, and the sun shines every day."

"You sound homesick," Betsy said.

The sergeant's tanned face reddened.

"Maybe I am, a little."

(Continued on Page 46)

Only in the Stork Club was he an Eager Beaver. Then he learned what makes the eagle sing—and the stork fly.



Hud told her his scheme. "Catch?" Betsy caught like wildfire.

Colby Whittemore

LISTEN, mother—bounce the frown. It's a beautiful day and we've got good news. For months, maybe years, you've been building wee houses for worry-birds. And all because of us. "My children," you've said to yourself, "my very own children whom I've loved and clothed and fed since the day they were born have grown to stand before me—pagans!" Well, it isn't so. And this isn't just one of our brow-soothing cover-ups either. This, mother, is scientific! They polled us. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL made a country-wide survey of Sub-Deb clubs, and they've got it all down on paper. Real statistics. The Sub-Deb of America, aged 12 to 18—that bizarre species of fauna which flaunts its spirit in bobby socks and drowns its seething sorrows in colas and Crosby. They found out all about us: how we act, how we feel, how we think. And we're passing it on to you.

Let's start with Home.

Home is pretty slick most of the time. We've got to admit that much. But still, every once in a while we get the feeling that a couple of things need a little fix-job. No, we don't mean the faucet in the upstairs bathtub, or the burned-out bulb in the cellar storeroom. We mean bigger things: things like how we all get along together. You know—"family relationship."

 *Do you consider your parents old-fashioned?*

"Old-fashioned" is a tricky word; sometimes a thing seems a bit 3000 B. C.-ish, but really isn't. So we had to think twice for that one, and the results look like this:

12-16 YEARS PER CENT	16-18 YEARS PER CENT
Yes. 29.8	40.6
No. 70.2	59.4

Well, you're not doing too badly there, but it's kind of interesting to see that you begin losing ground after we've passed the sweet-sixteen stage. This is why. (The Sub-Deb speaking again.) You figure out your set of rules and regulations very early in the game, and, in the beginning, we fit into those schemes pretty smoothly. But all of a sudden, we start growing up—and bang! we shoot ahead of your plan. That's when the ideas you had a couple of years back, that used to hold water, begin springing a few leaks. Almost overnight, we turn into—well, people. When you're a person, or almost one, you suddenly find you've got a life to lead, and you can't do that until you've had a little practice in coming to your own decisions. It isn't that we want to hide things from you that you ought to be in on. Chances are, if something really big came up, we'd want to tell you and ask for your advice. But when it's little things, we like to feel we're capable of figuring them out by ourselves.

To show you what we mean, here's the Pet Peeve Record, drawn up in answer to the question:

 *What are your parents old-fashioned about?*

12-16 YEARS PER CENT	16-18 YEARS PER CENT
Staying out late . . . 76.7	64.1
Where we go. 46.7	38.5
Dates with boys . . . 50.0	33.3
Necking. 26.7	25.6

"Staying out late" is the worst, by far. Remember that evening last year when we stayed out a half hour more than we were expected to? You and dad were waiting in the living room with tommy guns in your laps! Well, practically. When we breezed in and very normally, very down-to-earthly, said "Hello," you looked as though we'd just come back from a bank robbery! "We were worried," you told us. Now, honestly. What were you worried about? All we ever do is go to the movies, or bowling, or to a dance, or somebody's house, or something. When a picture lasts longer than we thought it would, we can't drag our dates out before the clinch, can we? We can't stop dancing in the middle of G.I. jive, can we? And what do you suppose people would think if we broke up a swell party because "our mother and father are waiting up for us"? They'd think we were flat tires—pure and unadulterated prudes. You don't want us to be unpopular, do you? Of course

WHAT DO OUR JOURNAL SUB-DEBS THINK OF THEIR PARENTS? WE DON'T KNOW WHY THEY ANSWERED AS THEY DID, BUT WE'RE PRINTING HERE JUST WHAT THEY SAID IN OUR NATION-WIDE CROSS-SECTION SURVEY OF SUB-DEB CLUB MEMBERS ★ BY MARJORIE LEDERER

we know it isn't our health you're worried about—not when it's a matter of an extra hour or so; it's the Principle of the Thing. Well, when it comes to principles, you can relax and sail smooth. We're simply crawling with them. We've thought it all out, ages and time limits, and this is how we feel:

TIME TO BE HOME:	AVERAGE
On usual evenings	10:30
When dating	12:00
For special parties	1:00
From week ends	12:00

As for the proper age at which to do what, we're set straight there too. Movies, 14; dates, 15; public dancing places, 16; dates with boys in uniform, 17; and bars or night clubs, 20.

That brings us to the question of Morals. Though we're very well aware of all the possible menaces to the present and future "purity" of our tender existences, we want you to know that there isn't half as much danger along those lines as you think there is. We've got very decided definitions for that "juvenile delinquent" term everybody's always alluding to, and you can be pretty sure that it isn't going to happen here. There are three major vices in our young lives at this point; well, three that we're concerned with, anyway. The first is smoking; the second is drinking; and the third is—grit your teeth and get ready to face it—sex. Now don't jump to conclusions. It sounds pretty awful, but the results of the survey prove that it isn't bad at all. We'll take them one at a time:

 *Have you ever smoked?*

If you've been sniffing around for blue fog in closets and dark corners, our weed statistics should clear the air for you:

12-16 YEARS PER CENT	16-18 YEARS PER CENT
Yes. 25.2	58.3
No. 74.8	41.7

See? Most of us never even tried a cigarette before we were 16. Naturally, after that we had to find out what it was like. Actually, we think 18 is about the right age to begin; that is, if a person wants to begin. Some of us feel it's kind of cheapish for a girl always to be dragging a fag; for a young girl, anyway. And then, some of us have been scared off by those gruesome nicotine stories you hear. Too, plenty of us just plain don't like the taste. On the whole and in general, though, 18 is O.K. After that we think it's a human being's own free air, and if she likes it smoky she ought to be allowed to have it that way.

 *Have you ever had a drink?*

Have we ever had a drink? Well —

12-16 YEARS PER CENT	16-18 YEARS PER CENT
Yes. 43.3	55.2
No. 56.7	44.8

Liquor isn't sprayed all over our house the way it is in the movies, but you do uncork the old bottle every so often. For special occasions or company, maybe. It happens in 45 per cent of our homes. When you do serve it, we sometimes manage to get an eye-dropperful, but most of the time you know as well as we do how politely we're excluded. That isn't the wisest thing you might have done, because if you offered us a little at home we wouldn't have to get ourselves initiated somewhere else. Not that we zoom out and get blotto in a barroom, or anything like that. Of the yes-gals under 16, 88.6 per cent tried it as an experiment, and 18.2 per cent because other people were drinking. Of the yeses over 16, 78.8 per cent were experimenting, and 36.5 per cent were just being sociable. After all, we can't float around in our angelic little towers being entirely oblivious of things! When we're 20 we might very well want to join a couple of people in one of those swish toasts, and it wouldn't do at all to stand there with our knees knocking, acting as if we'd never heard of the stuff! That goes for boys too. By the time they're 20 they ought to know when, if and how many.

That takes care of two vices, and brings us right smack up to sex. By sex we mean necking, and so on. And by necking, and so on, we mean mostly necking and very little and so on.

But before we begin, we want you to know that we consider subjects of this kind pretty personal. It's very much like the mail situation. One day we came home and found a letter from that boy who used to live down the block and moved to Sioux City, and the letter had been—opened. That was a very grim thing. It was a positive threat to the well-being of our entire family relationship! What sort of information could you possibly have expected to get out of an envelope that was addressed to us? A Nazi Bund message? A proposal to elope with a Ringling Brothers trapeze artist? The boy merely asked us how we were feeling and who was dating who and would we please write back because he was lonesome. And for a little, insignificant thing like that you went and *impinged* on our privacy. Privacy—the thing that every single person, no matter how old or how young, living in a democracy and being a legally accepted citizen of the United States of America, has a perfect right to have! Fifty-two per cent of us complained of just that breach of *privacy*.

Well, opening our mail has a lot in common with your wanting to know everything about our sex lives. But we'll tell you about it, because right now we happen to be telling you everything else, and we don't want you to

Kissing You!

think we're housing some dark and evil secret in our white little souls. On the other hand, we don't want you to think they're snow white. So here's the story:

Do you neck?

There are yeses from 40.4 per cent of the Under 16's and 66.7 per cent of the Over 16's. But not on a first date. There are noes on that from 92.3 per cent of us. We do it with boys we know pretty well and like pretty much; and even then, on the whole, just occasionally.

And we don't do it in public places. Just at home when you're out or upstairs, and sometimes in the car, or on the doorstep before saying good night, and maybe at a party every now and then. It isn't that we believe a girl can't be popular unless she does a lot of kissing around. There are plenty of other things that count—such as brains, and being charming and tolerant and not catty, and looking nice. You see, we don't depend on necking. We do it because—well, frankly, because we find it sort of—oh, interesting. You told us pretty nearly everything—66.2 per cent of us were told by you, and 71.4 per cent feel that that's the right way—and it's only natural for us to want to find out a few things by actually doing them. It's normal to start out with something as simple as kissing a boy; isn't it? After all, warmth is a very necessary thing in a woman, and you wouldn't want us to grow up with a lot of silly "inhibitions," would you?

If you're afraid we might get all wrapped up in one boy too soon, just heave a sigh of relief. "Going steady" is definitely not considered the groovy thing to do these days: 84.6 per cent of the Under 16's vote thumbs-down on it, and that's followed up by 64.2 per cent of the Over 16's. Most of us feel it's utter drool to get stuck in a one-man rut so early in the game. We want to know lots of boys with lots of new ideas and different ways of doing things so we'll have something to choose from later on. When we do go for some mellow fellow several years from now, we want to make sure we'll be getting snowed under for good. You know, we give quite a lot of thought to Love. Oh, not the on-and-off kind of thing that happens every other week; that's the puppy species. We mean the great-Dane stuff that comes later. We think of it mostly, we guess, because of you and dad. There was a question about that:

Do you think your parents are still in love?

When they asked us whether we thought our parents were still in love, 91.5 per cent of us said Yes.

We're funny that way. We know some kids whose mothers and fathers are divorced, and we're beginning

to realize that a lot of homes aren't at all the way we've been taught to believe they are. But somehow we figure they don't mean our home. You and dad quarrel in front of us, but plenty of times we've seen how affectionate you can be.

Of course we know there can be many good reasons for the breakups in some houses. Money can start trouble; not having enough of it for clothes and amusements. Or the mother may be dominating the father, or having too many outside interests. Or maybe the parents don't belong to the same church and haven't ever been able to settle who's to believe in what. Sometimes there are too many children, or the father's too busy, or maybe nobody's tried hard enough to control bad tempers and jealousies and distrusts.

Then, besides the privacy angle, there are tough bumps between parents and children. Things like having dad tease us when we're trying to be serious, or having you give us perfectly unlivable allowances because you think an extra dollar or so might corrupt our souls! And the piano. That's another thing. Of course we want to be able to play well, but if we practiced all the time we'd lose contact with the Outer World! The same goes for doing the dishes every night, and taking care of the baby. Another thing that bothers us is having you tell us we can't have So-and-so over for dinner because she happens to be a little different, or something. We choose our friends because we can have fun with them, or talk to them, and we don't see why people have to go around making a fuss over their ancestors.

And then there are those constant arguments over clothes and make-up. We think 14 is the right age for girls to begin using make-up. As for clothes, we wear date dresses when we go out with boys, and maybe flowers in our hair (which we prefer long, but feather cuts come in a close second), and stockings, and high heels. After all, it's completely impossible even to feel romantic in saddle shoes and moccasins! 84.3 per cent don't wear stockings during the week, though. (That's where the bobby-socks legend comes in.) 80.3 per cent don't wear girdles. But the scoop of the year is the nail situation: 78.4 per cent of us have stopped biting them!

Now that we've told you something about us in relation to Home, we want to talk about that other place that's so important in our lives right now: School. Now don't look at us that way. We know what you're thinking. You're thinking it's a grim, shocking tragedy that your children don't have enough sense to realize the importance of having an education. Every time we wake up in the morning and tell you we have a sniffle or a toe-ache and couldn't possibly go to school, you act as though the world were coming to an end. "You will grow up," you tell us, "to be morons! Someday you will discover what it is to be ignorant, but it will be too late!"

That, mother, is very decidedly not the point. Our insides simply curdle at the thought of growing up to be morons. Mostly everything we do we do because we want so very much to learn.

Do you like school?

The score for the question was:

12-16 YEARS PER CENT	16-18 YEARS PER CENT
Yes . . . 88.5	90.5
No . . . 11.5	9.5

So it isn't School that we keep complaining about; not the idea of School, anyway. The thing that gets us down is *the way things are done*.

Take the hours and hours of homework, and those examinations we spend the best part of our lives studying for. Do you know what we actually do when we study for a test? Suppose, for example, we're having a history test. We come home, pull out our notebooks and start memorizing. Pages and pages of dates, events, amendments, bills, battles and treaties. We read it, and then we try to say it all back to ourselves—like one of those poems you made us learn to say for company when we were very little. The next day we go to school and the teacher looks at her watch and says, "Begin!" We repeat the stuff we learned the night before and write it all down very quickly. It's like a race, or something! Sometimes, at the end, there's an "essay question"—the kind that asks you how you feel about something that happened. Well, in a couple of days we get the papers back with grades on top. Say we got 75; we lost 25 on the essay question. Naturally, we want to know *why*. Well, nine times out of ten we never find out! It goes on like that for years. Every week there's a new list of things to be memorized and every week we forget what we had to remember for the week before.

Then there are the teachers. Some of them are so strict and old-fashioned we often want to do the wrong thing just to make them madder.

Sometimes the whole thing just doesn't make sense. We get all filled up with a lot of facts that don't seem to have anything to do with us, and when we get out at three o'clock it seems like a bad dream that doesn't belong to our real lives at all.

Is that the kind of thing you mean when you keep telling us we have to be educated? We ask you!

All in all, we know pretty well what we want, and they're much the same things that you want for us. So stop looking worried; we aren't going to do anything that'll disgrace you! We'll stand up when older people come into the room, and we won't eat our peas off our knives, and we promise not to chew with our mouths open. When they asked us whether or not we thought manners were important, the answer was Yes—a straight 100 per cent; 64.6 per cent of us said we wished you'd been even stricter about things like that. Actually, we shouldn't say *you*, because statistics show that the discipline angle is almost equally divided between both parents.

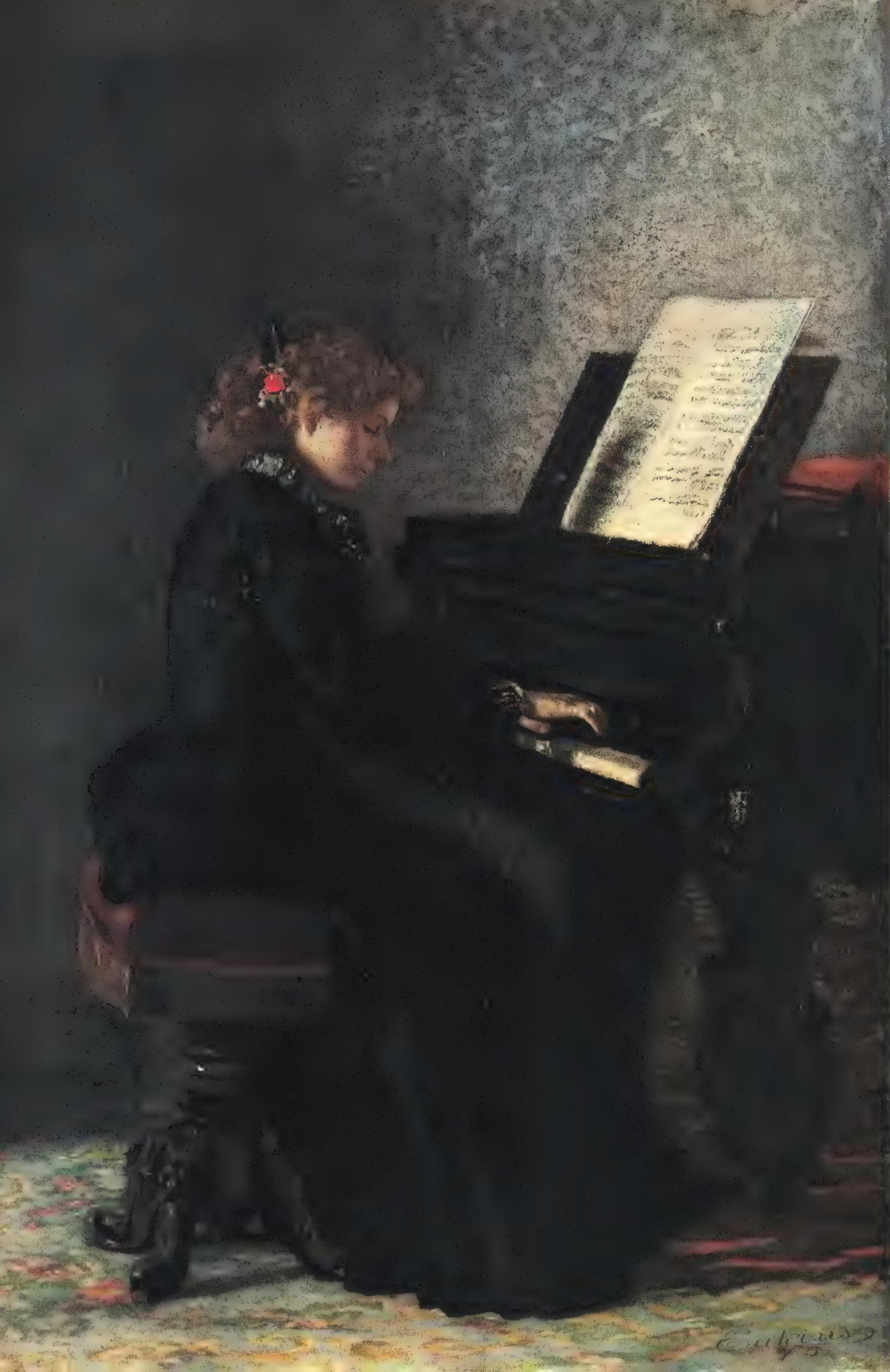
Who is more strict, your mother or your father?

In answer to the question, 45 per cent said mother, 45.5 per cent said father, and 8.4 per cent said equal.

That's fine. The mother had the upper hand with the Under 16's, and the father took on more of the responsibility later, when the problems got bigger. We want training; we know how important the home background is. As a matter of fact, 87.8 per cent of the Over 16's blame juvenile delinquency on the parents.

And now that we've told you about all the little things that go wrong every now and then, we want you to know that in spite of them, you're a pretty slick chick. You've put away that medieval cat-o'-nine-tails, and the hairbrush. Your punishments are sensible: 41.5 per cent aren't allowed to go out for a while; 33.3 per cent are spoken to; and 16.9 per cent have some of their privileges taken away. Which shows you're being modern about things. You're trying to understand us.

That's important: understanding us. And trusting us too. It's much more fun to be good when we know you have faith in us, and that we don't have to keep proving it to you all the time. When you doubt us, you give us that feeling of "insecurity" people are always talking about. The world still looks pretty huge and hectic to us, and even though we try awfully hard to hide it, we get plenty scared sometimes. Whenever that happens, we want to know that you're behind us, believing that we'll come through all right. Because if you believe that—we will too.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

*Elizabeth
at the
Piano*

★ ★ ★

*Painted by
Thomas
Eakins
in 1875*

UNDULANT FEVER

Are you unaccountably tired and depressed? The answer may be in an innocent-looking bottle of unpasteurized milk.

BY MILTON MACKAYE

UNDULANT FEVER is a real Johnny-come-lately to the field of recognized disease. The chances are better than even that your next-door neighbor has never heard of it; twenty years ago, most physicians had never seen a case of it. And today, despite the fact that it is classified by the United States Public Health Service as the most important of all milk-borne diseases, the fever continues to play silent havoc with the lives of its unsuspecting victims.

Dr. Harold J. Harris has aptly called it "the Great Masquerader." It sports more disguises than Hawkshaw, the Detective. Nearly every infected person is treated, if he is treated at all, for some other illness before the correct diagnosis is made. Unlike most diseases, it has no characteristic symptoms. It may borrow any or all of the usual "laundry marks": there may be a high fever, a mild fever or no fever at all; there may be a cough, sore throat, tremendous night sweats, joint pains or extreme fatigue and loss of weight. Mild cases of brucellosis—to give it its scientific name—may be diagnosed as influenza, or they may not be diagnosed at all. If the illness is severe, the diagnosis may be typhoid fever, rheumatic fever, bronchial pneumonia, bronchitis, arthritis, malaria, tuberculosis, or even the heart disease known as endocarditis.

Fatality rates are not appalling—but actual death is not the worst of it. The greater tragedy lies in the case histories of the many people who live for years, sans energy and enterprise, unconscious of the thing which is slowly destroying them. They are the people

who are martyrs to the lack of proper and sensible sanitary controls in this most sanitary of nations. They are the people who are dismissed impatiently by their friends and, too often, by qualified physicians as neurasthenics. They complain of exhaustion, of insomnia, of the inability to concentrate, of inexplicable melancholia. Yet ordinary tests and the penetrating eye of the X ray can find nothing the matter.

But there is something wrong. There may be a bloom on the cheek and no organic crack-up, but these people are sick, unmistakably, of a completely real disease.

Where does it come from? Thanks to the results of comparatively recent experiments, we know its cause. It is contracted by man from infected domestic animals, either by direct contact or by drinking raw milk. In this country cattle, hogs and goats are the chief sources. There has been an especially heavy toll of fatalities among veterinarians, due to the fact that the germs introduce themselves into the blood stream through the smallest of scratches and abrasions. The greater part of the general public, however, encounters cattle through the medium of the morning bottle on the doorstep; here milk takes on the role of carrier.

Unawareness of the clandestine prevalence and spread of undulant fever meets a jolting end when the facts are faced:

YEAR	NO. OF CASES	YEAR	NO. OF DEATHS
1929 . .	1,301	1930 . .	116
1938 . .	4,379	1931 . .	121
1941 . .	3,484	1940 . .	116
		1941 . .	71

A Kansas City survey proved that 9 per cent of 7122 school children entertained the infection. Dr. Walter M. Simpson, one of the country's treatment pioneers, estimated conservatively the number of undiagnosed cases in the United States; his figure approximated 50,000.

If statistics are cold and impersonal, perhaps the individual report carries more weight to those who doubt. One of my best friends has had undulant fever for three years. She was raised in the raw-milk section of upper New York State—the daughter of a physician and the wife of a famous novelist. She does not know where or when she contracted the disease; she only knows that she has been running a low-grade fever for many months, that she has been without even the energy to keep up with her household tasks, and that a calm and equable disposition has mysteriously disappeared. There have been recurrent periods of well-being, and on such occasions she was convinced that

she had recovered. But each time came the ultimate recession and the bitter realization that there had been no recovery at all. A once poised and balanced woman, she has heard herself shriek at servants, quarrel pointlessly with friends, and break down completely over the most minor of annoyances. Often, in revolt against this personality which she finds so difficult to recognize as her own, she has taken refuge, and perhaps a kind of dismal comfort, in the idea that she is losing her mind.

Dr. Alice C. Evans, in the American Journal of Nursing, wrote this advice to nurses detailed to the care of just such a case:

"The patient persists in complaints of aches and pains for which no cause can be found. Eventually her attendants become weary and exasperated, and they ignore the complaints. The patient notices their unsympathetic attitude. She not only is suffering from physical pain and is discouraged with the prolonged illness for which she can obtain no help; but also the effect of the brucella poisons on her nervous system have lowered her moral stamina. . . . More than one person who has gone through the experience of undiagnosed chronic brucellosis has confessed, when the correct diagnosis was finally made, that she had contemplated relief through suicide."

Doctor Evans chose a woman to play the part of composite patient because, as she explained, it is women rather than men who are most frequently typed as "neurasthenics." But undulant fever can lay a strong man low, and frequently does.

It is ironic that Alice Evans, bacteriologist at the National Institute of Health, should be one of the most spectacular victims of the disease on which she has done so much work. The grim fact is that Doctor Evans has had brucellosis for twenty-two years. I sat in her office while she told me the story:

There was an outbreak of undulant fever in 1922 in Phoenix, Arizona. The germ cultures were sent back to Washington for Alice Evans to isolate and identify. One day, while working with the cultures, a male associate complained of a headache and chills. Doctor Evans was horrified. She was sure that the young man had been infected by the very germ with which they were working. She obtained a sample of his blood for a test and, in her meticulous, scientific way, took a sample of her own blood to act as a control for the experiment. The man's blood was innocent of the disease. Her own blood, she discovered, was a veritable pin wheel of germs.

Doctor Evans bears no bitterness, but she remembers that in the early days (Continued on Page 69)

THOMAS EAKINS is now looked upon as one of the three great American painters of the nineteenth century, though during his lifetime, as with many artists, his work was greatly underestimated. Born in Philadelphia, seventeen years before the Civil War, he died there in the third year of the last World War. The course in physicians' anatomy which he took as a young man must have affected much of his painting, for in addition to pictures of surgical operations, many of his canvases were highly realistic close-ups of baseball, boxing, rowing and hunting. He had his romantic mood, however, and this portrait of Elizabeth at the Piano, so full of reverie and introspection, is one of the most beautiful he ever made in that particular vein.



Grounds
for
Marriage

Bill wouldn't settle for feather-bobbed romance.

He wanted love with its hair let down! ★ BY DOROTHY BLACK

"WHAT do you think I have found!" cried Mrs. Chester, delighted.

Lisa raised her penciled eyebrows slightly and looked at her parent. "I don't know," she said listlessly. "A gold mine?"

"No, dear. A sheep's heart!" said Mrs. Chester. "That darling man, William Tuttle, at the butcher's shop, had kept it under the counter for me. What do you think of that!"

Lisa's lip curled slightly. It was pretty dreadful to return, grown up, from America, to find your parents had become not only trivial, but greedy. Her mother had certainly not improved in her absence—or is it, thought Lisa, *that at fourteen I did not notice?* And then, one had to make allowances. There had, of course, been the blitz. Lisa had been safe in Washington, staying with the Delaneys, while houses rattled down about her parents' ears. And her father! Torn from an office in which he had flourished exceedingly as a stockbroker, to become, all of a sudden, a colonel again. You could hardly expect the poor old things to be quite normal under the strain.

"How nice," said Lisa falsely. She was angry with her mother anyway. She could not see any good reason for Mrs. Chester's refusing to let her ask Maybelle in to lunch. It would dawn on anyone else that eternal elderly conversation about food wasn't much fun for a girl just back from the intellectual atmosphere of Washington, and the Delaneys' lovely home.

"Just when I was wondering what on earth to give your father for dinner, this crops up," Mrs. Chester ran on happily. "Thursday is always a dreadful day. The old rations are finished, and the new ones don't come till Saturday."

"I thought father wouldn't eat —"

"I know! I know! He thinks he can't, dear. But he won't recognize it when I have done with it. I shall call it *pâté*," she mused. "That first dinner, before one has any chance to cash in on the seven days' emergency card, no one knows how difficult it is!"

MRS. CHESTER pushed her dark hair back from her forehead and turned the pages of the cookery book, murmuring to herself, "*Pâté, pâté.*" She was a slim woman, to whom time and disaster had done little. She looked, thought Lisa resentfully, quite idiotically young when she pushed her hair back like that. Mothers of grown-up daughters had no business to look young. They ought to settle down and devote their lives to their children.

"Dear Tuttle," mused Mrs. Chester. "I shall knit him something."

"I wouldn't do that, mother," said Lisa unkindly. "Think of that scarf you knitted for father."

Mrs. Chester gurgled with laughter. "Yes! The eternity comforter, he called it. Darling Dickie! He said all that was wrong with it was that I stopped too soon—I ought to have gone on and turned it into a blanket. Heigh-ho—knitters are born, and not made."

Forty, to put it kindly, thought Lisa angrily, and there she stands, in slacks, a lot slimmer

"I'm all alone in the house," she warned him. "Mother and father have gone to London for the week end."

than I am! Behaving in that girlish dewy manner, just because her husband was coming home on seven days' leave. For all the world as if they were in love! Lisa knew for a fact that you could not possibly be in love, not really and truly, with anyone over the rank of captain. Whereas Dick Chester was a colonel, *and* going thin on top.

"Potato balls, nicely browned. And a pie," mused Mrs. Chester. "Thank heaven I didn't dig up the rhubarb when I first came here. I jolly nearly did. I was convinced it was a weed. People who live most of their lives in Kensington really don't know very much."

Really, thought Lisa, in this house we talk of nothing but food! In the Delaneys' house in Washington they never talked of food at all. There it just was! *I am sure, thought Lisa, mother used not to be this way. You'd have thought having a house or two come rattling down on top of you would have turned one's mind to serious things.* It had merely turned Mrs. Chester's mind, apparently, to all you could do with a sheep's heart. Or an oxtail!

LISA got up and flounced from the room, registering disapproval. Mrs. Chester looked after her, vaguely aware she was registering something or other, but not certain what; and anyhow, she soon forgot about it, for she had just come upon a new way of making a *roux*, so that there was less danger of lumps in it. When she got back to her daughter she thought, *Of course, she's angry with me because I wouldn't have Maybelle in to lunch.* Since Lisa got back from America she simply did not understand about food problems. *In America they simply don't have food problems as we know them.* Mrs. Chester did not in the least mind giving up her own share for her daughter's friends, when they were alone. But when Dick was coming back on leave, that was another matter.

She's been moody, thought Mrs. Chester, ever since Bill came for that week end and left Sunday night instead of staying till Monday morning. Or do I mean broody?

Either would do. Obviously something had gone amiss with the affair of Bill. When he arrived from America and wired he was coming along, Mrs. Chester's heart had stirred with a certain hope. Nothing would have pleased them more. Bill's father was an Englishman, in the embassy in Washington. Bill himself was a pilot officer, full of grace and charm, and possessing private means. Could anything have been more suitable?

I wonder, mused Mrs. Chester, just what went wrong.

All that last afternoon Bill had spent helping her mow the grass, instead of sitting under the copper beech with Lisa, as Lisa obviously expected him to do. Very pretty and inviting Lisa had looked, too, in her apple-green wool frock, all among the daffodils, her hair much the same color as they.

No doubt Lisa would be happier when she was old enough to be called up. It would keep her occupied. At the moment, she just lounged around, doing nothing at all. She was forever saying there was nothing to do. Her mother—who had to queue, and woo the sweep, and jolly the butcher along, and think up ways of cooking offal so that people who thought they could not eat offal did not recognize it and asked for more—knew quite well there was plenty to do. But you didn't

want to oppress the young. They had a tough-enough deal as it was, in wartime, thought Mrs. Chester. Still, she did hope Lisa would be agreeable while her father was on leave.

Colonel Chester often told her she spoiled her daughter. Now and again Mrs. Chester got a nasty twinge of suspicion that he might be right.

Dick Chester was a hard, lean, brown man with blue eyes that could twinkle very pleasantly, or become cold and forbidding as two bits of ice. He had taken off all his military glory and now, wearing an old suit and looking much more like himself, he sat in his own room. And Mrs. Chester sat beside him on the arm of his chair.

"What's wrong with Lisa this time?" asked the colonel lazily. He was well fed—on sheep's heart, though he did not know it—and comforted and at ease, as a man is who, after long absence, is home once more.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Chester. "She wants to ask more friends in to meals than I can manage to feed. She doesn't understand about rations yet. Or it might be Bill. Bill came down for a week end, but somehow it wasn't a success. She rather thought he was going to propose, and he didn't." She broke off unhappily. "Oh, Dickie, I'm afraid I spoiled her a bit."

She waited hopefully to hear him say, "Not a bit of it. You have always been a wonderful mother." But all he said was, "I'll say you spoiled her! I've been telling you that for the last seventeen years, darling. You do everything you can to prevent her learning how difficult things are. You slave around waiting on her."

"The war is so hard on the young, Dickie."

"Aha! It's all fun and games for us old wrecks, isn't it, darling?" He pulled her onto his knee and kissed her fondly. "Well, for the next seven days, the hand that rocked the cradle is going to kick the bucket. You can retire and leave Lisa to me."

"Oh, Dickie, you won't —"

"Lisa," said Colonel Chester blandly, "will know a thing or two when I have done with her." He was a very bland man.

"WELL, my dear, I am taking your mother to town for the week end," said the colonel, helping himself largely to marmalade. He smiled at his daughter over the coffee cups, but her mother, Lisa noted, avoided meeting her eye.

"And what is happening to me?" asked Lisa, waiting. For surely they would be taking her along too. Dancing—maybe a show —

"You," said her father, "are going to keep house. I have always said a girl ought to know how to keep house."

Lisa's jaw dropped ever so slightly. "But who is going to help? I mean, who will do the cooking and—er—the cooking?"

"You will, dear," said the colonel, helping himself to a nice little hot breakfast scone that lurked in a white napkin. "You are getting quite a big girl now, you know."

Lisa gulped. "You mean I am to be here in the house, all alone? But I don't know anything about —"

"That's just what I thought," said her father pleasantly. "You will, by Monday, when we get back. Nothing teaches like experience."

(Continued on Page 158)



PAINTED BY DAVID FREDENTHAL. FROM THE ARMY AT WAR ART EXHIBITION

The Japs came singly or in pairs, but they could bring just as much terror as a whole flight.

Shoulder the Sky

BY STAFF SERGEANT HOBERT DOUGLAS SKIDMORE

THE moon seemed to stand still. Its soft light spread over the incessant Pacific, the pale beach, and up across the full brown tents. In the soft, unreal night, the pyramids looked like abundant shocks of corn. By the wire near the beach a rangy soldier lay on his back, his banjo on his stomach, awkwardly strumming on the strings. He picked out single notes and sent them whining into the night. In the tents the men checked and rechecked their equipment. They shouldered the weight of their barracks bags, testing them, and wanted to write letters home, but knew they could not put the things they felt on paper. There was no way of describing the uncertainty and loneliness. We were shipping out in the morning, and

no one knew where we were going or what we would find there.

It was a winter's moon on a tropical beach, paradoxically warm to us, enticing, and yet its unfamiliar light was disturbing. A guy from the ordnance section took his clarinet from his musette bag and came out and sat down near the banjo. One by one men came out of the tents and moved cautiously toward the music. The musicians were playing *My Old Kentucky Home*, and the clarinet was soft and blue, like a young Negro whose memory holds tragedies he has inherited but never known personally.

— *for my old Kentucky home, far away.*

The white breakers snapped at the edge of the disappearing water. Long months of garrison life, of

routine Army life, had left us with the ability to keep our feelings to ourselves. But now, heading for the combat area across hundreds of miles of enemy sea, we wanted something to relieve the feelings that welled inside of us. Music was the only sorcery to the emotions frozen in the pale warm light.

There was no air of expectancy or excitement about the ship. It hunched, drab and heavily armed, against the pier. Throughout the harbor we could see other troopships, carriers and destroyers and cruisers, low-riding tankers and freighters. The task force was ready. Other ships were somewhere at sea, circling idly, waiting for the rendezvous. We did not sense the keyed excitement which we had felt when we left the States. We leaned on the rail, looking at the harbor.

The confused anticipation of sea voyages, the smell of things from strange countries, the curious pleasure of happy partings, waited in the guarded light of the piers. Only there was no one there. The last net had been dropped aft. The pier was quiet and deserted.

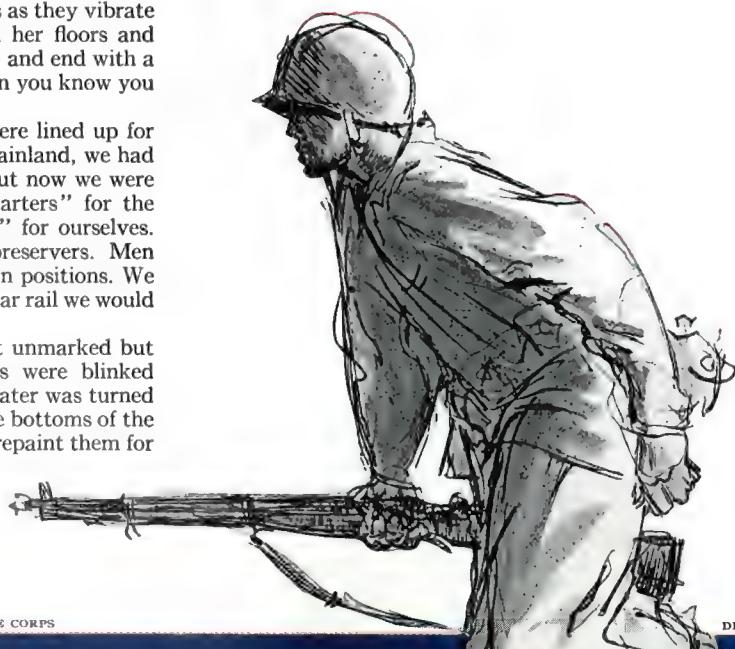
Sometime in the night we moved out.

We awakened in the morning feeling the soft throbbing of the ship beneath us. We lay in our canvas bunks, stacked four high, enjoying the gentle jarring of our bodies. It is not staring at the passing water or watching the unapproachable horizon which gives you the feeling of being at sea. It is lying quietly, sensing the power of the ship's engines as they vibrate in all her parts, come down through her floors and walls and up the frames of your bunk, and end with a pulselike throbbing in your body. Then you know you are being carried out to sea.

After chow in the hot galley, we were lined up for instruction. Coming over from the mainland, we had been given instruction in fire drills, but now we were taught the meaning of "General Quarters" for the Navy personnel and "Abandon Ship" for ourselves. We wore our black, kapok-filled life preservers. Men were chosen for lookouts at all the gun positions. We learned places to stay near the particular rail we would go over if something happened.

Other ships joined us, coming in at unmarked but known places. Conforming messages were blinked from one ship to another. The salty water was turned on in the showers. Fellows scraped the bottoms of the blue-gray landing boats, preparing to repaint them for another landing. We rode down the sea toward enemy waters. We did not

WE'RE THE AIR FORCES SERVICEMEN; THE GUYS WHO FIGHT TO KEEP THEM FLYING; THE GUYS WHO HELPED MAKE IT A MERRY CHRISTMAS ON AN ATOLL IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC



know where we were going or when we would get there. The place of battle is unimportant to the soldier. In the grand strategy it is vital. But to the man in the ranks, all atolls are the same. It is the shape of a particular tree or log, a provident hole in the ground, the cracking of a dead limb, that mean security or death. You are going to some beach, and go in. There is no use worrying until you see that tree, that exploded bomb shelter, the sudden, windless shaking of foliage. You learn to settle down and read and talk and keep things to yourself.

We were Air Service Support men, ground crews and paper workers. Our job was to keep them flying, and to give them a place to land in the vast, lonely Pacific. We were a small unit in an air force that covered an area five times the size of our country. We were soldiers, in the service, and there were thousands and thousands of us. We would not know nobility and heroism, and we would never have the inner strength of having fought for the things we believed. Our work was unspectacular and vital, and it was hard for a man not to feel that his contribution was less than what he could have given for his country. But it was the work we were given to do.

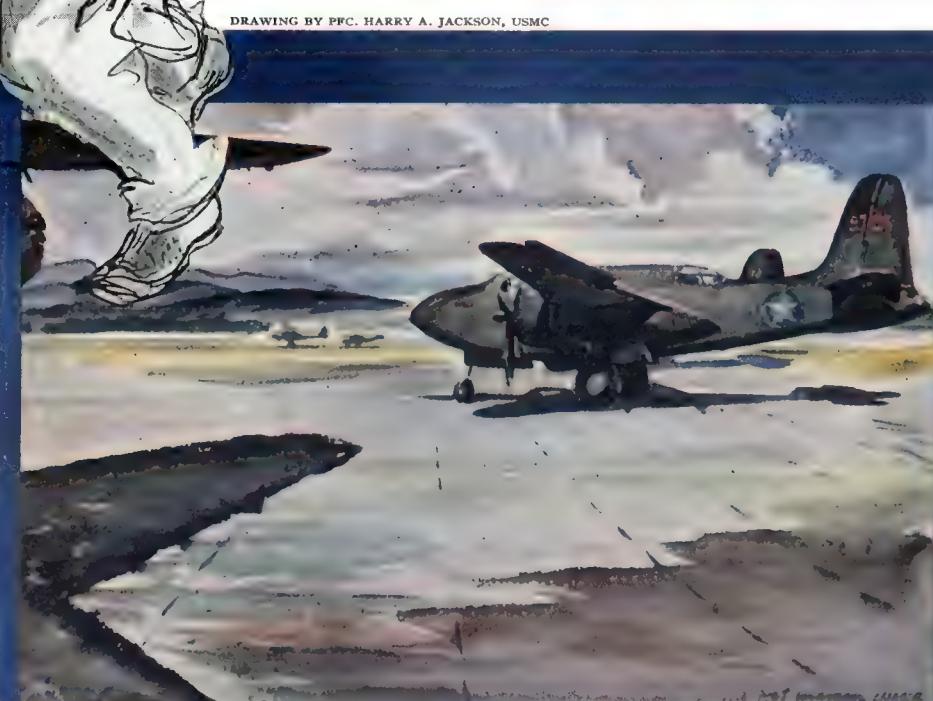
We talked to soldiers from other branches of the service, men who operated searchlights and coast-artillery guns; marines and sailors and communication men; husky, black, port-battalion men who would unload the equipment; fellows who handled the delicate machinery for manufacturing oxygen for the high-altitude flying; soldiers trained to forecast the weather, to install sensitive detection instruments; and the fourteen-year-old boys

(Continued on Page 78)

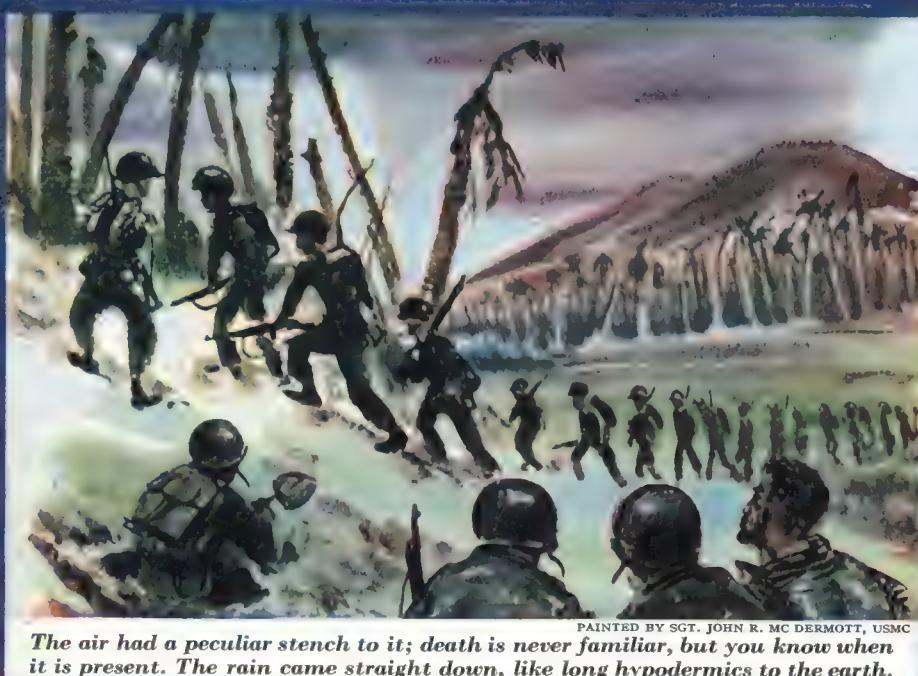
WATER COLORS ON THIS PAGE FROM UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS



When we came on deck in the morning, other ships had joined us. They looked majestic and proud. We pointed them out to one another, excitement growing in us.



We were Air Service Support men. Our job was to keep them flying, and to give them a place to land in the vast, lonely Pacific. We were servicemen.



The air had a peculiar stench to it; death is never familiar, but you know when it is present. The rain came straight down, like long hypodermics to the earth.



We remembered how it was. We remembered warm eyes and warm arms, and the rushing, unending knowledge that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

The fifty- dollar vot^{le}

BY MARGARET COUSINS

IT IS usually fearful and dangerous to conjecture on what small quirks of circumstance the lives and fortunes of human beings depend. Such are the complexities of a single day in any man's life—the hazards that hang over his unwitting head; the vistas that may or may not open, depending on some accident of fate; the solutions which, for no apparent reason, present themselves for the insoluble problems—that it is a great wonder anybody can go yawning to bed at night, thinking that nothing has happened to him all day. The turning of a corner, the taking of a direction without conscious volition have been known to alter the whole pattern of an individual's days. A word spoken by a stranger whose face he never saw before and may never see again can start a train of events which has no ending.

Fortunately, people are insulated against the shocks of chance and rarely assign to it the sequiturs which are its rightful product. They do not accept the nature of the axes on which their small worlds spin—that way madness lies—and go on to the end of their days believing that they are the masters of their fate.

For instance, if you told Fletcher Abernathy, who at this moment may be hiding the shiny red sled which will gladden the eyes of his first-born on Christmas morning, that his pretty little house with the two-car garage in Flintwood, his wife, who is beating up the fruitcake for their annual eggnog party, his two children quarreling amiably in the upstairs bedroom, and even his job as vice-president of the Effingham Printing Company, were all the indirect results of one single vagary on the part of a man he never so much as laid eyes on, he would be incredulous and indignant. Still, there is a grain of truth in this.

As for that other man, whose name happens to be Arthur Carlton—though neither Fletcher nor his wife ever knew it—he could not be convinced that he might not be preparing his holiday broadcast in the governor's mansion except for a fleeting conversation he had with a girl in a drugstore on Christmas Eve ten years ago. He would readily admit that his wife had a great deal of bearing on this contingency, but he hardly remembers how he decided to marry her.

CHRISTMAS in 1934 was not different from other Christmases, though we can look back on it now as a peculiarly halcyon season without the separation and loss and desolation which attend many of us now. It was a time when most people had everything but work and money, for the country was still groggy from the initial blows of the depression, and while most of the apple peddlers had disappeared from the windy corners and the machinery of relief had begun to roll, the belt of the nation was still tightened over its leaner belly and the young were often desperate.

But Christmas works its special magic in any kind of time, and through the blizzardy streets of the city in 1934 the brave green and scarlet brightened the powdery color of the snow, the shopwindows were arrayed with their immemorial loot, and over all the bells rang out. Inside the stores the air was heavy with the rubbery smell of wet galoshes and the steam rising from drying wool. In every house and apartment and furnished room there were likely to be a snarl of tissue paper, a hank of foolish ribbons, and a trussed-up fowl waiting for tomorrow's roaster. People laughed and said "Merry Christmas" to one another, and if they were not really happy, they seemed to be. That is, most of them.

But in widely divergent regions of the town there were four people who were not happy and made no pretenses. Even the coming of Christmas had no effect on their private sorrows. The easy pleasure of others seemed merely to intensify the black labyrinths they found themselves in, and the two girls—who did not know each other and never would—occasionally indulged in tears and the two men

muttered black oaths of like proportions and for the same reason, though they, too, were unacquainted.

Miss Laura Drew, a spirited and high-born daughter of the Clinton Drews, of Riverdale, suffered from a misunderstanding with the man she had privately surrendered her willful heart to, one Arthur Carlton, an ambitious but struggling lawyer. This quarrel had begun over the flibbertigibbet popularity of Miss Drew, who by reason of her beauty and economic security—her father was a dealer in wholesale groceries—was the season's most-sought-after debutante.

MISS DREW was a slender, tall reed of a girl with a valiant red mouth and dark shining eyes. She affected simple dresses, and blazing jewels became her. Her long narrow feet were always exquisitely shod and her ankles sculptured in beauty. She was the kind of woman you turn around in the street to stare at, and she had in addition a bright facile mind and a gift and training for hospitality on a grand scale. She was also innately sweet. Humility was not one of her strong points, but Arthur Carlton was her great weakness and she would willingly have forsaken her well-padded existence to live in a hovel with him and cook his meals. She often imagined herself doing so, though her talents certainly lay in opposite directions.

Arthur did not know this. He only knew that he had neither the time nor the money, though he was not badly off, to dance attendance on the only woman he had ever really wanted to possess, or to compete with her other urgent and better-situated suitors. After two months of balls and parties he frequently found himself falling asleep in the middle of a brief, and the meagerness of his salary began to irk him.

Meanwhile, his passion burgeoned and he took to lying awake nights after he finally got home from Laura, trying to plan some reasonable basis for asking her to marry him. His mind reconnoitered his prospects, which were glum. The law was a long and tedious vocation. Its rewards lay in the distant future. How could he give this girl the things she could not live without? And how could he live without her?

These sessions of sleeplessness, added to his strenuous after-work activities in Laura's social circle, had the expected effect on his nervous system. He became edgy and hard to get along with. Added to this was the persistent, well-tailored enemy in the person of Marc Gilbert, who had the time and the money.

The climax came a week before Christmas, when Arthur, detained by a press of his neglected business, arrived late for his engagement at the Drew house and found that Laura had gone on ahead to the party, squired by Marc. A few thousand pin wheels exploded in Mr. Carlton's head and he followed her, shaking with a mixture of rage and fear.

They quarreled heatedly on the dance floor.

"What happened to you, Arthur?"

"I don't see what difference that makes."

"It was so late, Marc and I came ahead."

"So I see."

"Darling, you didn't expect me to wait all night."

"I don't expect anything of you."

"Don't be so nasty."

"Then stop making a fool of me."

"That's a very uncalled-for remark."

"But you are!"

Miss Drew's voice and temper rose. Inadvisedly she said, "If that's so, why do you keep hanging around?"

Arthur turned rigid. They stopped dancing and he said stiffly, "Good night, and may I be the first to wish you a Merry Christmas?"

"Arthur!" Laura cried. But he had already rushed off to retrieve his hat and overcoat. (Continued on Page 121)

"I'M SO HAPPY, FLETCH," SAID MARJORIE. AN UNSEEN HAND

REACHED DOWN TO FILL THE CITY STREET WITH FRANKINCENSE.





"I HAVE A RIGHT TO RUIN MY LIFE FOR LOVE IF I CHOOSE," SAID NELL.

Bolivar

BY MARGUERITE F. BAYLISS

"Did you think it odd when I asked you, almost peremptorily, to visit me?" Hugo inquired. "I have brought you here for a purpose. To tell you a story and to surrender a fort. Tonight you shall have it, officers and garrison and arms, without stipulations or reservations. I have considered various alternatives."

"I return the sword," I said quietly. "You need not tell me the story. I know it." I lifted the lid of my trunk, reached for Uncle Alexander's letter and gave it to him. "If you'll read that," I suggested.

He did so. The sheet did not quiver as he held it. But a single reading of Uncle Alexander's letter was not strikingly informative, as I knew by some experience.

"Possibly I can help you," I explained, "In answer to his summons five years ago, I came here so cautiously as to come by stealth. There used to be a summerhouse out yonder. You remember that you rode Agrippa in the driveway. I was on my way to the house. I heard the rider behind me. I could not guess why it was so imperative that you should not see me, but the letter was too emphatic to be ignored. I ran onto the porch of the summerhouse, to escape observation. I saw and heard everything that happened in the summerhouse. Do you remember the fragments of the flowerpot over which you stumbled when you were searching Flood's body? I threw it. It hit Flood's elbow and spoiled his first shot, which otherwise would have entered your back."

Hugo was absolutely silent.

"After the worst was over, I slipped off the porch and went away. I returned home at once. Believe me, I, too, have guarded this story well."

"Why did you go away?" Hugo demanded, looking at me piercingly.

"I was influenced chiefly by an old English proverb, often quoted by my father, 'Time is a gentleman.' I didn't actually hope that you could forget it, of course, but I did think that if you were left alone, you might grow to feel toward so strange, so sudden a tragedy as you might feel about some old, realistic nightmare."

He was dangerously tense with excitement, yet he remained quiet. He spoke imperiously: "But why did you want me to get over it? All this time you have held me in the hollow of your hand and made no use of the power. Why?"

It was my turn. For five years I had been seething on this subject. "Because I resented the opportunity. I resented it fiercely. I didn't want it. Opportunity to be the tool, and then the fool, of a prince of blackmailers, to live in stolen grandeur while I had his favor—oh, I can quote Pedro, what he said and what he didn't say! Opportunity to come down to shooting in the back, to rid myself of him, to save my haunted life! As for Uncle Alexander's money—I don't want that, either. I wouldn't have it if I were so poor that I had to go to work as a hostler in a tavern stable. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole!"

"Dev!" Finally, my name. "Forgive me! How wrong I have been—how awfully wrong!"

Hugo was on the edge of breakdown. I thought something had to be done about it, and done in a hurry. I said, "I'm not furious with you, Hugo—never have been. You were wrong, but the mistake was natural, even inevitable." Thinking that a variation of the topic might be useful, I picked up the bundle of papers he had dropped on the writing table. "What's this?" I inquired.

"It is the duplication, as far as possible, of Pedro's literature, which I burned. I can remember every item. Parts of it were irreplaceable. All I could find is here. And," he added with a wry little smile, "you may be sure that I have spared no effort to discover more."

I crossed to the fireplace, and spread the documents on the embers. They smoldered and

smoked. "Hugo," I said, holding out my hand to him, "we are all that is left of the family—and we are more than cousins now. We are brothers indeed."

He came slowly toward me. He was much too quiet, and he had stopped trembling, a symptom which I didn't care for.

"Hugo! Steady there!" I murmured. "It's all over. We have put the Bolinvar story into everlasting oblivion."

"Have we?" He roused himself gamely. "I've believed before that it was gone and deeply buried."

"It is finished now," I said confidently. "Only ourselves know it."

"Hovon."

So there was a third person living who knew about Uncle Alexander's affairs. The Bolinvar secret was not so very secret if three people knew it.

"I DIDN'T intend to tell him. It just happened. He got after me to make peace with you. Read me the riot act for being so jealous. He had been drinking and wasn't as tactful as he might have been. I stood as much as I could, and then I blew up. I told him why I would have nothing whatever to do with you."

"How did His Grace take the explosion?" I asked.

"It sobered him—in a hurry. He is the only person I have told of the killing of Pedro Flood who believed me. Presently he said, 'Hugo, promise that you'll send for me if the Jersey Bolinvar gets wind of this and you get into a scrape with him. I can go to Virginia, or any cursed place, if you need me. Promise me. But let's hope your cousin never runs across this extravaganza.'

"You have not asked, Dev, if I think Pedro's story was true. I did believe most of it. Those documents you burned were convincing. In days of searching and nights of study, I could find no material flaw in his evidence. Does this make no difference to you?"

"Not a bit. Whatever else I think, I believe you are a lawful son. I believe that Alexander Bolinvar married Rosanne. That's why Alexander connived at her destruction; he didn't fear a cast-off mistress, he had to dispose of a wife."

Hugo was regarding me attentively. "Do you believe that, or are you trying to comfort me?" he asked.

I hesitated. "I do, and I don't," I owned. "There are certain doubts in my mind on the main point. When I heard Flood telling his story, my reaction was similar to yours, except that I disbelieved from the beginning things which you accepted. Instead of an illegitimate son being passed off as a lawful one, I thought a lawful son was to be passed off as an illegitimate one, for Flood's benefit. And I think so still. But as time has gone on, I drift more and more to the idea that, whatever Alexander's relations were with Rosanne, Emilie was your mother."

"Have you substantial grounds for thinking so?"

"Not what you call substantial," I admitted. "While you were ransacking New Orleans for evidence, I was exploring France. But Emilie's family was all but exterminated in ninety-three. I didn't even know how Uncle Alexander explained the death of his second wife until Doctor Colfax told me. It was what I heard Flood say that set me on the trail of a furtive murder in France. And while I could not build up a case that a murder trial would convict on, I did secure enough to close one of our gaps satisfactorily. There is no reasonable doubt that Alexander did manipulate the execution of Emilie, and an unidentified man, who you and I can't doubt was Pedro, was his accomplice."

Hugo said, "In effect, Dev, you think my father was married twice, both times to a Frenchwoman. That he may have fooled either one, or both of them, about the marriage cere-

mony, but there could be doubt of its validity in either case. That he freed himself from each by slight-of-hand murders. That he had a son by each. That one of the babies died. That only he and Pedro knew which baby died."

"Well, yes. That seems to sum up my views."

"All we need to make our domestic maze complete is the belated appearance of the other son, not dead after all," Hugo said dryly.

"That would be indeed what Hovon called an extravaganza," I concurred. "However, if he proved much like you, Hugo, I, for one, would undertake to welcome him kindly."

Hugo winced. "Now I am unable to imagine you as other than kind—as you have always been, though I was too blind to see it. My faults are as many as your virtues. My shame is as great as my error."

"They do say honest confession is good for the soul," I mocked him, "but I fear yours wouldn't be good for mine if I took it literally. Shall we have a drink? And then go to bed? We can unravel more of Uncle Alexander's bequest tomorrow—and perhaps for the rest of our lives."

Doctor Colfax's bottles stood where he had set them. I took a quick look at the labels and poured a glass for Hugo. The doctor had forgotten to mention the dosage, and I was bent on erring on the liberal side.

I lifted my glass. "To Emilie and Rosanne: peace after tempest!"

As usual, he pulled himself up pluckily. I was satisfied. He declined my offer to go with him to his room.

"I'll be all right, Dev," he said. "Don't be uneasy about me. It must be very late. Shall I meet you for a high-noon breakfast? Good. Good night."

I was not weary; on the contrary, I felt indifferent to sleep. Partly for this reason, I drank a half glass of Colfax's bottled bliss myself. Hastily, I went to bed.

When I awakened, my room was bright with noontime sunshine. I had not been tired when I went to bed, but I was tired now. A deluging in cold water put me right, and I went downstairs.

Hugo was not there, but Solomon told me that Doctor Colfax had called two hours earlier, had gone to Hugo's room and presently had departed, saying that he would return. Moreover, he was now driving up the avenue.

IN A SHORT time Colfax entered. "Hello, Dev. Say, I've got some news fur you about the fox. Bedloe thought my idea of settin' a trap fur him was too good fur me to have to myself, and last night he set one. He rigged three traps inside the door of a poultry house that ain't in steady use, and tethered a turkey gobbler behind 'em, fur bait. This mornin' each one of his traps was sprung, and his gobbler was gone. A stick of wood from the woodpile had been flung into every trap, nice as a man could do it. No tracks, as usual. Ground's too dry."

"Or the beast is of a variety that doesn't leave tracks," I said spoofingly. "I say 'wolf' more than ever. Springing traps is a typical wolf trick."

"Well, if you go after it today, you go alone. Hugo must not ride. *Must not*; do you hear me?"

"Is he worse?"

"I can't say," the doctor told me. "Some ways he seems stronger. But that half-stoppin' heart has got me nigh dashed. Did you and Hugo have a talk last night, after the dance broke up?"

"Why, yes," I said, "we did."

He looked at me sharply. "Dev, did Hugo confess something?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?" A good many times the idea had come and gone through my mind that Doctor Colfax might know more about the Bolinvar family history than he indicated.

(Continued on Page 52)



BETTINA BOLEGARD

Has such naturally thick hair she need never depend on switches or padding. Applies her hairbrush at least twice a day, with great vigor, "because heavy hair isn't pretty if it isn't highly polished, especially when it is worn hanging loosely." All real jewels by Seaman Schepps.



SELENE MAHRI

Fastens her neck curls with a twist of her own silver-gilt hair, or sweeps the shining mass high and anchors it close to the crown with an elastic, before rolling it in a pouf. Occasionally uses a camomile rinse. Likes a net to insure daytime neatness. Evening dress by Hattie Carnegie.



Model HAIR-DO'S

THE smartest fashion models are more often than not their own hairdressers. Their popularity leaves them no time for hair setting between appointments. They develop a finger witchery that enables them to create enchanting hair-do's reflecting the current mood, or mode, or one step ahead of it! Two famous models, blond Selene Mahri and brunet Bettina Bolegard, prove in these photographs that there may be true magic in hair when it is handled with knowing simplicity. Each one shows a basic coiffure, with high and low variations, and assures you that with practice and patience you can achieve these triumphant triple effects for yourself.

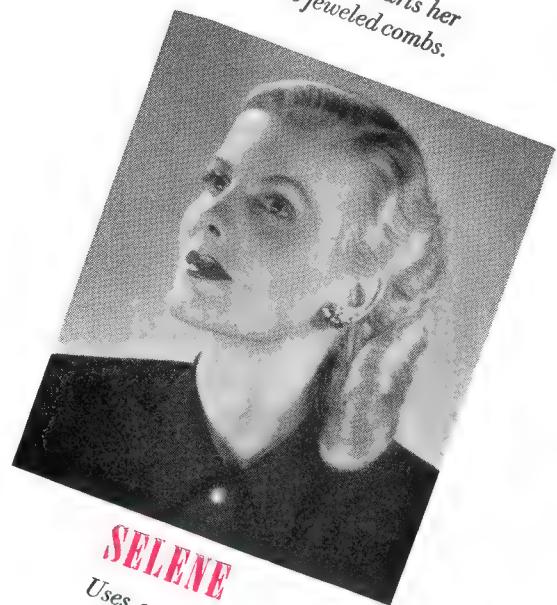
JEWELLED TEMPTATION. Never was there a season when there was more inducement to manipulate one's own locks into highly individual arrangements. Irresistible hair accessories have appeared on every hand, pleading for your use. Oh, the darling little combs, saucy with bright jewels, that can be tucked in here and there to accent even the plainest hair-do! And the lovely, larger combs cunningly fashioned from tortoise shell—or its plastic twin—to give grace to high braids or coils. Real gems there are, too, set in pins, barrettes or combs, to gleam with brilliant authenticity on great occasions. The veriest amateur can give to her coiffure a look of inspired accomplishment by setting it off deftly with a happily chosen accessory.

TIPS FROM EXPERTS. First step toward any successful coiffure is shining, manageable hair. No one understands this better than Miss Mahri and Miss Bolegard, who give you the following guidance from their own valuable experience: The secret of achieving a variety of coiffures is having the right amount of hair; for braids, rolls or curls, as desired. Shoulder length is best. Shampoo at least once a week with bland soap or liquid shampoo, and *three thorough rinsings*, until every hair has a clean, separate look. Dry by hand to preserve texture and give life. Brush, brush, *brush*, to polish. Two permanents a year are enough; but if hair is worn loose, ends should be pinned in flat curls nightly under a net—not too damp and not too tight, or they will be frizzy. As for those wispy bits about temples, ears or neck, keep pomade or hair wax handy, to be applied at need, *lightly*.



BETTINA

Redeems her basic hair-do with Mexican combs; gives the "flat-top" a newer look with higher sides. For evening, makes a center part from brow to nape, starts her braids above temples, adds jeweled combs.



SELENE

Uses a modified page boy as basic style, confining soft roll in firmly pinned net. From this she can quickly evolve a high roll for evening, or a semiformal coiffure, with back curl and gay side combs.

By Louise Paine Benjamin

Beauty Editor of the Journal



A new at-home dinner skirt by Tina Leser, rayon damask, cut like an Arabian saddle skirt; with a blue jersey, pearls, jeweled slippers.



Knit your own soft wool weskit and spangle it with sequins; wear it with colorful wool jersey slacks and a long-sleeved white shirt.



A jeweled sweater to knit for yourself; wear with a long wool dirndl, Arpad's jeweled velvet belt.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY

THE END OF THE DAY *is yours*

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Only a few hours at the end of the day can be called your own, and these are like jewels to any busy woman. They give you the chance to change from your daytime personality—from a fast pace to a leisurely one—to make yourself lovely for your friends and family. At-home clothes have never been more beautiful, or more comfortable. Many are inspired by the romantic storybook quality of Asia Minor and North Africa—designed to change your mood and delight your soul. You can hang your little black suit in the closet and slip into a soft blue jersey blouse with a skirt of blue-and-gold damask, or into a brilliant wool robe cut like a dragoman's coat. Or you can change for dinner and the movies into a simple black jersey dress with an Egyptian jeweled collar. But the thing you may love best of all is something you can make yourself: a charming jeweled sweater or spangled knitted vest, warm and flattering for winter nights, to wear with a soft long wool skirt or jersey slacks. The end of the day is yours; claim it, and dress for it in purely personal clothes.



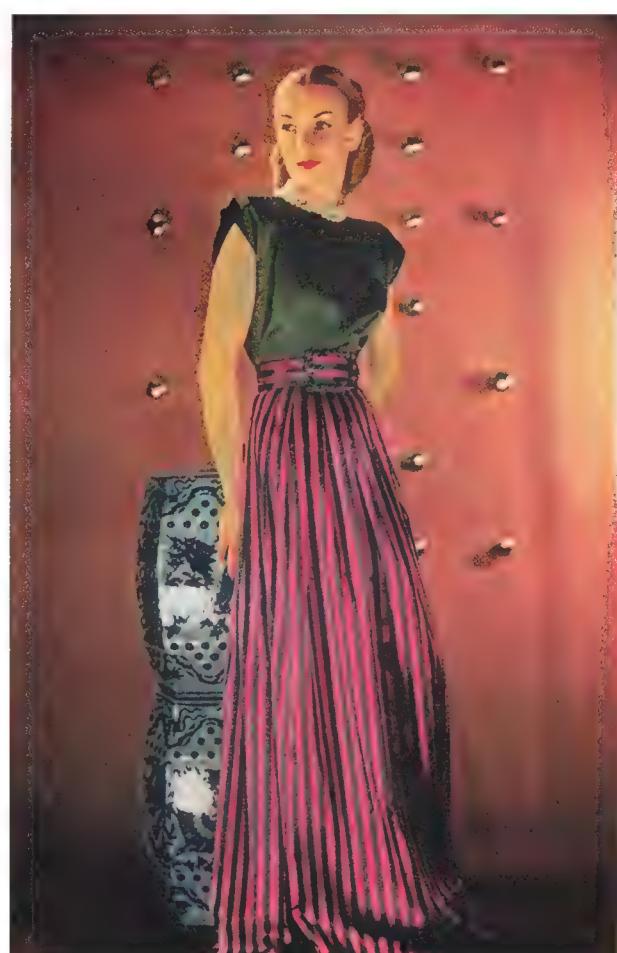
Cut like a dragoman's coat, this hostess robe is made of bouclé wool; gold and silver kid and sequin embroidery. John Frederics' hair ornament.



Long Egyptian tunic over slim slacks, in soft blue taffeta; designed by Tina Leser for holiday nights at home; Seaman Schepps jewels.



An Egyptian jeweled collar makes a black jersey dress an end-of-the-day affair; worn with jeweled combs.



Brilliant slipper satin, young two-piece style, striped skirt; a dress for many winter nights, dinner or dancing.



Flannel house coat for a quiet evening—has lovely slim lines, standing collar, silver roses for buttons.

Engine, Engine, No. 9

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY ISN'T JUST CHOCOLATE CAKE! NOT WHEN YOUR DAD'S TOO FAR AWAY TO EAT IT WITH YOU

★ ★ BY LOUIS ZARA ★ ★

WHEN the first sunlight filtered through the yellow window shade and groped past the curtains, young Howard began to awaken. His hair stood up on the pillow in a tousled, sandy thatch. He dreamed that he was flying beside his father in an Army bomber, and his small fists were still set upon his chest, hard at the controls. His eyes were shut and his breathing was even, but a triumphant smile wreathed his rosy lips. With short bursts of cannon fire he had just disposed of three leering evil foes, and now the sky was free.

As the sunbeams thrust their golden arms into the room and executed a pincers movement about his maple bed, the boy burbled, "Jooribalee." He was ready to bail out, but he had forgotten the word "Geronimo," without which you may not bail out. The pucker between his eyebrows deepened. Then, miraculously, he remembered something else, and he was impatient to greet this day of days. "Soo-ro-nomo!" he groaned. That wasn't right either.

He turned violently on his side, dug his face into the pillowcase and snored ecstatically—which made him dream that his starboard engine was ripping away from its struts. He quieted and slipped over slowly until he was lying on his back again, with his arms stretched high above his head. His hands groped for the spools of the headboard. He was losing altitude! He dug his feet into the sheets and, with all his body, tried desperately to climb. But he could not make it. Inside him, a 4-11 alarm began to ring.

The house was silent; even Abelard, the Siamese cat, had not stirred. The distant clopping of the milkman's horse beat a faint tattoo upon the youngster's ears. A cardinal whistled short lyric notes, and an envious bluejay mocked him.

The unmistakable buzz of a plane swooped over the rooftops. An invisible hand nudged Howard: "Unidentified aircraft! Unidentified aircraft!" His nose twitched and his eyes opened, large and blue. He lay there, staring at the ceiling, and listened without blinking. Finally his lips compressed in an explosion of disappointment. It was only the dawn transport carrying the mail, and not his father at all. He sat up and yawned.

THE map linoleum on the floor was washed in sunlight. Motes of dust were floating lazily down the Mississippi River and over the Midwestern States. He kicked off the blankets. He stepped out barefoot in his pajamas, a chubby nine-year-old with sleep-flushed cheeks, and moved to the window. In the back yard the squirrels were scampering down the dead poplar. In the cherry tree glistening black crows were feasting on the ripe fruit. Song sparrows hopped about cheerfully on the garage roof. The cardinal's song made the air stand still.

Still yawning, Howard picked his way among the shoes, socks, shirt, slacks, underwear and jacket

which he had dropped in the process of undressing the night before. He shuffled to his toy box, pondered but a moment, and quietly turned it over into the middle of the room. The clatter of metal automobiles, planes, trains and parts of a building set rocked the walls. A tennis ball bounced thoughtfully under the bed. Marbles rolled uncertainly in every direction, like boys fleeing a ball field after a broken window.

Howard cocked an ear. It was only the cat padding in the kitchen. He heard Abelard's rough little tongue lapping in his dish of water. Mother and Gramps were still asleep.

He seized a cork pad and a shiny-headed hammer. Without ceremony he began to pound colored pieces of wood into a grotesque something. He grimaced at the thing he created, but silent mornings are always best for hammering. With each thump the floor leaped and the windows rattled alarmingly. Outside, the crows paused over their cherries and cawed. The cardinal lowered his head and slunk into his thicket. Howard pounded until his wrist ached and his thumb was hard.

His nostrils twitched. Once more he cocked his ears, like a fawn ready to spring. No one had stirred in the other rooms. He lifted the hammer, but that inner alarm whirred again. His blue eyes grew large. How could he have forgotten? It was today. "This is the day!" The hammer, loosed idly, fell with a clunk upon a metal coupé, which skittered off until it struck the baseboard. Howard stared at the toys scattered through the room. They should be picked up; someone would surely have to do it.

He hitched up his pajamas. In two bounding leaps he had jumped into bed and pulled the covers up to his armpits. Today, his birthday! He listened carefully. All was still silent, which meant it was probably well before seven o'clock. He shut his eyes and pretended to sleep.

But his eagerness to feign made him relax. A smile came over the cherubic face as his arms and legs melted into the linens and his shoulders dipped beneath strange waves. His lips parted and his two big front teeth showed. From the deep a snore rose and blew through the snub nose. One hand went out to the bomb-sight control; again he was dropping block-busters. The Siamese cat nudged the door open, leaped softly upon the bed and curled up beside the boy's cheek. Howard tensed. The enemy's flak was very hot today.

"Wake up, wake up! Sleepyhead Howie!"

Abelard had worked himself under the sheets and was lying near the boy's armpit; only the tawny Siamese head showed on the pillow. Howard's mother sat on the edge of his bed in her frilly pink robe.

"Why, Howard Langley! It's ten minutes to eight and your grandfather is all ready to leave for the office. Sleepy, sleepy Howard Langley!"

He tasted his lips. He would have recited his latest dream of a bombing mission, but her eyes

invariably misted when he mentioned his father. "Hi, mom!" He beamed. "What's for breakfast?" As he got up, he stared incredulously at the disorder in his room and clucked his tongue. Holding up his pajama trousers with one hand, he followed her to the kitchen. Abelard slumbered on.

"Father," Mrs. Langley reported, "your grandson was fast asleep!"

Howie's grandfather, pink-cheeked and white-haired, hastily turned his paper from the comic strips to the editorial page. "Is he sick?"

"Hi, Gramps!"

"Take his temperature."

"He's all right." She brushed at the sandy forelock. "Special day, special sleep."

MR. PARKER squinted at his grandson. "There's a movie you can go to today, Howard."

"Me?" He could see the figures dancing on the screen.

"Not me!"

"Oh!"

"Don't you care to go?"

"I don't know." Suppose his father arrived today?

"Well, Howie! When your grandfather ——"

He scratched at his chin, in unconscious imitation of the old man. "Will it be there tomorrow? Huh, Gramps?"

"Why, Howard Langley!"

"Tomorrow's better for a movie. Don't you think so?"

"Suit yourself, young Howard."

"Thanks, Gramps!"

From the living room the boy watched his grandfather walking slowly down the street toward his bus stop. Mr. Parker had but lately resumed a law practice from which he had retired ten years ago. But the war and his son-in-law's induction into active service had made it necessary.

"Whatever is the matter, Howie? Refusing a movie!"

"Today I want to stay home with you. Huh, mom?"

She ran her hand over his forehead. "Let's see your tongue."

"Bluh! It's okay. Maybe there'll be a letter from dad. For my birthday."

She paled, but said simply, "It's not likely we'll hear from him today, Howie. You know he's far away."

"I know."

She saw the pain pinching at the corners of his eyes. "Do stay home with me, Howie." She lifted her head. "Any other special reason?"

(Continued on Page 70)

"Say, are you Howard Langley?" asked the boy. "Yeah." "Well, here's the telegram they asked me to give your mother."





I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN

"Look here," said Fred, "we'll do a little celebrating. It's about time."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

BY AUDREY DE GRAFF

WHEN the alarm clock rang Caroline opened her eyes to the unfamiliar, early morning sunlight and thought, *Here I am again*. She had to cross the room to shut off the clock. She dreaded thinking what might happen if it were right by her side and she went back to sleep again. Breakfast would be late; no one would be up on time; she wouldn't have a minute to make herself look like anything. That last thought was important; not so much to Caroline herself as to Fred, her husband, who took such a naïve pleasure in having a pretty wife.

Not much pretty about me any more, she thought. She fastened her blue house coat, knotted her hair at the nape of her neck. There wasn't time for make-up, there wasn't time for anything extra. It took her so long to get breakfast on the table. And she looked awful: tired, bewildered and a little bit defeated. She reached for a Chinese-red flower and pinned it recklessly behind one ear before she hurried downstairs, her mind leaping ahead to the unaccustomed tasks that she performed so awkwardly. Never before in

the forty-eight years of a very good life had she had to get up at seven o'clock, dress quickly and quietly lest she waken those fortunate enough to be able to sleep a little longer. Never had she been the one to open the blinds, take in the morning paper, put the kettle on to boil. She felt like someone else; one of those other women, the ones who had waited upon people like herself. She remembered the poet, T. S. Eliot, writing of the damp souls of housemaids sprouting at the area gates. When she went to reach for the milk bottles she understood the expression perfectly. She wasn't complaining—this was the least a person could do—but early in the morning like this her soul *was* damp, and just a bit discouraged.

By the time the breakfast table was set, the oranges squeezed and the aroma of coffee drifting pleasantly through the house, she had herself in hand. She was a sane, intelligent woman with a not too arduous task to perform. All the war had asked of her, she reasoned, was to get up early and do her own housework. And that wasn't much. *(Continued on Page 125)*

You can't set sail for tomorrow's dream while your heart's standing watch at a mailbox.

Youth in Wartime

WHY ARE THEY DESPERATE, THESE CHILDREN OF THE NATION? A TRAINED OBSERVER GIVES HER ANSWER IN A SOUL-STIRRING REPORT OF A YEAR'S STUDY.

By Josephine D. Abbott

Former Educational Consultant, American Social Hygiene Association

IN THE past twelve months I have covered the country, watching the faces of American youth in wartime and listening to their words. In the boom towns, on Main Street and Back Street, I have seen the Victory Girls, the doorkey kids, the teenage-canteen crowds, the next year's Commandos. And I've found that we, the two-war generation, have failed them.

Many of these youngsters that I talked to complain bitterly that their parents are so absorbed in work or play outside the home that they have little time left for their children. "My mother," said one young girl, "is so tired when she comes home from war work that she hasn't the time or energy to listen to me. I have nobody I can discuss my problems with." I heard the same complaint among the so-called better-privileged families. To get *one* chaperon for a dance, a group of "privileged" young people had to call forty parents.

I have seen boys and girls as young as ten roaming the streets at night because, they told me, they had been paid to go to the movies or stay away from home, so that mom and pop could have some rest or privacy. They didn't even know whether they would be able to get in when they returned. I have been with the police to take these little night owls home. I have seen small children with their parents in beer parlors late at night—the children asleep on sticky tables. At two A.M. I found two crying children locked in a parked car. One was fourteen months, and the other four years old. Finally we located their parents, so dead drunk in a beer parlor that they didn't remember they had any children.

★ ★ "WAR WORK" CASUALTIES ★ ★

In a Southern city a little boy of four was locked in a warehouse from eight-thirty to one-thirty every day, while his mother was doing "war work." When he caught his head in the bars of the window and nearly choked to death, the community became aroused to the point of action. In another city, a little girl of eleven ran away from home; four days later her mother thought to report her absence to the police. She had beaten the child for allowing her three-year-old charge to play in the streets, but saw no relationship between the two incidents. Another young girl, fourteen, was left in charge of five younger children every day.

For a child to feel unloved, unwanted or rejected spells maladjustment; yet in the court records of several cities are mothers' words: "I never wanted them anyhow." And court workers have told me that some women deliberately seek work on night shifts in order to avoid marital relations.

There are four fundamental wishes—for affection, recognition, security and new experience—which every person must realize if he is to take his place in life among the satisfactorily adjusted. The desire for affection is of paramount importance: if a child does not find love and tenderness among his own family and friends, who are the natural ones to give it to him, he will look for it somewhere else. Far too many

young people today feel very definitely that their parents are not primarily concerned with them and their welfare. Result: hasty marriages, extramarital sexual relationships, promiscuity.

★ THEY HAVE TO "BE SOMEBODY" ★

The second basic need, for social recognition, is the desire for approval as a person. Everyone wants to be loved for himself alone, or respected for what he does. The moment this is denied him, he is apt to take on an attitude of "I don't care." We have made attempts to fit children and teen-agers into war work, but some of it is merely "busy work." They claim that they have a real, unsought contribution to make, and there are instances to prove it. In one high school, where students were given a chance to become junior nurses' aides, the girls worked forty hours in hospitals to win their uniforms, gave up Saturdays, Sundays and holidays voluntarily to complete their training.

Young people who get no recognition for good work get it for misbehavior, and enjoy their publicity as juvenile delinquents. "Are you a J. D.?" has become a popular salutation. And one crowd of youngsters I saw riding around in an old jalopy, bearing in big chalk letters the proud motto, "We are problem children."

Too often when the delinquency horse is recognized, he has already fled the stable; but we are taking positive steps now, even from a backward position. The sheriff in Seattle, Washington, organized a club for over 500 boys who had destroyed property and created disturbances on a large scale. Now, with the club's baseballs and footballs flying, fewer windows are broken and merchants who were formerly complaining victims are giving money to the boys for equipment and a place to meet.

As a nation, we spend fifteen million dollars a year for correctional measures. For prevention? A single instance of the need can be found in the application files of Father Flanagan's Boys Town, near Omaha. Out of 2300 homeless and friendless boys who asked to be admitted there last year, only 350 could be received. There is *no* similar place for friendless girls, that I have seen, anywhere in the United States.

The third basic need, for security, looms large in an increasingly insecure world. In England, the children who have best stood the shattering strain of bombs and deprivation are those who feel themselves secure in family relationships. Those who do not, regress to various forms of bad infantile behavior.

★ ★ NO PLACE LIKE HOME ★ ★

In too many homes, parents are increasingly uncertain of the world, the future and themselves. And when a child sees fear in one of those very *Grown People* who inhabit the bewildering Grownups' World, he can only retreat in lostness. We see too many of them, shocked into maladjustment, in our child-guidance clinics. Out of their confusion they are questioning the standards and institutions of the

world which has been so shaken for them: the way they were brought up, the education and religious teaching they have received, moral and social laws, all are open to attack. They have seen for themselves that "crime really pays," that laws can be evaded. "Liquor isn't supposed to be sold to minors," said one group to me. "But we can bring you back a bottle in five minutes flat."

In many cases they feel that the value of chastity is mythical and that extramarital sex is quite all right. There are promiscuous twelve and thirteen year olds in some regions, and sexual promiscuity is very much more extensive than we have been led to believe. Again this is not confined to any one social or economic level. The "fallen" girls have their reasons, or rationalizations, and freely give them to the questioner: It's patriotic to give "their all" to men who are in service (or about to be); they must take the pleasure of today, for fear they may not have tomorrow; and—besides—they like it.

★ ★ "CAN IT BE WRONG?" ★ ★

"Why should anything as lovely as sex be wrong?" said a girl I saw in a rapid-treatment center. She was being treated for syphilis and gonorrhea. "I don't care if I have a baby or even an abortion," said another, aged fifteen. "All I'm afraid of is getting a venereal disease." Others who are less fearful quote glibly the efficacy of new drugs and shortened treatment.

To a mixed college group who were discussing sex mores, I suggested that they might wish to wait for the person they married. "We may never have a chance, because of the war," they said. "Besides, if we do get married, we want to know our way around sexually." The older generation did not have much to offer on this point, they added, quoting the high divorce rate, the prudishness and frigidity among the older people they knew.

"How do you know your way of life is better than the one we are working out?" they say. "Give us time and we'll prove which is better in the long run."

★ ★ "YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US!" ★ ★

Almost all say they wish they had more and better sex information. Parents, they claim, give them Birds and Bees or nothing; most schools, under pressure of public opinion, avoid the subject. Out of their smattering of inaccurate knowledge about venereal diseases, they ask such questions as, "Will I get syphilis if I smoke a cigarette after someone who has it?" In a few schools, science and home-economics teachers, with department-of-health doctors, have given lectures on venereal disease to senior students and had overwhelming response. These talks, say the students, were the most helpful in their whole school experience, because they gave a realistic view of a confusing situation.

New experience, the fourth fundamental wish of all normal people, is the lure behind youth's inclination to "try anything" (Continued on Page 118)



This is what can happen to the house below: a major operation worth performing.

NEW LIFE IN OLD HOUSES

By Richard Pratt

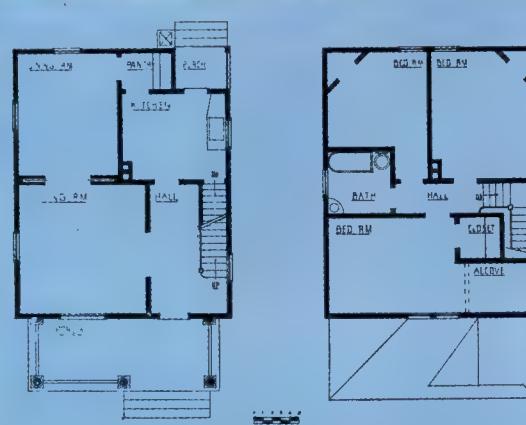
Architectural Editor of the Journal

THE dwelling below is the house everybody knows. In looks and layout it may be unlike the one you're thinking of. It may be larger, smaller, worse or better than its counterparts, of one kind or another, all over the country. But you can be sure its faults will be familiar to millions of ailing, inadequate homes in any locality you want to take. Here the problems of the old house have all been solved by a major operation, making it to all intents and purposes a brand-new modern house, as you can see above. But in the process almost every ordinary defect known to houses has been corrected, so that somewhere along the line of this transformation anyone with whatever remodeling problems will find suggestions for making many types of improvements.

Taking the case created here, practically everything was wrong with the old house, as will be listed; but two very essential things were right. The structure was sound, at least as to foundation and framing, and the neighborhood had a dependable future. The former would keep the cost of remodeling within reason, and the latter would justify any reasonable investment. Construction costs and property values vary so widely from place to place, and from time to time, that figures can give only an indication. But say the old house has a present property value of \$5000, as it might have in a fairly prosperous average town. A good repair job would cost about \$1800—reroofing, new siding, rewiring, better heating, new millwork where necessary, some new plumbing fixtures, including a new kitchen sink, some plastering, carpentry repairs, and painting, of course. The house would then be in better shape, but it would still be essentially the same house. It would have no more room; it would still be most inconveniently arranged for convenient living, as the floor plans show; still dark and badly

(Continued on Page 166)

40



Poor in plan and appearance, but the right remodeling can double its value, make its livability soar.

HOUSE MODELS BY HARRY H. HISTAND; SETTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRATT.
REMODELING BY RODERICK SEIDENBERG, ARCHITECT



"The task of putting the nation's homes back into a state of good repair will be the No. 1 job of the building industries in the immediate postwar period."

—Commissioner
Abner H. Ferguson, FHA.

If You Ask Me

✓ If you had a needy relative who was always struggling to "get by" financially, would you give him a substantial sum of money, or a regular allowance, or just ignore the whole thing?

This is a question which would have to be settled differently in each individual case. For instance, if you felt that a person was able to handle a substantial sum of money and would perhaps be made self-supporting by having it, and you were able to give it, that would be the sensible thing to do. On the other hand, many people, particularly those earning regular salaries, can afford to give monthly a certain amount but cannot give lump sums. In many cases where people's financial difficulties are due to their inability to handle money wisely, the monthly allowance is a better way to help.

Just ignoring the whole thing would be a rather strange way to handle a situation, whether the person were a relative or not, though there are occasions when there is nothing that can be done, either because a person is really not worthy of help or the individual appealed to cannot afford to give financial assistance.

✓ How have you kept in such perfect health during your strenuous twelve years as First Lady?

These past years since 1933 have not been particularly strenuous. I inherited a good constitution and I have always lived very moderately. I seem to have very few of the little ills which trouble many people. I try to lead a sensible existence, to do the things which keep me well and then forget about my physical being as much as possible.

✓ I would like to know just what parts of the Bible you like best. Does one verse mean more to you than any other? Would you please name one or two of those that mean most?

I like the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians, the 23rd Psalm and the 121st Psalm and the 14th Chapter of St. John. I do not think there is any one special verse that means more than any other, though "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up" is one of my favorites.

✓ Why not let our discharged wounded wear their uniforms, with a special insigne?

I do not think there is any reason why our wounded men should not wear their uniforms. The question of wearing an insigne is one, of course, the military services themselves would have to decide. In Australia not only the returned wounded men, but the men on furlough who have been overseas, are given a special insigne which entitles them to certain privileges. For instance, in a restaurant, such men are served before anyone else, and in waiting for a bus or a train they go to the head of the line. I think something of this kind would be helpful to us in this country, but the decision on the wearing of uniforms and a special insigne remains in the hands of the services themselves to decide what is practicable.

✓ Do you think it is fair to discriminate against married teachers as they still do in this Midwestern town?

I do not think it is fair to discriminate against married teachers anywhere. It has always seemed to me that a teacher who is married and has children, when she returns to the classroom, may have greater understanding of the children because of the experiences that her own children have brought her.

Married women teachers were barred only because of an economic situation which did not provide as many jobs in the teaching field as there were candidates. However, there have always been fewer teachers than were required for the best interests of the children. I think if we could have an economy which provided for full employment, we might look forward to a time when we would plan our schools with full regard to proper economy, but also with regard to the best interests of our children, in which case we would engage teachers for their qualifications without regard to whether they were married or single.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the JOURNAL.

✓ What did you mean when you wrote an Alabama housewife recently that you had never advocated "social" equality for Negroes?

I meant that it is impossible to advocate social equality for anyone. Social equality is a personal relationship. You or I can associate with anyone we like, and when we do, we associate as friends and equals, but you cannot "advocate" that for anybody.

✓ Are you and the President members of the same church?

The President and I attend the same church.

✓ When meeting people from different parts of the country, whose pronunciation differs from yours, do you try to use their pronunciation or your own normal way of speaking? For instance, if a woman asked you if you'd have tomataytoes, would you say, "Yes, tomahtoes would be fine," or do you watch yourself and take tomataytoes?

I doubt if I ever gave this situation much thought. The way one speaks becomes so natural that I think it would be unnatural to change one's pronunciation. Unconsciously, however, some of us are mimics, and I have caught myself copying the people with whom I might happen to be many a time. As a rule, I think I would stick to my own pronunciation without really thinking about it.

✓ Why does the President like Fala so much better than other dogs your family has owned?

I do not think the President likes Fala any better than he has any other dog which belonged to him, but Fala is his own dog, and one always likes a dog that is a constant companion more than the dogs that belong to other members of the family.

✓ How did you and the President punish your children when they were young?

The President rarely punished any of the children. On only one occasion, as far as I can remember, did I make him spank our eldest son, and it never happened again. The children went to their father as the final court of appeal, but I did most of the disciplining. I used to deprive my children of certain pleasures, or make them do certain things which they should do but which they did not very much enjoy. I am ashamed to say that I sometimes let governesses or nurses impose punishments on my older children, when they were small, that I felt were unwise; and later, when I gained more confidence in my own ability to bring up my children myself, I knew these punishments were very unwise.

CARTOON BY GARRETT PRICE. REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S



"Let me know just before you reach the limit of your patience, will you, ma?"

Christmas Party



BY ANN BATCHELDER

HERE'LL always be a Christmas. And if I know the young folks, we shall still be having parties on and around that great day. For some folks, this year, there will be, as the old hymn says, "one vacant chair." But never let that vacant chair spoil the Christmas for those who gather round to fill the happy hours they must cherish for all the days to come. Let's not do that. Let us make them happy while we may; and for those who are far from home, wouldn't it be a good idea to include them in a party? Tree and trimmings and music and fun? Food and drink and, maybe, memories? I guess so. I guess candles aren't out of style and trees are still growing and still are green, and there's music in the air. And the little town of Bethlehem is not only in the news but in our hearts. So let us help the youngsters celebrate in the age-old way. The days of days.

And so we set about it—simply as in our younger and less sophisticated days—with a tree-trimming party. All for one and one for all! The way it's always been.

For making everybody feel at home there's nothing better than letting everybody help himself. So from stringing popcorn and making cotton-ball snow men to dishing up the shortcakes, this party is what you make it. And when you take your knife and fork out of your stocking, let's hope you find a surprise present in the toe!

Starting-off place. This sums up to this and nothing more. About the easiest business you ever went into. Called a "cola shake," and said to be very popular among the younger set in certain places. Can you beat it? Well, shake up a quart of milk with three bottles of any cola drink and serve cold. Forget the frost on the windows and the whistling wind outside. There will be hot coffee later. Never give up hope while there's a teakettle in the house—and coffee.

Knock out the biscuits. You know perfectly well how to make a batch of baking-powder biscuits. (Better make three batches.) Do it the good old way—2 cups of flour, 4 teaspoons of baking powder, salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of shortening (or use the ready-to-wear mixes) and $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk to make a good dough. Roll out lightly, don't handle more than you need to. For bacon biscuits, add a slice or two of crisp bacon, crumbled up, to the shortening and flour before you add the milk. Roll out, cut out and *bake* out. Split, butter and reheat when you're ready. That, as the saying is, is *that*.

For the shortcakes. Fill a bowl with very hot, very savory creamed chipped beef, chicken, tuna or what have you and season with salt, pepper and butter. Serve in a red-hot bowl, surrounded with biscuits, and let the hungry guests make their own shortcakes. Be sure to have replenishments in the kitchen; likely to need them.

Deviled eggs help out. This party is rather like an indoor picnic anyway. And what would a picnic be without deviled eggs?

DIFFERENT DEVILED EGGS

Rice the yolks. Stir in enough mayonnaise to make mixture soft and fluffy. Season with salt and pepper and add a little grated onion. Now start adding prepared mustard. Filling for 8 eggs or 16 halves takes as much as 2 tablespoons of prepared mustard to make the mixture taste right. Lastly add a little vinegar to sharpen the flavor.

STUFFED CELERY

You can stuff your celery as you please, or eat it plain. The mixture we used for filling: Mash 2 packages of cream cheese. Blend smooth with 3 tablespoons of cream. Season with salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped stuffed olives and a little Worcestershire sauce. This, with radishes and fresh sweet green pepper, supplies the relish dish.

ROSY MINCEMEAT APPLES

Peel and core 8 large red apples. Put them in a skillet; if you haven't one that's big enough, use two skillets. Mix together 2 cups of sugar and 2 cups of water. Pour over the apples. Add red coloring to the syrup—enough so the apples will take on a nice red color as they cook. Put a good-sized piece of cinnamon in the apples, or 1 teaspoon of cinnamon extract. Turn and baste the apples as they cook. When just about tender, transfer to a baking dish. Pour the syrup over them and stuff the centers with mincemeat. Bake just long enough in a moderate oven, 350° F., to heat the mincemeat. Serve with hard sauce, for which you pitch in and tackle the snow man. He's all hard sauce. His tam is a dried fig with a candied-cherry pompon. His arms are dates. Features and buttons are seedless raisins.

And a Merry Christmas to all, both young and older, from one who has said it so many times—and with all her heart—your Annie.



MENU

Cola Shake Bacon Biscuits
 Chipped Beef in Cream
 Deviled Eggs
 Green Pepper and Radishes
 Stuffed Celery
 Baked Mincemeat Apples
 Hard-Sauce Snow Man
 Coffee
 Hot Salted Walnuts
 Popcorn Balls

PHOTO BY STUART POWLER



Line a Day

BY ANN

BATCHELDER

1 Talking of potatoes—there was the man who went to Paris. When he got back he was asked, "And what did you think of the *pommes de terre*?" . . . "I never did see them. The museum was closed that day."

2 Anyway, have you fried any potatoes in salt-pork fat lately? Sliced very thin, fried very crisp. With divine slices of pork to go with them. What a dish!

3 Have I ever mentioned squash done in batter? *Never?* Well, steam the squash until just tender. Cut into pieces and season. Dip in batter flavored with a little savory and fry in deep fat.

4 *Herb note:* Rosemary added to deep fat will "perfume" it perfectly for deep fried potatoes. Can't I get potatoes off my mind? Seems not.

5 Am about as tied up to squash. Just want to remind you of that squash-and-oyster soup—a repeat number. Also to add a touch of clove to baked squash.

6 What—stuffed tomatoes again? Yes, but hold on. Stuff them with very soft scrambled eggs, crushed bacon and cooked rice. Season well. Cover with grated cheese. Broil lightly.

7 This may hit your funny bone, but lots of things are like that. It is, at the moment, the idea of a bit of grated orange peel in the sauce for cauliflower au gratin. An excellent idea too.

8 Thick bacon slices dipped in egg and crumbs and fried in hot batter go along with hominy like oysters in a stew.

9 *News item:* Smoked kippered shad for appetizers. Then there's that honey spread, pure, creamy, no crystals. Boys at Cornell dreamed up this one.

10 Come what may, truffles will be back. Add a few sliced ones (*very thin*) to any chicken or fish sauce. This is more than advice to the lovelorn.

11 Take some nice large smelts, split and take out the backbone. Dip in egg and crumbs and fry—not *too* brown. Serve with lemon and—*fried parsley*.

12 *Advice to brides:* "Take lessons in carving from your husband if you know nothing of the art." Husbands—watch it!

13 Jiggs loves it and so do I. Old-fashioned brine-cured corned beef, suitably cooked. With turnips and potatoes and onions and cabbage and salt pork! Not for high-brows. Just for us folks.

14 More news and how! Peanut butter, the old stand-by, has a rival, and brand-new too. It's cashew butter, flirtatious as anything. Delicious too.

15 Waffles and maple syrup is classic. But, with pork chops, hot waffles lathered with spiced applesauce is food for thought.

16 Cook your Lima beans as usual. Drain and season. Add to them a cup of sautéed mushrooms. Now put in two cups or so of tomatoes. Turn into a casserole. Season with salt, pepper and sweet basil. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake.

17 Remember one thing. That boiled fresh fish—cod, for instance—is "out of this world" when the sauce is flavored with a suspicion of nutmeg.

18 No, I am *not* sold out to the salt-pork people. Only, it *is* so good and *so* versatile. Try a small slab in your Lima beans. Or in most other vegetables. Then you can slice it and fry it and save the fat for apples, fried in the full of the moon.

19 Calf's liver sauté with sour-cream sauce is seen on the finest bills of fare. Sometimes on mine, also. Add fried onions and apple, done in salt-pork fat. And baked potatoes? Rather!

20 Another receipt? Take out the seeds and parboil green peppers, line the shells with deviled ham and minced onion. Fill with cooked rice. Season and cover with cheese and broil or bake.

21 Now here's a two-parter. Oysters au gratin, to make a long story longer. Put each oyster in its hollow shell. Set them in a pan of rock salt. Don't lose the juice.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

**There is no promise in the air,
No promise in the sky;
Only the cold mist rising there,
Only a wild loon's cry.**

**What magic can there ever be
Beneath this drifting snow?
Magic is that we cannot see,
And yet—we know, we know!**

22 Squeeze lemon juice over the oysters. Season with salt and a suspicion of cayenne. Cover with fine crumbs. Put a piece of butter or margarine on each. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve instantly with cress and lemon.

23 I mentioned fresh cod, didn't I? Boiled, it is a great fish. Forget egg sauce for the moment, and dress it with lobster or oyster sauce, made with cream. Highly seasoned, to be sure; and, if there should be a cucumber about, use it.

24 *From an old cookbook:* "Tansy pudding is both economical and proper for company. Take a quarter of a pound of stale spongecake and grate. Mix with a pint of spinach and a handful of tansy. These are first steps." Woodman, spare that tansy, in youth it spared not me!

25 Painless spinach comes dolled up as spaghetti or noodles, green as grass. Matches the china—if the china is green. Cook it as usual. Tastes real good.

26 Coming up with another two-act drama. Can you bear it? First deals with chicken breasts, one to a person, steamed, fillet attached. Sauté in hot fat, with eggplant egged and crumbed. Fry some sweet onions.

27 Act II: Set the chicken breasts on the hot eggplant. Cover with the sliced onions. Prepare a delicate tomato-cream sauce and serve, garnished with little tomatoes dressed with French dressing.

28 *Down Memory Lane:* Along the boardwalk—you know where. Clam cakes, thin, crisp, and you look out at the breakers and almost watch your clam come in.

29 Chop the clams, mix with cream and season like the sea. Only add pepper and maybe a touch of thyme. Bind with egg yolk and a very little flour. Shape into cakes—not too thick. Dip in egg and crumbs and fry. Serve very hot in a napkin—with quartered lemon.

30 How about eggs? Poach some, arrange on rounds of fried bread and cover with cream thickened with asparagus or pea purée. Nice dish for Sunday supper.

31 December hath thirty-one days. And Christmas too. Mars marches in the heavens, the armored morning star. But it is very far away. So very far, indeed.

HUNCHES ABOUT LUNCHES

... AND SUPPERS



HUNCH!

MEN LIKE THEIR FOOD HEARTY...SO...

what could be better than big, piping bowls full of Scotch broth? There's a special heartiness about it that comes from choice mutton simmered for every bit of goodness and nourishment. To this are added garden vegetables, barley and pieces of mutton, which make a dish sure to win appetites from the very start. This soup is more than a "hunch"—it's the answer.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH



HUNCH!

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT"...SO...

how about a soup that's made of fresh garden peas, selected for their plumpness and sweet-ness? These peas, gently pureed, then smoothly blended and seasoned, produce a soup that's not only "different" but especially delicious. It's extra-nourishing, too, with milk added instead of water, as cream of pea soup. Have it soon.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP



HUNCH!

**CHILDREN ALWAYS
LOVE A "TREAT"...SO...**

for lunch they'll be delighted with chicken noodle soup. In fact, whole generations of Americans have loved it since Colonial times. As Campbell's make it—with rich chicken broth, generous pieces of chicken and noodles—you'll enjoy it as much as the children!

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label



*Fine to give
Fine to get*



*Season's
Greetings
FROM*

PHILIP MORRIS

**IF YOU CAN'T GET PHILIP MORRIS, REMEMBER,
OUR FIGHTING FORCES COME FIRST**

STRICTLY G.I.

(Continued from Page 18)

Hud decided to break it up. "When does Dink get in, Betsy?" he inquired. Competition might increase the sergeant's interest.

"Tomorrow morning." Betsy glanced toward Blake. "Dink is an old friend of ours," she explained.

Hud laughed. "That's certainly the department of understatement. Dink is in love with my beautiful sister, sergeant. Has been for years."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Betsy. She sounded annoyed. "Take the sergeant upstairs and make him comfortable, Hud."

Hud took him to the suite on the third floor that mother had never gotten around to. It was all maple and chintz, like a country cottage. The sergeant looked at it and relaxed visibly.

"This is great," he said. "Do you think your sister minds my staying, kid?"

"She loves it," Hud told him, and went out grinning, leaving Blake to his shower.

Betsy was still in the living room, nibbling reflectively on a biscuit. Hud threw himself on the floor beside her, and laughed till his stomach ached.

"Did you see his face when he got a load of those mirrors? And the lovebirds? I near felt sorry for the old kangaroo."

"Me too. But why do you call him old? I'll bet he isn't so much older than I am."

"He isn't?" Hud considered this, surprised. "He's been in the Army since 1939—he was overseas a couple of years, and was wounded. They shipped him back here to drill recruits, and he hates us all. Me especially. He thinks I'm Café Society—in person."

"So you are, ducky," Betsy smiled at him. "Seriously, Hud, the guy is something of a surprise to me. I mean, from your letters I pictured a big gorilla with a face like a General Sherman tank, and a voice like a snapping turtle."

"**SURE**," said Hud in bewilderment. "That's our sergeant. A perfect description if ever I heard one."

"But he's handsome," Betsy objected. "In a stony sort of way. Oh, I know he must be an utter stinker, the way he's treated you. Don't think I'm trying to excuse him."

"What I want you to do is make him fall for you, Betsy. Hard. Then give him the brush and we'll see if he's as tough as he's been pretending."

Betsy gave him a long look. "You've really had a rotten time of it at camp, haven't you, baby?"

Here it was, the precious, feminine sympathy he'd longed for in the past few months. He'd been homesick for New York and for Betsy and for just this kind of remark. Only—somehow he didn't seem to want sympathy now. Somehow it was sort of sissy to have Betsy fussing over him, the way she'd always done.

"It wasn't so bad," he said gruffly. "I guess I did more grousing than I should have about everything."

"**You sure did**," said a dry voice behind him. Sergeant Blake came in, shining in pristine military neatness. His black hair gleamed damply, his tanned face was freshly shaved. "Miss Field, the Army discipline seemed to be tougher for this kid than for any of the others. Maybe you've spoiled him."

Hud forgot his own indignation at this in watching the change in Betsy's face. It was like seeing a placid pond turn into a whirlpool. Her blue eyes went black with anger, her winged brows drew together, her blond hair seemed to curl into Medusalike ringlets. If Hud had been Sergeant Blake, he would have run like crazy.

"Hud is *not* spoiled!" she said, in a voice as cold and sharp as an icicle. "The trouble with you and your Army, you hate everyone who has any individuality. It's your fault, not his."

"**Sure**," said Blake sardonically. "Everybody's out of step but Johnny."

"I've heard a lot about you!" Betsy informed him furiously. "You're a sadist, that's what you are! You take those poor kids and torture them for your own pleasure."

"Now, wait a minute, Betsy," Hud protested in alarm. This wasn't so good. It not only wasn't true, but it was no way to make the sergeant fall for her. He looked worriedly at Blake, and was surprised to find him grinning.

"You know, Miss Field," the sergeant said softly, "you're very pretty even when you're mad. *Especially* when you're mad."

Betsy stared at him. "Thank you," she said with aloof dignity. But Hud noticed that she fluttered her bronze eyelashes slightly and turned her profile to its best angle. Maybe things would be all right after all.

"How about the Stork Club for dinner?" he said hastily.

"Pretty hard to get in there, isn't it?" Blake asked. "Still, I suppose they know you two."

LITTLE GUY



"Stuffed-up" nose stealing your sleep?



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WITH OR WITHOUT EPHEDRINE

Helps soothe irritated nasal passages.
Helps relieve that "stuffed-up" feeling due
to a cold. Caution: Use only as directed.

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Free—Helpful booklet on shoe styles.
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"I practically used to get my mail there," Hud admitted. "Those were the good old days."

"No doubt," said the sergeant.

Hud didn't care for his tone. All the way over in the taxi he thought with pleasure about how he would show the sergeant that Huddleston Field was a young man of some importance in Manhattan, if not in the Army.

They found the velvet rope up and a crowd milling behind it. Blake eyed it dubiously, but Hud said, "Check your hat right over here, sergeant." There was a new girl in the checkroom who didn't know him, and that annoyed him. She was very pretty, and she made eyes at the sergeant. Hud strolled over to where Betsy stood arguing with a headwaiter.

"But we've got to have a table," she was saying. "My brother's just in from camp and he has his sergeant with him —"

"Hello, Eddie," Hud interrupted. "Where are you going to put us?"

"Sorry, Mr. Field. I honestly haven't a thing right now. Would you like to wait?"

"No," said Hud, outraged. "I would not." The town was going sour all right. Here they were, old customers, and Betsy a well-known model besides, and they couldn't get a table. He didn't dare look at the sergeant, who had come up behind him.

But a slim, quiet man standing at the end of the bar was looking at the sergeant. He was glancing at the long row of ribbons across his chest, and especially at the purple one. He was making a little motion to Eddie.

"Well," Eddie said with sudden joviality, "this is a break. I've got a table for you right now—somebody just leaving. This way, Mr. Field."

No one was leaving, but Hud thought it best not to bring that up. They followed Eddie to a table in the corner.

"Wonderful!" said the sergeant. "You certainly have influence, Field. I didn't think we'd get in at all."

HUD looked at him with acute suspicion, but he was gazing innocently around the room.

"This is quite a place. Lots of pretty girls. Not," he added reflectively, "that they can compete with you, Miss Field."

Betsy gave him her best smile. "Please call me Betsy."

"Sure. If you'll call me Bob. You and I might use first names, too, Hud, since we're on furlough." He grinned amiably at Hud.

Just then a waiter arrived with champagne, compliments of the owner.

"You two are celebrities," Bob observed. "Champagne on the house and everything."

Betsy went faintly pink. "I think that's in your honor, Bob," she said. "I saw the owner looking at your ribbons. You must have been in a lot of battles to have so many of them."

"One too many," Bob said, his mouth twisting grimly. "If I hadn't stopped a bullet with my collarbone in Sicily, I'd still be over there. Instead of trying to teach drill to those flea-witted cases of arrested development —" He stopped abruptly.

"Don't mind me," Betsy said sweetly. "I'm sure that's the way you talk to Hud when I'm not around, so go right ahead."

"The trouble with you civilians, you don't know what war is really like. It's tough, and you've got to be tough to be a soldier. It isn't played by nice, polite rules, you know."

"I gather that you don't like civilians," Betsy said.

"I think it's high time they woke up to the facts of life." The sergeant's eyes were hard again.

"Why don't you two dance instead of arguing?" Hud demanded.

"Good idea." Bob smiled at Betsy, and his smile was swell. Even Hud admitted that. The guy really had something.

Betsy seemed to think so, too, in spite of the argument. As they danced she gazed up into the sergeant's eyes as if she meant it. A faint uneasiness crept into Hud's mind as he watched them. She didn't have to be quite so convincing about it!

(Continued on Page 49)

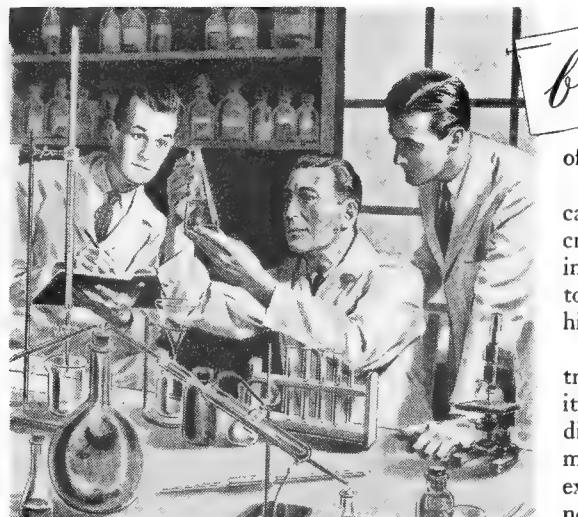
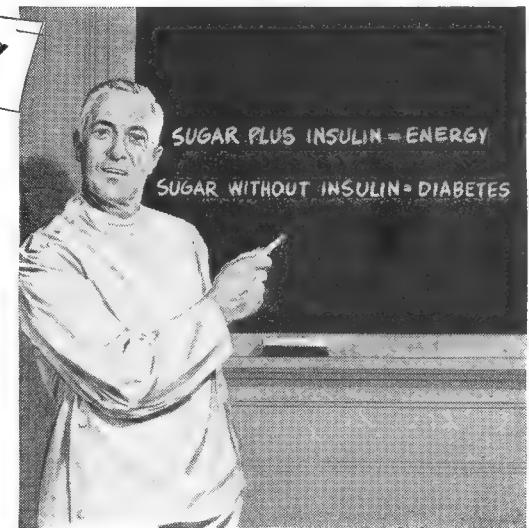
The *abc* of DIABETES

What diabetes is. Certain cells in your body—in a gland called the pancreas—produce a substance named insulin.

This enters your blood stream and enables your body to store sugar and convert it, as needed, into muscle energy.

Lacking insulin, sugar would simply accumulate in your body. You would become unquenchably thirsty for water to carry this excess sugar from your system—unused, wasted. You would be constantly hungry because of the calories lost, and would probably lose weight steadily.

You would have diabetes.

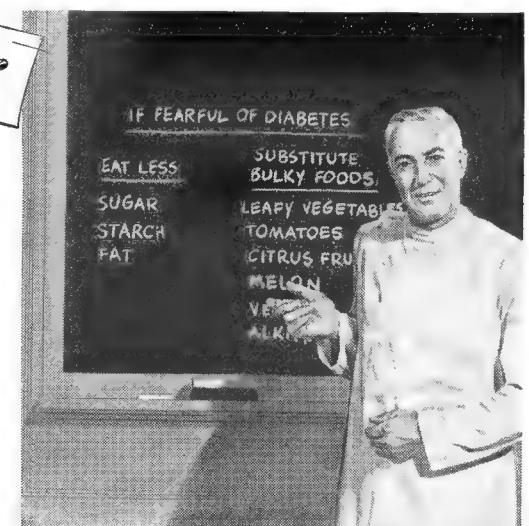


How to guard against diabetes. Its most likely victims are:

1. **Middle-aged, overweight people**—Avoid overweight by controlling the amount you eat—limiting the intake of sugar, starch, and fat—and by getting plenty of healthful exercise.

2. **People who have diabetes "in the family"**—Predisposition to diabetes is hereditary. If anyone in your family has had diabetes, you should watch your diet and exercise. Above all, you should have periodic physical checkups with urinalysis.

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet—"Diabetes."



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OR \$20,000 IN A LUMP SUM NOW!

1 Grand Prize... \$100 a month for life, or \$20,000 in a lump sum now
1 Second Prize \$1000
5 Prizes \$100 each
50 Prizes \$50 each
100 Prizes \$25 each
350 Prizes \$10 each

\$35,000 IN ALL!
LOTS OF CHANCES TO WIN!

(NOTE TO DEALERS: Help your customers win a prize, and win a prize yourself! See trade magazines for full details about the \$5000 prize money for dealers.)

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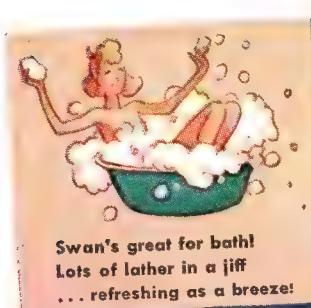
Your Biggest Dream can come true if



Find a first name for Mama Swan!

... and then complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I LIKE SWAN SOAP BETTER BECAUSE..."

HINTS TO HELP YOU WRITE A WINNING NAME! →



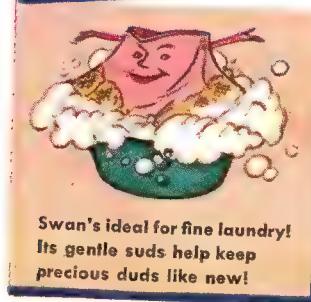
Swan's great for bath!
Lots of lather in a jiff...
refreshing as a breeze!



Swan's perfect for babies!
Pure as fine castiles. So
mild and gentle!



Swan's swell for dishes!
A sudsin' whiz even in hard
water. And so easy on hands!



Swan's ideal for fine laundry!
Its gentle suds help keep
precious duds like new!



HURRY! HURRY!
CONTEST CLOSES
SOON!

YOU'VE seen Mama Swan for years in Swan Soap ads. She stands for the mildness, purity, and sudsiness of Swan Soap... and that should give you ideas for her first name. You might call her "Mrs. Sudsy Swan" because Swan Soap is so rich and extra sudsy. Or "June Swan" because Swan Soap is mild as a day in June.

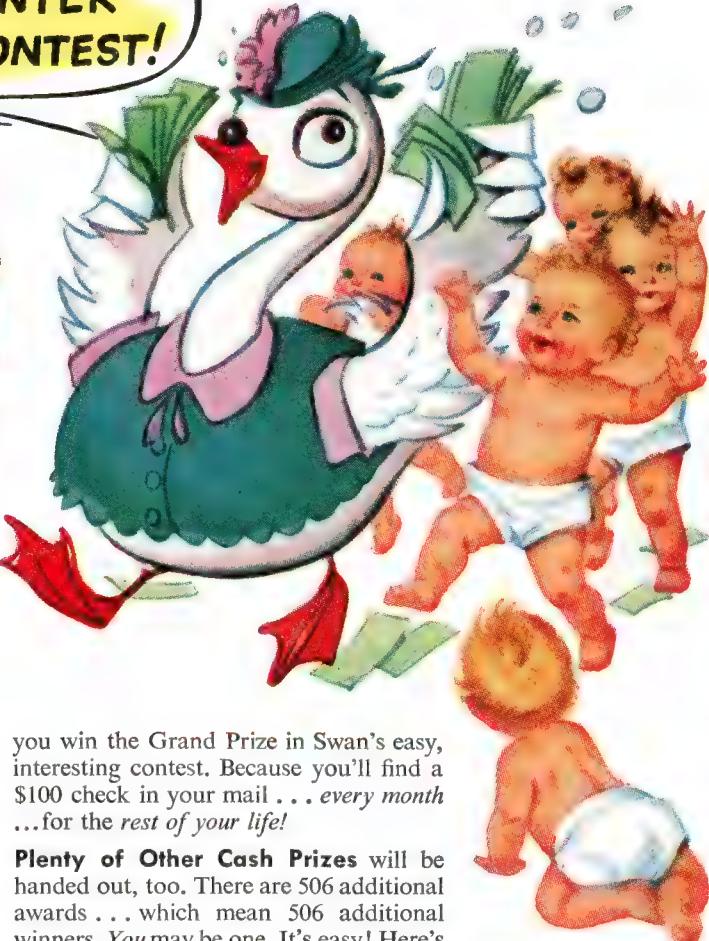
You can't use the above suggestions, but you can think up better ones! Send 'em in! And be sure to complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I like Swan Soap better because..."

Just follow these simple rules:

1. Send in a first name which you think is appropriate for Mama Swan. Then complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I like Swan Soap better because..."

2. You may secure an official entry blank from your dealer, or write on your own stationery. Use pen, pencil, or typewriter, but be sure to print clearly your own name and address and that of the dealer where you bought Swan. Let your dealer help you... and if you win a prize, he wins one, too. Write on one side of paper only.

3. Mail your entry to Swan, Box 34, New York 8, N. Y. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a Swan Soap wrap-



you win the Grand Prize in Swan's easy, interesting contest. Because you'll find a \$100 check in your mail... every month... for the rest of your life!

Plenty of Other Cash Prizes will be handed out, too. There are 506 additional awards... which mean 506 additional winners. You may be one. It's easy! Here's all you do:



IMPORTANT: Mail the wrapper from a cake of Swan Soap (large or regular size) along with your suggestion for Mama Swan's name to Swan, Box 34, New York 8, N. Y.

Send in all the names you wish—but be sure each name suggestion is accompanied by a Swan wrapper and the 25-word statement.

Also send us the name of your Swan dealer.

And get your entry in now! The time is getting short! Swan's Contest closes December 15th, 1944. So get busy and earn some of that prize money!

Rico and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Lever Bros. Company, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. All entries must be the original work of contestants submitted in his or her own name. All members of a family may compete, but no more than one prize will be awarded to one family.

6. Names of major prize winners will be announced on the George Burns & Gracie Allen and "Bright Horizon" radio programs as soon as possible after the contest closes. Complete list of winners will be sent to anyone sending stamped, self-addressed envelope.

7. Contest closes December 15, 1944, and all entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date, and received before January 8th, 1945.

(Continued from Page 47)

Then his thoughts reverted to the argument. Funny, but he had agreed with the sergeant. Civilians didn't know what war was like. Even a few months at camp taught you that. Hud looked around at the familiar faces, bent over gin-rummy games or the tabloid gossip columns. This was a different world, and he didn't seem to belong in it any more. But of course that was because all his pals were away at war. Wait till Dink got here, things would be different.

Call it hero worship or whatever you like; Hud had idolized Dink for years. Dink starring in Triangle plays at Princeton. Dink writing smooth, clever advertising copy. Dink getting in all the Monday columns with this girl or that, but caring, Hud was sure, only for Betsy. And now here was Betsy acting as if this Wyoming apple knocker was the answer to the sixty-four-dollar question.

"Are we having lunch with Dink when he gets in tomorrow?" he asked her when she got back to the table.

"You and Dink can make any arrangements you like about that," Betsy said absently. Her eyes were on Bob.

"Listen, the guy will want to see you right away."

Betsy looked cross. "Hud, I've told you a million times you exaggerate the way Dink feels about me. We go around together some, just because we've known each other so long. I go out with dozens of men I like just as well as Dink."

The sergeant raised an eyebrow, and gave her an odd look. It seemed to Hud to say, *Fickle, like all blondes. Just as I thought.*

Things were definitely not going as planned. Betsy and Bob danced together the rest of the evening, with Hud table hopping and trying to keep an eye on them at the same time. Bob acted cool and calm, and Betsy was nervous as a cat. If you didn't know how impossible it was, you'd think she was really falling for this tall, granite-faced specimen. Furthermore, Hud hadn't been able to impress the sergeant. Nothing had gone right. When he motioned for the check, he found that by some sleight of hand Bob had already taken care of it.

"I," said Hud gloomily, "will be a ring-nosed son of an Irish cannibal. I give up. Let's go home."

They went, silently.

When they got back to the house, Hud yawned widely. "The Army makes you sleepy early, doesn't it, Bob?"

"Not me," said Bob coolly. "You run along to bed, Hud. Your sister and I have things to talk about."

Hud was so surprised that he found himself climbing the stairs in automatic obedience. Where they curved at the top, he turned around to say something sarcastic. He could see the living room—he used to sit here and watch mother's parties when he was a kid. Now his eyes widened and he shook his head incredulously. The sergeant and Betsy were standing there gazing into each other's eyes. Then the sergeant put out a big hand and touched Betsy's pale hair. She smiled at him—a gay, secret smile. Hud shuddered and went on up the stairs. His own sister. She must be crazy. And with Dink arriving tomorrow. The whole scheme had misfired, and the sooner he got Bob out of the house, the better.

The next morning, when Hud came downstairs, Betsy had gone to work and the sergeant was washing the breakfast dishes, whistling cheerfully.

"Hello, kid," he greeted Hud. "Fix yourself some eggs. There's coffee in the percolator. Say, your sister's quite a girl."

"Fickle," said Hud coldly. "Shallow. Gives too much thought to her personal appearance."

Bob laughed. "Let that be a lesson to me never to make general statements."

"You know, sergeant, I don't think you'll be very happy here with us. I can get you a room in a nice hotel. We go in too much for café society, and you know you don't like that."

"I've acquired a taste for it. As of last night." Bob was definite.

Hud ate his eggs in gloomy silence. He might have known the sergeant would be the stubborn type. He had to get the guy out of the house—why, Betsy might actually fall in love with him and ruin her whole life. Hud got an idea and went upstairs to telephone.

HALF an hour later the doorbell rang. Hud opened it and said, "Hello, Anastasia. I guess you've come to paint the furniture on the third floor."

"That's right, Mr. Field." Anastasia was little and gray-haired, and had a twinkle in her eye. She carried a basket full of paint cans and brushes. The sergeant, behind Hud, surveyed her, his forehead wrinkling.

"Too bad, old man," said Hud briskly. "But we've been trying to get this done for years. We'll have to move you down to mother's old room."

"Sure. Stick me anywhere." Bob was amiable.

"Come along. I'll show you where you'll bunk." This, Hud felt, was going to be good.

Mother's room was really something. It reminded Hud of a patchwork quilt. Each wall was covered in a different paper. One

chair was crimson velvet, another green linen. The chaise longue was pink-and-blue-striped, and the dressing table was all black-and-silver mirrors. The sergeant looked perplexed. After all, he couldn't know that this room was where mother had used all the leftovers from her decorating business. When Betsy and Hud had protested, she said, "I like it this way. Every remnant in the place reminds me of a nice fat fee."

But it was the bed that would do the trick. It was exactly five feet, four inches long. It had been ordered for Mrs. De Quincey Adams' sixteen-year-old daughter, who had unfortunately eloped with a paratrooper before it could be delivered. Mother was five feet two, and had loved it. The sergeant, Hud estimated happily, was a good six feet one. He was staring at it now in complete incredulity.

"How am I supposed to sleep on that?" he demanded.

"That," said Hud, "is your problem. I've got to call Dink. Cheerio."

He went out whistling, but somehow he didn't feel as gay as he sounded. He felt like a heel. But after all, he had Dink's interests to protect. Dink and Betsy had been pals since school days. They knew the same people and liked the same things. There was, Hud thought, no room for a guy from Wyoming in that setup. He dialed a number quickly.

"Captain Richard Maxwell, please."

Dink's drawl when he answered was as casual as ever, in spite of the military "Captain Maxwell speaking."

"Dink! This is Hud."

"Well, well. G.I. Joe! How's Betsy?"

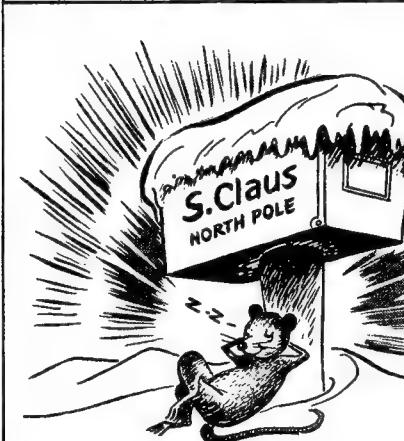
"Wonderful. When are we all getting together?"

"How about the Barberry Room at five?" Dink suggested.

"That would be fine. Listen, we've got a character staying with us that I'm trying to brush off. He's my sergeant, as a matter of fact. And I'm afraid Betsy's falling for him."

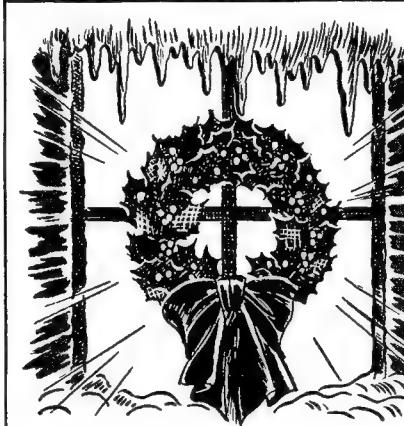
"Don't worry about it. I'll get rid of him in a hurry, and Betsy would never fall for a sergeant, anyway." Dink sounded amused.

Rime to remember come cold December



1 "Twas the night before
Christmas atop the North Pole,
And no one was stirring—
not one single soul.

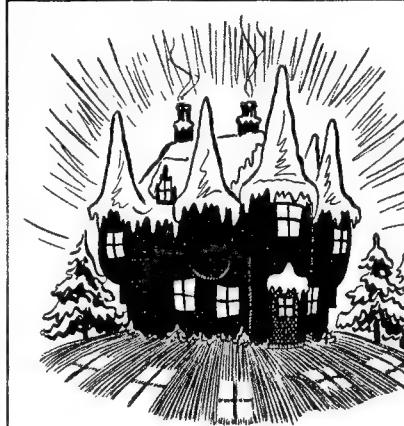
2 For Mrs. Claus slept
in a large easy chair
And Santa was out—driving,
well you know where.



3 The work was all done and
the windows were glistening,
(There's a moral to this,
so we hope you are listening).



4 The windows were shining
and gleaming because
They'd been polished with
WINDEX by smart Mrs. Claus.



5 Just a spray, just a wipe,
a few minutes of time—
And ten windows were sparkling
for less than a dime!



6 So get WINDEX yourself
(the moral is clear),
And the 20-ounce size
is a bargain, my dear!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

DON'T TRUST cheap substitutes. There's no streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs less than a penny per window.

For Extra Economy, Buy the Big 20-ounce Size

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JOAN DAVIS with JACK HALEY in the SEALTEST VILLAGE STORE, NBC Stations, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m. EWT.
THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE—HAL PEARY and star cast. NBC Stations, Sundays, 6:30 p.m. EWT. (Pacific Coast 8 p.m.)

Here's complete, high-quality protein, precious milk minerals, food energy, vitamins A and B₂ (riboflavin)—all in a delicious cheese food! Kraft quality in a cheese food that spreads, slices, toasts, melts perfectly. The supply of Velveeta is limited because it's a Cheddar cheese food and that cheese is needed in great quantities by Uncle Sam. But when you want a rich yet mild Cheddar cheese flavor, it pays to look for Velveeta.

Hud hung up, feeling curiously annoyed. There was nothing really wrong with being a sergeant—not everyone could be a captain. But of course Dink hadn't meant it like that. Nevertheless, when Hud led the sergeant into the Barberry Room that afternoon, he felt like a Judas. Dink could be pretty nasty to people he didn't like. And he wouldn't like the sergeant.

Hud's eyes went to a corner table. Dink and Betsy were there already, and it looked just like old times. They had always made a handsome couple—in fact, Betsy used to insist that the only reason she went around with Dink was that his dark good looks were a perfect foil for her own blondness. She had been kidding, of course, but Hud remembered it now as he looked at them. Betsy was pretty smooth in a black velvet suit, with a little black hat on top of her head, and three enormous gardenias pinned to her jacket. Dink's uniform was beautifully tailored, and his black hair shone with as high a polish as his non-G.I. shoes. He watched them approach, his narrow dark eyes cool and appraising.

"The Army has done right by you, Hud," he said approvingly. "You look very okay."

"Thanks. You're sharp yourself, with those railroad tracks on your shoulders. Dink, this is Sergeant Blake."

The sergeant saluted, and then shook hands. He was very correct, very G.I. Hud hadn't told him that Dink was a captain. That in itself was enough to put a hex on a mere sergeant. After all, Dink was no older than Bob, and here he was with an important job in Washington while Bob played nursemaid to the Joes at Camp Cawley. It just showed you. Hud hoped that it showed Betsy.

"I've been hearing a lot about you, sergeant," Dink told Bob. He glanced at Betsy as he said it, and Hud wondered if he could be jealous. The sergeant was such a big, tanned guy, he did make Dink look sort of lily-of-the-fieldish. And probably Betsy had babbled away about him, the way girls did over someone they'd just met. No wonder Hud looked annoyed.

Bob's poker face didn't change. "Yes, sir," he said, and left it at that.

Dink raised his eyebrows. "You're from Wyoming, aren't you? I suppose you'll be going back there after the war. I'll be coming back to New York, thank God." *And to Betsy*, his tone added.

A spark came to life in the sergeant's eyes. "Wyoming won't be so far from New York after the war," he said blandly. "You could practically commute between 'em in those big planes."

Dink was amused. "You could, but you probably wouldn't. I imagine people will settle down pretty much into their usual ruts after the fighting's over. You in Wyoming, for instance, and Betsy and Hud and I in New York." His expression made the division very definite.

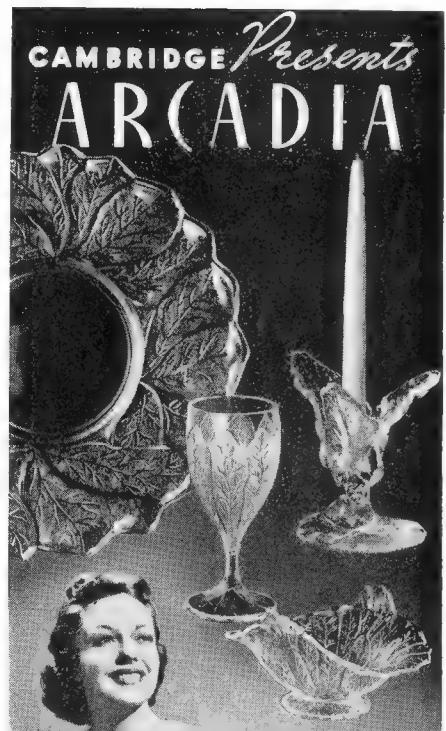
Bob looked at him coolly. "Some people settle down into ruts easier than others, sir. Some people like to sit at a desk and be in a rut all the while. Others like to get around and see the world—all of it, not just New York or Washington. Even if they don't eat in officers' clubs on the way." There was definite mockery in his eyes, but his voice was respectful.

Dink's face reddened. Hud saw with surprise that he was really angry. Of course Bob had no business practically calling him a swivel-chair commando, but he'd been half kidding and Dink ought to laugh it off. Only, come to think about it, Dink had never liked to be ribbed, even by his best friends.

"I apologize for my lack of combat duty," he said now, stiffly. "Perhaps I should apologize for my commission too."

He was certainly being stuffy about it. Hud decided to change the subject in a hurry. "Sorry I haven't written you lately, Dink," he remarked. "But they've kept me pretty busy."

Dink was still angry. "That's another thing, sergeant. I gather from Hud's letters that you've been rather putting him through



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MAKE LEFT-OVERS APPETIZING!

Tasty war-time meals are economical when you use left-overs wisely. Conserve them in strong, transparent, pliable WAXTEX to keep your moist foods moist, dry foods dry . . . longer!

WAXTEX
HEAVY WAXED PAPER

Marathon Corporation, Menasha, Wisconsin



it. Basic is tough enough without any personal additions of your own."

Hud didn't like that. It sounded as if he'd been complaining to Dink, and he hadn't meant to, really. He'd just been trying to make his letters sound funny, like See Here, Private Hargrove. Besides, the sergeant hadn't been any tougher on him than on anyone else.

He stared at Dink curiously. The guy seemed to have changed some way since Hud had last seen him. Or maybe Hud had changed, and Dink hadn't. Anyway, he didn't seem like a hero any more. He was just a fellow who had run into competition for his girl and couldn't take it. It was as if there was something lacking in Dink that was present in the sergeant, and in the other Joes Hud knew in the Army.

Bob was eying Dink steadily, his face rocklike, imperturbable. "Did you take basic, sir?" he asked politely.

"I did not. I entered the Army with a first lieutenancy." *If it's any of your business,* his tone said.

Hud's mind clicked suddenly. Because, of course, *that* was what was lacking in Dink. He had never "taken basic" in the Army, or in life either. Everything had been handed to him on a silver platter, and he had said "Thank you" so charmingly that you thought he was a wonderful guy. And in a way he was. But it wasn't Hud's way any more—and, he knew suddenly, it had never been Betsy's. Betsy was smart.

Maybe Dink saw the look on Hud's face, and it goaded him to action. Or maybe he'd have done it anyway.

He leaned toward Bob. "Betsy and Hud and I have been looking forward to this reunion," he said. "We've made a lot of plans. Just the three of us."

So there it was, in words of one syllable. Hud felt hot and embarrassed and unhappy. He tried to think of something to say to head Dink off, but Betsy spoke first.

"Don't be silly, Dink. We've made no plans that Bob can't share."

"I think we have," Dink said. His dark eyes were angry. "The sergeant, no doubt, has friends of his own to look up. Now."

Bob straightened in his chair. "Is that an order, sir?" he asked quietly.

"If it takes an order, yes." Dink's words were clear and sharp and unbelievable. Pulling rank in a restaurant on a guy like Bob!

The sergeant unfolded his lean length slowly and saluted. "Just going, sir."

Hud and Betsy rose at the same moment. "Us too," said Hud curtly. "Sorry, Dink, but I don't think we'd enjoy the reunion without Bob."

The three of them walked out together. Hud could feel Dink's eyes boring furious holes in his back, but he didn't care.

"You know, Bob, I'm sorry about all this," he said earnestly. "Sometimes I'm not very bright. It was all my fault."

Bob grinned at him, his wide mouth twisting humorously. "Forget it. I've had everybody from shavetails to generals give me orders. What's one more?"

Realization came to Hud in a quick flash. He *had* been stupid! All the while at camp when the sergeant had been giving orders, he had been taking them from someone else higher up. Somehow Hud had always thought of him as a supreme being. But he was just another cog in the Army machine, like all of them. That made things different. It made them better—a lot better.

"You're okay, sergeant," he said soberly. "I'm glad I asked you to stay with us on your first visit to New York. It's taught me things."

"Me, too," Betsy said. "And it's his first visit, but not his last. Right, Bob?" Her smile was shy and triumphant all at once.

Hud laughed. "Just one big happy family," he murmured under his breath. But no one was even listening.

The train was crowded, as usual. Hud sat by the window and watched the Midwestern landscape flow smoothly by. It had been a swell furlough, but somehow he didn't mind going back to camp. And of course life in the Army was going to be different from now on. There was, he thought happily, nothing like having your sergeant in love with your sister! He turned to Bob and clapped him on the back with comradely zest.

"I guess we sold you on New York, all right, bud," he said.

But the countenance that faced him was suddenly granite. Behind it, two large MP's who were checking credentials stared at Hud with that guardhouse look in their eyes. His bravado shriveled.

"Call me 'sergeant,'" Bob murmured out of the corner of his mouth. "We're back in the Army, kid!"

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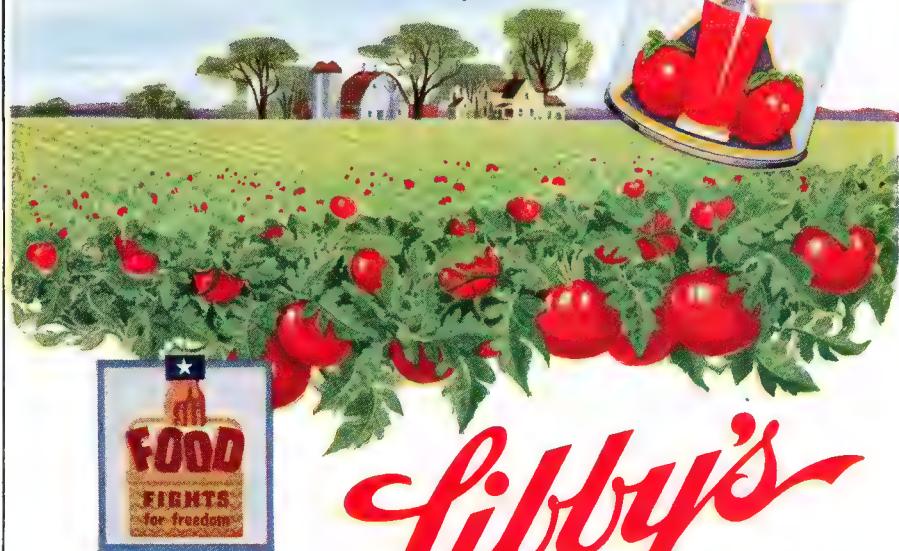
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TOMATO JUICE

THIS CAN BE AMERICA

By Struthers Burt

★ THE VOICES ★

MY FRIEND Harold Hammond, Wyoming rancher—now, alas, dead—one winter's dusk came down on snowshoes through a lonely valley where lived in a small shack an ancient bachelor we'll call "Uncle Billy" Wills. All about was the blue and frozen twilight of the mountains and the white, absolute quiet of the snow, but as Hammond approached the cabin, the lighted window of which shone like a star, he heard the sound of voices: high, low, grave, accusing. Something about them, however, was strange. After each speech was a pause. This eerie politeness made Hammond stop outside the window. All by himself, Uncle Billy was holding court, taking in turn the roles of judge, prosecuting attorney, defendant and attorney for the defense. Through the frost-rimed window Hammond could hear everything that went on, for Uncle Billy spoke with the loudness of the deaf; and so far as Hammond could make out, he was convicting himself of perjury. Or, perhaps, malicious gossip.

It would be wonderful, wouldn't it, if all of us at stated intervals held court with ourselves as Uncle Billy did, although possibly not so dramatically? Overnight the ratio of lies, slander and absurd statements accepted at face value, and repeated as gospel, would drop at least 50 per cent.

That's one story. Here's another:

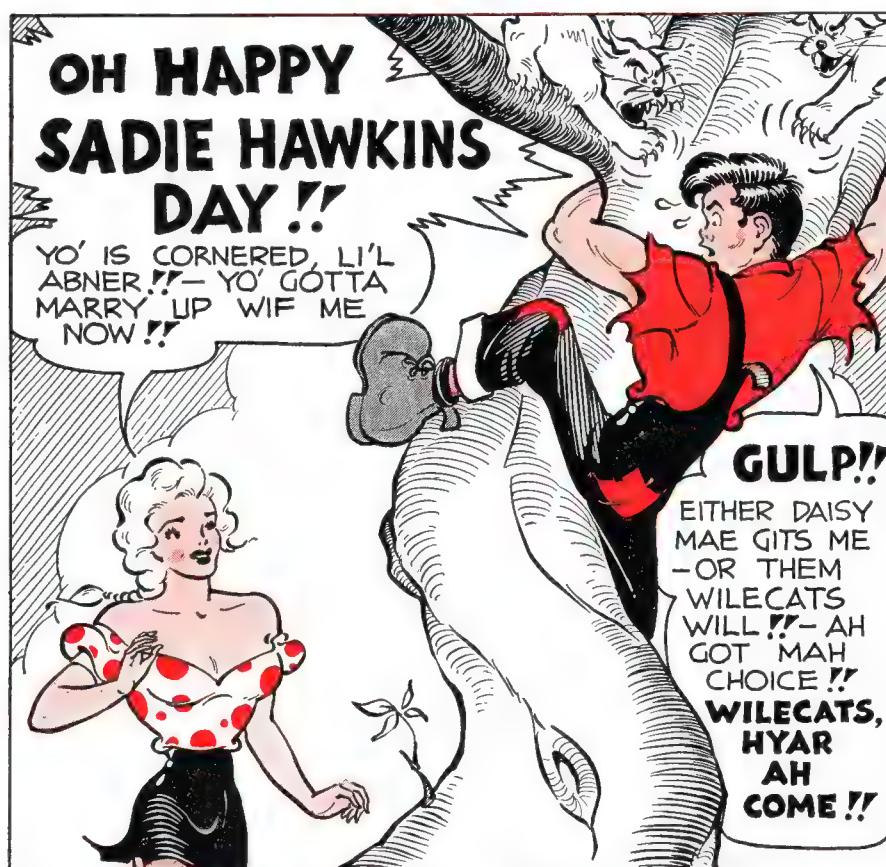
In the stillness of an August afternoon, not even a breeze blowing, I came upon a sheep wagon stuck off by itself, as sheep wagons usually are, in the vastness of a sagebrush flat. The wagon was deserted. The herder was out with his horse and dogs looking after his charges. But in that vast emptiness a voice was talking, earnestly, cajolingly, endlessly. Talking to the sagebrush, to the high unbending sky, to the rims of the distant and encircling mountains, faint and cloudlike on the horizon. The herder had forgotten to turn off his portable radio. I have lived in many isolated places, but I don't think until then I realized fully that nowadays there is no longer any complete isolation.

Until you hear the radio in utter loneliness, until you read an accumulation of newspapers and magazines in some remote spot where you go for the mail only once a week, or less often, you cannot envisage the power and persistence of the modern pressure directed at man. Nowhere can the small and agile little fellow escape. Let him go to the top of a mountain, let him sail to the center of the sea, let him seek the depths of the still, close-pressing forest, and the voices are there before him. And along with them, if you could hear it, is the combined roar of the printing presses like a million express trains in motion. Against the ether thousands of words in every language beat

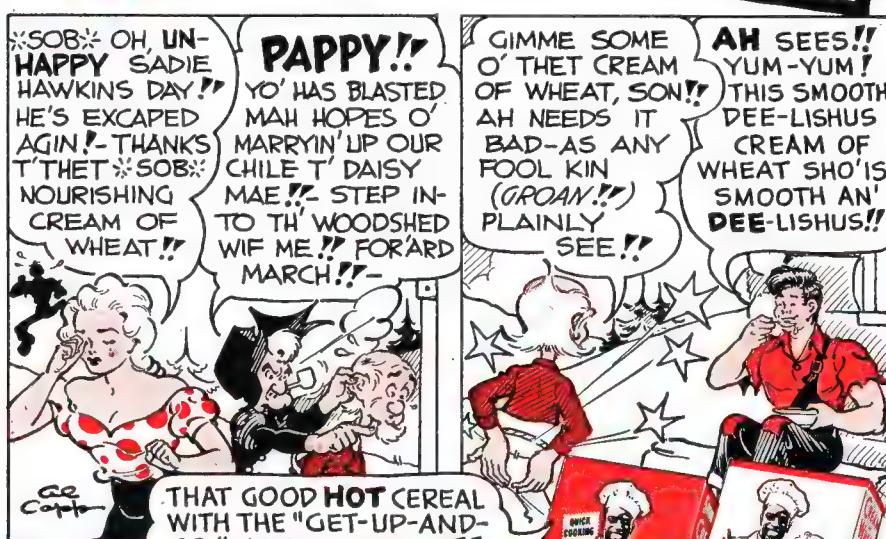
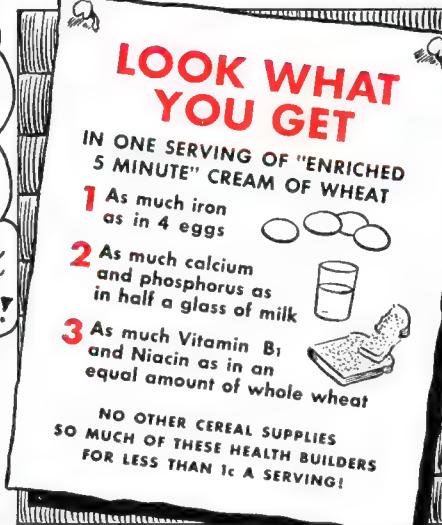
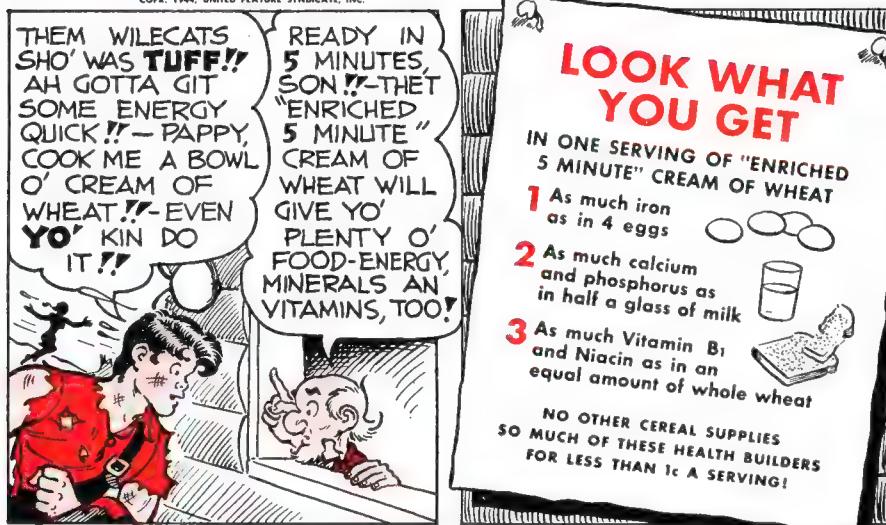
LI'L ABNER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

by
AL
CAPP



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like molecules with each tick of the clock, persuading, predicting, analyzing; talking wisdom or nonsense, facts or lies. And all the trees in the world, and all the rags, are hardly enough to supply the needs of those who write. As Uncle Billy himself would have said, we are living in "the doggonedest talkinest age" the world has ever seen.

Now this has both its dangers and its obligations, as well as its pleasures and virtues. The more you talk or write, the more careful you should be; the more you listen, the more you should use your head, the more you should consider evidence. Your ears are the closest things you have to your brain, and they were put there as filters to sift the true from the false, and not as catchalls or scrap baskets.

Start with the assumption that propaganda has at long last come into its own. Start with the assumption that you, and all of us, are beginning to realize with slow amazement, and also a good deal of fear and bewilderment, what we should have known long ago, and what all wise men have been telling us since the beginning, which is that man's smallest member, the tongue, is the most powerful, the most deadly, but by the same token, if properly used, the most beneficent and constructive weapon in his entire armory. And don't let distance, or science, or even experts, or the printed word, fool you. It's all a man talking, a man just like yourself, and too often it's a man talking fast and for money. Nor is the radio, nor the typewriter, nor the printed page, and so on, anything more than an extension of the human tongue, of the voice, just as the hand is merely an extension of the arm.

I have been watching a Missouri mule. He's a wonderful fellow. He likes horses, but he keeps his eyes always open. Every gesture lives up to the adage that made his state famous.

As early as the fifteenth century Leonardo da Vinci pointed to the fact that the tongue has more muscles than any other part of the body, and he wasn't being purely anatomical. The Bible repeatedly advises us to guard our lips, while profound thinker after thinker has told us in one way or another that the pen is mightier than the sword, that words are arrows, or bullets, or—best of all—stones flung into a pond, the ripples of which spread out endlessly. Plutarch wrote, "Pyrrhus was used to say that Cineas had taken more towns with his words than he with his arms"; and Shakespeare said, describing irresponsible talk, "Slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath rides on the posting winds and doth belie all corners of the world." Where could you find a

better description of Hitler or the methodology of the lie that came near to conquering the earth? Odd, isn't it, that it took a homicidal maniac from Austria, a paperhanger, to shock mankind into a knowledge of the power of the word and the mortal need to keep it honest? Red and demure, the tongue lurks behind our teeth, ready to issue slyly forth to spread lies and hate and evil, or else, gallantly, to protect the truth. And all men have their choice, and almost every hour of every day.

What is this about? This constant talking? This elaborate added paraphernalia? For the most part, one thing only—to convince some small human animal, and others of his kind, that he or she is right or wrong. Right or wrong in buying or selling. Right or wrong politically. Right or wrong spiritually. Right or wrong in everything. Even war is no more than a monstrous concerted effort to prove to your enemy that he is mistaken. Everything starts with man and comes back to him. Life moves in a great circle from the human to the human. The biggest gun in the world, the largest battleship, the fastest airplane has no other purpose but to destroy man's outer defenses and come to grips with man himself. The radio, the printing press, pen and ink have the same purpose too.

But man has his inner defenses as well. He is not the naked, featherless, unfurred, clawless creature he seems. He has the human spirit, he has an intellect, he has a will, he has vision, perception, imagination; and above all, he can decide. He is not the weakest thing in creation, he is by far the strongest.

Perhaps the biggest job that faces modern man, the start of everything, is to learn to meet wisely the innumerable conflicting voices that will assail him. To select. To judge. To think. And then to make up his mind—to make it up himself, not have it made up for him. Can it be done? Certainly. And in no place better than in this country where for a score of reasons—size, inheritance, frequent loneliness, necessary self-sufficiency—"figuring things out" has become a national custom. But you have to "figure out" God, and the truth, and peace, and tolerance, and all things else, just as you do a furrow, a field, a business, a house or a wife.

Whittle, reflect and, if you have to, spit, but make up your own mind and don't let some distant voice, or some editor, or some rapid-fire columnist do it for you. And make up your mind smilingly and good-humoredly, if you can, which is another ancient American custom.

AND THAT CAN BE AMERICA.

BOLINVAR

(Continued from Page 31)

had Pedro help him murder them. He was a liar and a treacherous friend."

"Hugo!!" the doctor cried, all but staggered by Hugo's violent outburst.

"Do you know who my mother was? You don't. I don't know either. Except that she was one of Alexander's victims. I don't know whether she was the one he spuriously married in New Orleans and cruelly betrayed and caused to be murdered, or whether she was the one he bigamously married in Paris and cruelly betrayed and caused to be murdered. I don't know whether she was Rosanne, or Emilie. In either case, it's doubtful if I am his legitimate son. If Rosanne was my mother, I was born under the Spanish slave law; I was my father's property, and afterward I belonged to Dev, who was my father's heir."

The doctor stared, agast.

"You do know what became of Pedro Flood. I have told you over and over again. He attempted to put me in chains. He meant to lock me up in a hiding place, to hold me to be my cousin's slave. Then he shot at me while my back was turned. And I killed him for it. I didn't know it, but Dev saved my life. He was there too.

(Continued on Page 54)

**DON'T WASTE A SCRAP
OF YOUR HOLIDAY HAM!**

Now, at the Holiday Season, our hearts urge us more strongly than ever to do everything we possibly can to shorten the war. One way we all can help is by making Food Fight for Freedom . . . by conserving every morsel of precious food. So make the most of *all* your holiday ham, even the bone! Martha Logan, Swift's Chief Home Economist, has prepared these recipes to help you.

Holiday Feast—half a Swift's Premium Ham (save shrinkage by baking in a 325° oven!) decorated with "holly". Cut leaves from green pepper; use pieces of maraschino cherry for berries. To make the "snow balls": Force cooked potato through a ricer (or mash it); form balls lightly with two spoons.



Use the nicest leftover slices for Ham Roly-Poly. Fold thin slices cornucopia fashion around cooked sweet potato. Fasten with toothpicks. Place in shallow pan; add raisin sauce; bake in mod. oven (375°F.) about 20 min. or till heated through. **Raisin Sauce for 6:** Combine 1 c. water, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. seedless raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon, 2 tsp. cornstarch, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Boil 3 min., stirring constantly.



Just 3 eggs for this delicious Soufflé. Make white sauce with 2 tbsp. fat, 3 tbsp. flour, 1 c. milk and 1 tsp. salt. When thickened and smooth, remove from heat and add beaten yolks of 3 eggs and 1 c. ground baked ham. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and bake in mod. slow oven (325°) for about 1 hour. (Serves 3 hungry people.)



Main-Dish Soup. Cover ham bone with water. Simmer slowly 2 hours. Remove bits of ham from bone and add to broth. Add 1 lb. split peas, 2 carrots, diced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, minced. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Season to taste. (Serves 6)



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Blue label—for easy cooking; red label—ready to eat. In buying a slice, look for the word SWIFT down the side.



10 Days was all we had, dear

I wasn't even sure you loved me, dear. Till you came home on that last leave.

Then you held my hands—tight. And, "Let's get married," you said.

White satin, a bride's veil? There simply wasn't time. We wanted our whole 10 days for our honeymoon.

But my hands were soft and smooth as any bride's. (You did say so, my darling.) I have Jergens Lotion to thank for that. War work, such as I do, takes the natural softeners from the skin. But—think of me always with soft hands, my dear heart. I'm faithfully using Jergens Lotion.

Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. Helps keep hands so adorable—almost like professional care. Two ingredients in Jergens, you know, are so special for skin-smoothing that many doctors prescribe them. You're busy? Jergens Lotion is quick; leaves no sticky feeling. Be sure your hands are charming; always use Jergens Lotion.



JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

(Continued from Page 52)
On the porch of the summerhouse. So you wondered if Dev excited me, contrary to the doctors' orders? Dev, who has done more to cure my heart, in the short time he has been here, than all the doctors together. Never let me hear you speak again of blaming Dev!"

I rather thought he never would. Indeed, for the moment it looked as if the doctor might not recover the faculty of speech at all.

I suggested mildly, "If you'll kindly let me explain to the doctor what this is all about?"

"Go ahead, Dev," the doctor pressed me. "My ears are gettin' as big as a mule's."

I managed a fair outline of the facts to Colfax, my discourse punctuated intermittently by comments from Hugo.

The doctor turned to him when I finished. "Jerusalem! Whoever your mother was, you take after her, that's sure. I feel like shakin' hands with you, Hugo, extra and special. You look less like droppin' dead than you have any time fur three days. I tell you, us doctors are a passel of no-account prophets. I'd have bet my old black bag that a family to-do such as we've been havin' would be the death of you. Instead, you 'pear to be thrivin' on it."

"The antics of my heart have furnished a sprightly side show in our private circus. Sir Joshua Field thought there had always been a dormant frailty."

"That so?" with professional interest. "I can't say fur sure that there wa'n't. What's his idea about the chances of it comin' right?"

"Oh, encouraging. He considered there was no structural defect, that I might have lived a lifetime without discovering its weakness if nothing had happened to strain it, that rest would restore it."

"Completely?"

"Yes. If I am careful for a few years."

I remarked, "No Bolinvar ever had a bad heart, to my knowledge."

The doctor thoughtfully stroked his chin. "Dev's right about the Bolinvars. You don't inherit heart trouble from them. The causes, now I can get at 'em, seem to me adequate to play hob with any heart. Even a strong one might act up."

"Let's proceed to the dining room," Hugo concluded. "I, for one, am hungry."

After our luncheon, the doctor drove away. He was late for a few calls he wanted to make.

Hugo asked me, "Did you visit the kennels yesterday?"

"No. Middy was the only animal I met."

"Shall we go there?" he proposed. On the table were some warm biscuits. Hugo gathered up a handful of them.

"If you feel able," I said.

"Quite. I feel first-rate. And I'm telling the truth now."

Put at ease on that point, I joined him. Joseph trotted to us as soon as we were out of the house. Hugo gave him a biscuit.

"That's all," Hugo told him. "I must save some for Middy. Middy dotes on hot biscuits."

We heard a rustling of cornstalks in the field beyond the fence. Middy was there. He turned around and nickered to us with his mouth full of corn. He had been rolling in a soft place, and mud and grass stain smeared his snowy back. His eyes were as large and dark as a deer's, and as sparkling with mischief as a puppy's.

"How did he get in there?" I inquired. "Any horse that can jump this fence is fit for hunting."

"Undoubtedly he jumped in," Hugo replied. "Watch him jump out. Come, Middy, come on!"

Middy moved forward with the elasticity of a rubber ball. He bounced blithely over the high, tight cornfield fence and reached for his biscuit.

Hugo picked burs from his forelock while he was eating.

"Middy, you scamp," he scolded, "you've been away down by the creek. I recognize its tawny muck on your coat."

"How about the quicksand?" I asked. "Isn't that the place of which you warned me?"

"YES. But Middy knows about quicksand. He tests every yard of ground before he puts his weight on it."

I slapped his white plush shoulder. "Well, old chap," I said, "if you do slip into a quicksand, call for us and we'll come and get you out."

He rolled his wise, merry eye at me and accompanied us sociably as we walked on.

We went to the kennels, and I saw the renowned Trojan hounds. They were marvelously matched in color, and they had a striking expression which was lofty and fearless. They looked like hounds for great deeds.

On our way to the gate we met Adonis.

"Do you know where Lead is?" Hugo asked.

"Yes, sir. He's inside the stable. Shall I bring him?"

"No, we'll go to the stable. I wish you would hunt up some of our best hounds and bring them to us. I want to exhibit them in a pack."

We halted at the stable door and Hugo whistled. Several hounds came, not a poor one in the lot. Then a voice arose, a glorious *bel-canto* call, the finest hound voice to which I had ever listened.

Hugo started. "That's Lead. He's locked in the grain room."

He ran across the saddling floor and opened the door. A hound came out—and this was Lead! He was thirty inches tall. He was powerful as certain stalwart racing stallions are powerful, all fire and fiber. He was surpassingly handsome. Hugo brought him to me. So I met Lead the Great.

"But he's not merely a wonder to look at," Hugo was saying. "No trail is ever too long for him, and no pace too fast. No quarry ever gets away once old Lead is driving him."

"How old is he?"

"This is his ninth season, but I can see no lessening of his powers. On the contrary, it seems to me that they increase."

Adonis was coming with the hounds he had been assembling, perhaps a dozen couples all told. There was Laura, sleek and gleaming. There were Faust and Fatal, her sons and Lead's. There were Windhound, almost solid black, and Speedwell, and Clinker, and Stickler, and Ranger IV, and Old Fire and Water—the grand pack gathered. Black hounds—black hounds with red-brown and white markings. Lead was monarch among them.

"I have forty-six black hounds at Lowmont," I said. "How many have you?"

"Nearly eighty, all told."

We passed on to King Agrippa's box. For the first time I stood close to the big bay hunter.

"There must be seventeen hands of him!" I exclaimed.

"You are a judge. He is exactly seventeen. Try to span his foreleg with your

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very
very...
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her attraction undeniable . . .
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In a word—a new word—
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fingers. Then you'll realize how big he is—a nine-inch cannon in front."

The hard, flat leg, viewed from ahead or behind, looked slender to the point of delicacy, but Hugo was right, the nine-inch cannon was there.

We continued our tour of the hunter boxes, Middy strolling along with us. He was on excellent terms with all the horses; even Tirade was affable to him. She, peppy beauty, was napping in the sunshine, but she awakened and thrust out her Araby head when she heard us approach. Hugo gave her sugar, and I confiscated the rest for my horse, Rupert. We called at more than forty boxes before we finally turned houseward.

Hugo's hunters were a rare show of horseflesh. I complimented him heartily as we walked back across the park. I appreciated the feat of assembling such a stable.

Something else was on my mind. "Bois," I said, "I'd like to ask you a question—I mean a real question."

He looked up quickly when I spoke that name. "That was my father's usual name for me," he said.

I had used it after some reflection. I had drawn what I had hoped to draw. "Was it, indeed? Don't you consider that, alone, proof that he knew you were his rightful son? He was imbued with the tradition of the name. He wouldn't use it for any but the son he knew to be the heir."

"That's a reasonable point, certainly. I hadn't thought of it. If he knew that he was calling me Bois wrongfully, he would use the name only when he had to, he would not do so constantly. But that's not your question. Don't be so ceremonious, Dev. Ask ten questions, or a hundred."

"WELL, then—you are not obliged to answer, you know—if everything had gone as you expected last night, what did you intend to do?"

"Have you ever been in Mexico?" Hugo asked.

"No."

"It's a fascinating country. Full of sun, and color, and excitement. I had no intention of remaining a Bolinvar a day longer than was necessary for my purpose. As I could not live safely in the United States under another name, I selected Mexico as the land of my future. I planned to convert my Frenchness into a passable Spanishness, and become a Mexican with a Spanish background.

"I assumed a Spanish name, and made a few well-chosen acquaintances in New Orleans under that name. I leased a bank vault, where I have placed funds. In a hiding place in New Orleans which I could reach without detection, I cached a few articles: an emergency wardrobe and a hundred dollars in currency. A tattered fugitive could slip into that place and walk out the front door a gentleman. A gentleman with a Spanish identity and a key to a bank vault, which he could approach as he had done before.

"I went to Spain. I rented an apartment in Toledo under the same name I had used in New Orleans. I made myself so familiar with Spanish life and customs that it would be hard to trip me in conversation. I learned to speak Spanish like a native. I developed social credentials. I intended to be able to prove, when I ceased to be Mr. Bolinvar, that I was Señor Montes y Hoz.

"The Montezuma picture was perhaps an indiscretion, for conceivably it might have furnished enemies seeking to track me with a link between the ex-Virginian and the Mexican. But I was so saturated with the subject, so fired by it that I had to chance it. As I told you, I sold that picture for a small fortune. Part of the money I put in the vault of the New Orleans bank. I sold the Holofernes picture to the Czar for another fortune. Part of that money went into the bank vault. I had there also a diamond ring, a Toledo sword of great beauty and some documents of value to my enterprise. All of that I acquired without aid from Bolinvar wealth. I wanted nothing which had ever belonged to, or been obtained from, the

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Shefford Cream Spreads—delicious for salad cheese balls, stuffed vegetable salad, open-faced sandwiches. (Cream Relish, Pimiento, Olive Pimiento, Olde Yorke, Swiss, Limburger, Pineapple, Bleu.) Shefford Cream Cheese—ideal for ham or dried beef roll-ups. Shefford Snappy—nothing better with crackers.

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Shefford in 8-oz. packages—just the thing for hearty lunch-box sandwiches; in strips, to top green salads. (Swiss, Olde Yorke, American, Limburger, Pimiento, Olive Pimiento and Chevelle.)

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All your favorite cheese flavors, and each a little finer than usual—in these varied Shefford cheese foods. You'll usually find some at your store (though much Shefford Cheese has gone to war). Try them all—for all are delicious ways to get energy food and high quality proteins.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC. • • • Green Bay, Wisconsin

family that had disowned me, which I in turn was repudiating.

"Having built up a new identity, I was ready to take the next step. I sent for you. I intended to turn everything over to you, and let you do whatever you pleased—without argument or opposition. I had only to make my way to New Orleans, take possession of my prearranged name and appurtenances, and proceed to Mexico. I meant to have a career. I meant to be somebody in my own right, and the Bolinvars be damned!"

We were near the house now, and we saw a Negro urchin holding a carriage horse while a gentleman was assisting a lady to alight from the vehicle.

"They are the Bedloes," Hugo said, quickening his pace.

I hastily retailed the message the doctor had delivered, referring to his impossible fox and Bedloe's adventure in trapping. The whole matter had slipped my mind in the rush of other incidents. It being by this time between four and five o'clock, we had tea served and formed a party of four around the table. The Bedloes had called upon a dual errand. In the kindness of their hearts they were anxious about Hugo, and wanted to know how he was after the previous night's merrymaking; and they were full of their unprosperous fox or wolf trapping. We told them, in our turn, about our queer experience hunting the beast, and Hugo had his boot brought down to prove our story.

Bedloe turned the boot round and round in his hands. "Well, now," he said, "I'll tell you something that I vowed I'd never tell a soul. I haven't even told Anna," he confessed, with a sly smile at his wife across the table. "I've seen that thing."

"You have?" we cried in unison. "Tell us about it."

"I'd have kept still till Doomsday, if you hadn't told me about your hunt after it and showed me your boot. I wasn't going to get myself laughed at. Who but you two would believe me? No, it's not a wolf. It is a fox. A fox as big as a fair-sized black bear."

"Did you see it travel?" I asked. "A fox and a wolf might seem alike standing, but their gaits are different."

"Don't I know a fox when I see one?" Bedloe protested. "Haven't I been hunting foxes since I was knee-high to a grasshopper? It's the sleekest yaller-red fox you'd want to meet. Wolf! Who ever heard of a wolf that color?"

THAT reminded me of something. I remarked, "I have heard the older generation of Jerseymen say that there was formerly a breed of fierce red wolves native to our wilderness at home. They tell me that in early times the settlers frequently mistook one for a fox. But they are extinct now."

"There have never been red wolves in Virginia," Hugo said, "but that story seems to prove that a red wolf might exist."

"Well, if this one's a wolf, I'm Little Red Ridinghood," Bedloe said.

After the Bedloes had driven away, Hugo and I dallied companionably by the fire. He no longer showed the nervous restlessness that I had seen in him before. He was so changed that getting used to him was like meeting him anew. Today he was warm, and open, and responsive.

A disturbance suddenly rent our fireside peace. Cries, screams, sobs arose from the service yard. We could hear the voice of a white man shouting and we started for the scene of the tumult.

At the door we met Solomon. "Oh, Marse Hugo, Marse Debereux," he burst forth. "Come quick!"

"What's happening, Sol?"

We went with him while he explained: "It hab happened. Some'in' dreadful, what she calls 'de fox' hab stole Maggie's baby, an' is mos' likely eatin' her up! Maggie, she jest git home, she mos' crazy."

The scene in the back yard was wild and weird. All the house servants, nearly all the stable and many of the field hands were gathered around a young Negro woman, who was crying and wailing in a heartbreaking manner. An overseer had run in from the farm and was doing what he could to restore order—which was not much.

MAGGIE was sister to Jed and niece to Sukey, at the doctor's. She had been at the Colfax house visiting her relatives. She had started for home and was no more than half-way between the two places when it was almost dark. Maggie, country-bred, had no fear, but tramped along, leading by the hand her three-year-old daughter. She had heard a rustling in the roadside bushes. An animal had leaped forward, snatched the child and run away with it. Driven beyond fear by fear for her child, Maggie had run after it, but when the cries ceased she could trace it no more and had turned homeward.

As I listened, I learned to understand a refrain, repeated again and again through her wailing: "Hit was de fox—de fox—de fox—de big ole fox."

"Fox!" Hugo was saying to the overseer. "Dev is right. It's a wolf. And a big, savage wolf."

"I dunno about that," the overseer answered. "I wouldn't put it past an old buster of a fox, such as live as live in the Kentucky settlements or the Pennsylvania mountains, to grab a small brat from a lone woman."

"If it's a fox, so is Beelzebub," Hugo retorted. "Here's where we go fox hunting with pistols—we've come to it, Dev." He added to the overseer, "Go and rout out the huntsmen. Order Agrippa for Mr. Devereux and Magistrate for me. Order out the Trojans—full pack. And tell Adonis to bring the pistols. Be quick."

We ran into the house together. "Hugo," I postulated, "I suppose you are bent on going out, but do take it easy. You know what Colfax said at noon."

"Oh, that was at noon," he replied. "I'm all right now."

He was dashing upstairs, and I followed. We probably established a new record for getting into hunting costume—we were ready when we heard the hounds and horses approaching.

Adonis and two of his aids had the Trojans on the driveway, and the hunters were being led forward. I mounted King Agrippa. Hugo sprang on his horse and Adonis settled in his saddle.

We rode to the gates, which a footman had opened. The hunting party was composed of Hugo and myself, Adonis and four underhuntsmen, the latter bearing torches and looking very picturesque. Agrippa's sweeping strides flowed under me with the range and strength of sea waves.

We found the site of the crime, as nearly as was possible from Maggie's incoherent description, and cast for fifteen minutes in the vicinity. Beating up and down both road banks and failing constantly, we extended our circling to cover the fields in the direction in which we thought the Colfax Fox had gone. Soon some of the hounds were casting widely, with sense and zeal that were good to see.

Suddenly, Trailmaster uttered a short, savage roar, a cry so burdened with meanings not belonging to foxhound categories that we dashed for the spot with pounding hearts. There stood the hound, dimly seen in the dim moonlight, his legs stiffened,

(Continued on Page 58)

New quick-mixing idea... now perfected in Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" cakes!



"Folks, you can stir up one of these new quick cakes while you used to be thinkin' about gettin' ready! Isn't that a fact, Kate? No creamin'—only three minutes beatin'—an' only one cup an' one bowl to wash!

"Take this Holly Wreath Nut Cake—it's quicker'n a wink, and yet it's the grandest, *eatingest* cake! Pretty as a Christmas tree, too, isn't it, Kate?"

"You bet it is, Aunt Jenny! And it's like all the cakes I've tasted that were made with Swans Down and the new perfected Swans Down 'Mix-Easy' method—it's got a richer flavor. Keeps fresh longer, too.

"You'd never think, when it's made so quickly, that it could be as delicate as a traditional, old-style Swans Down Cake—but it is! Same fine, even texture, same tenderness, same delicious goodness.

"Remember, folks, we can't guarantee those perfect results with any cake flour but Swans Down!"

More Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake Recipes in the Box!

All your favorites made the new "Mix-Easy" way! Just follow the recipes on the folder inside your Swans Down package. (Of course, you can still use Swans Down in all your regular stand-by recipes, too!)

**"NO CREAMIN',
KATE SMITH!
AN' BEATIN'
CUT IN HALF!"**

**"RIGHT,
AUNT JENNY!
AND ONLY ONE
CUP, ONE BOWL!"**

**"RICHER TASTE,
TOO, AND
KEEPES FRESH
LONGER!"**

**SWANS DOWN
HOLLY WREATH NUT CAKE**

Preparations:
Have shortening at room temperature. Grease and lightly flour a 9-inch tube pan or two 8x4x3-inch loaf pans. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measurements:

Measure into sifter:	Measure into bowl:
2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (and be sure it's Swans Down)	1 cup vegetable shortening
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder	¾ cup milk
1½ teaspoons salt	1 teaspoon orange extract
1¾ cups sugar	1 teaspoon almond extract

Have ready:

3 eggs and 1 egg yolk, unbeaten
1 cup finely cut walnut meats

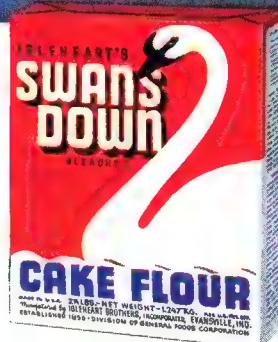
Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
(Mix by hand or with electric mixer on low speed.) Sift dry ingredients over shortening in bowl. Add ½ of liquid and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then beat 1 minute. Add remaining liquid, blend, and beat 2 minutes longer. Add nuts and mix. (Count only *actual* beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

Baking:
Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1 hour, or until done. Spread with ½ recipe seven-minute frosting, made with remaining egg white. Decorate with wreath of cut citron and maraschino cherries. This cake is also delicious without frosting.

GUARANTEE

Double the cost of all ingredients back, if you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour!

The makers of Swans Down can give you this guarantee because Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years. Today more women choose Swans Down than all other packaged cake flours together.



TUNE IN: Hear "Kate Smith Speaks" and "Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories." Their radio programs are next-door neighbors Monday through Friday on CBS. See your local paper for station and times.

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WITH SWANS DOWN**

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Ironrite's two open ends, an exclusive and patented Ironrite feature, also save you many needless motions and speed up ironing time. You arrange your garments on the restful, elbow-high forming board, smoothing wrinkles out easily and quickly as you iron, and everything has a beautiful, luxurious sheen.

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Ironrite

The World's Finest Ironer



**The only ironer with two
Usable Open Ends
Twice as handy - Twice as Fast!**

(Continued from Page 56)
horror in his pose. But not fear, not a vestige of fear. We flung ourselves from the horses.

Trailmaster was standing guard over a torn, bloody rag of calico. Adonis lifted the rag. It, and some fragments of kinky hair, one a tiny pigtail tied with colored cord, and a few pieces of bone were all that was left of Maggie's baby.

For a moment we were motionless. Then Hugo caught Trailmaster by his neck skin and shook the rag in the hound's face. "After him, boy, after him! Get him!"

Trailmaster snuffled eagerly. The others joined him. They found the line. The cry of the Trojans floated on the night wind. We mounted. The hounds were soon out of sight, for we did not wish to ride upon them too closely, and we could not see far in the nebulous light. We stayed within a quarter mile of the hounds and let their chantey guide us.

The pace was not fast, but the hounds held on without faltering. On we went, and on. The moon soared into the sky, pouring lambent light upon hunt and hunting country. Sometimes, when the grasslands were extensive, we caught a glimpse of the hounds.

Finally, Hugo reined in uneasily and stopped. "I don't like this, Dev," he said. "I don't fancy the turn this hunt is taking—not a bit." He listened to the ringing hound song. "Adonis, isn't yonder timber the woodland back of the Nelson Bradley place?"

"Yes, I think that's Marse Bradley's woodland," Adonis agreed. "You don't feel sure, Marse Hugo, where this hunt is heading?"

"Do you? Hark to the hounds. They are bearing to the left all the time. I don't like it. Dev, what do you think?"

I WAS listening to the hounds. Their cry ebbed as they worked farther from us. I said, "Not knowing this country, I can't feel sure, but it seems to me they're working a huge circle. If I had my bearings right when we started, I should expect to fetch up somewhere near Colfax's if we continue as we are going."

"They have not been going that way long," Adonis put in. "You noticed what was happening almost as soon as it happened, Marse Hugo. You must have drawn rein by the time they got nicely turned around."

"Colfax's Fox is a smart one," said Hugo. "My guess is that it approached the neighborhood of the doctor's place early in the evening from somewhere out in this region, and that when it found hounds on its trail, it laid another to bisect, far out, the trail it made coming in. Perhaps it ran a short distance on the first trail to commit the hounds to it. Then it made a big jump away from it and departed, leaving the hounds to follow trail number one back to the starting point."

"There's a good head on that brute," Adonis said respectfully.

"What shall we do? Stop the hounds, return them to the intersection of the two trails, and try to recast them on number two? That's going to be a fine stunt. We don't know whether he abandoned trail number two at the intersection or somewhere else. We don't know, within a mile, where he left trail number one to establish, or resume, trail number two."

"You're doing pretty well, Hugo, to locate the setting of the booby trap within a mile by the floating echoes and re-echoes of the hound cry, in this deceptive night air," I commented.

"I'm not trying to persuade you to give it up," Adonis said, "but if your reckoning is right, sir, the best trail is the start of the false one. The hounds got wrong there, and they'll get wrong the same way again. And even if we can find the second section of trail number two and get them settled on it, the fox is using his time, which will be hours by then, to go home, and we don't know where that is, and ——" Adonis broke off expressively.

"And," Hugo finished for him, "it's probably set another booby trap somewhere along the trail, for good measure."

"One thing seems painfully clear," I remarked. "The hounds are making good time back toward the Colfax barn. They will be out of hearing before long. We'd better be moving after them."

"Maybe it lairs near Colfax's," said Hugo without much conviction.

We started the horses. There was nothing to gain by sitting in the moonglow hearkening to the receding cry of the pack.

"But I have no intention of leaving the pickaninny and the two hounds it has taken from us unavenged," Hugo said resolutely. "We'll hunt it until it teaches us how to catch it. Is that a compact, Dev?"

"I agree," I said briefly.

We overtook the hounds, after a long while, in the fields adjacent to the doctor's buildings. They were restlessly exploring the ground, and apparently voting favorably on a motion to start out over again in the reverse direction on the trail which had led them back.

Doctor Colfax came out, arrayed in a gay dressing gown and floppy slippers. "I heard the dogs, forty minutes or more ago," he said. "What's the news?"

Hugo replied, "Your devil fox took the Jersey Bolivar, and the Virginia Bolivar,

insisted that her assailant was a fox, the biggest fox that ever was seen on earth.

We left that for proving or disproving when we could examine the Colfax Fox. The next thing was to catch him. We adjourned to the hunting field, and stayed there until dark. We and our huntsmen, our hunters and our hounds came home hungry and weary, without sight or scent of the game that kept us afield. The following day, our luck was no better; rather the reverse, for it was cold, cloudy and dismal.

As we were jogging homeward I remarked, "We might strike the trail of the fox without knowing it. If we are correct in assuming it to be a wolf, the hounds may find it and ignore it, hunting for foxes. Can we devise some way to set them on, as you set Trailmaster on at the side of the murderer's feast?"

"I'll have a heart-to-heart talk with old Lead about it," Hugo said humorously. "Although the scent is stale now, I'll bring the baby's dress to his attention. If he picks up the same scent, I think he'll notice it. He wouldn't run it without orders, but if he displays interest, we can start him. Let's take these hounds over to Colfax's in the morning, Dev, and lie in ambush there. If we draw blank, we will try the following day-break at Bedloe's. By alternating watches at places it has frequented, we may be on hand when it comes."

"That's a good plan. And why not take Trailmaster with us? He's familiar with the scent. He'll recognize it if he comes across it again, and run it."

"Yes. We should have done that today."

American Child: 2

BY PAUL ENGLE

Lucky the living child born in a land
Where mouth and mind and morning all are free,
Where any man lifts up his open hand
In no salute but simple liberty.
Where, when they frighten children, it is still
With beasts imagination can create,
Monsters of fire that live beneath the hill,
And not the dark, blood-reckless, dreaded state.

"They are listening. Look out."

That wild
Warning we have not heard deep in our bone,
When not one child could trust one other child,
When not one girl confided in another.
She, in America, has never known
The monstrous child whisper against her mother.

THUS conspiring against a crafty beast, we rode to the stables, left the horses and walked to the house. On the way, we selected hounds to make up the Colfax Fox's pack. We chose thirty outstanding hounds, six from the ranks of the Trojans, the others of our black breed. We divided them into three sections, each containing five couples, and planned to have one set with us at all times. By rotating the sections we could go out systematically with fresh cracks, some of whom had already run the Colfax Fox's trail and were acquainted with the scent. Developing this program, we entered the house.

Solomon came to meet us. "A gen'leman to see yo', Marse Hugo. He am Mistah Walker Brann, from N' Oleans, sah."

"I know him," Hugo said to me, "but what on earth brings him here? Walker Brann is the artist from whom I secured permission to repaint the Holofernes picture. Come on, Dev, I'll introduce you." But he walked slowly through the hall. Something was on his mind. "Dev," he said in a low tone, "the fact is, I've got a secret from Walker Brann. His arrival looks suspicious to me. He hasn't been outside New Orleans for thirty-five years. I'm afraid he's found me out."

"Is the secret one of the bones of the family skeleton?"

"No. I told you that when I called on him I found him in such poverty as to amount to distress. I offered to pay him for the rights to the Holofernes picture, but he declined firmly. I stopped at the bank where I had business under the name of Señor Montes y Hoz, and in that name I arranged a little income for him, swearing the bank to secrecy in the transaction. He was to know only that one Señor Montes y Hoz, to whom he had once rendered a kindness, was repaying him in this way."

"I see. You want support if Mr. Brann charges you with philanthropy."

"I have a prophetic fear that that's what he has come for," Hugo admitted. "He may be very much offended."

Mr. Brann was a smallish elderly gentleman, in appearance decidedly more like a scholar than a painter. After the preliminary greetings, he said, looking at Hugo:

"You must be able to guess, my young friend, why I have traveled to Virginia expressly to call upon you."

Hugo hesitated. "I hope you consider the pleasure it gives me to entertain you an abundant reason for coming," he said.

(Continued on Page 60)



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Good soldiers clean their plates!

For G.I.'s or generals, the rule is the same, "Eat all you take on your plate." And here's a true story to prove it:

Not long ago, General Eisenhower found himself facing a huge mountain of pork, potatoes and spinach. A cafeteria serving woman, awed by his four stars, had given him double helpings! So the Supreme Commander of the Allied Invasion Forces, remembering his own rule, gallantly ate it all.

This simple rule has helped the Army save enormous amounts of food. *Can civilians do any less?*

The next few months will be the testing time. Food production has held up well—thanks to the fine job done all along the

line from plow to plate. But because our advancing armies and allies overseas must have *more* food, *less* will be left for us at home. There'll be *enough*. No one need go hungry. But there won't be any to waste!

We know something about food, here at National Dairy. We've been working for years with nature's most nearly perfect food—milk. We've made many nutritious products from it for war purposes and our laboratories will have interesting new developments ready for peace.

Meantime, we'd like to pledge ourselves, with you and all America, "to be good food soldiers—to put on our plates only as much as we can eat and eat it *all!*"

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



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ONE SIZE ONLY THREE FIFTY THE OUNCE
Plus tax

(Continued from Page 58)

"Mr. Browne, the banker, died last August. By some singular circumstance, he knew you by a Spanish name. His death necessitated a general revision of the bank's affairs. For years I made no earnest effort to prevail against Mr. Browne's real or assumed inability to put me into communication with my mysterious friend of the Spanish name. Mr. Browne's death finally required us to address Señor Montes y Hoz. The letter which your agent in Toledo forwarded to you was lost in the mail, and after various wanderings it was returned to us at the bank, with your right name and address on it. Instead of reforwarding it to you in Virginia, I decided to come in person."

"You are not angry, Mr. Brann? You are not vexed with me?"

"Angry? Vexed? With the goodness of a young heart, displayed with such tact? My dear young friend!"

"Then you don't insist that the arrangement be discontinued?"

"My dear young friend! When did I express my willingness to continue to receive an unearned income from you? Many years ago I knew your father, a most persuasive man. But you assuredly resemble him in little save the persuasive manner."

We both looked attentively at Mr. Brann. Hugo said, "No? You imply that you didn't like my father?" Mr. Brann's bearing and accent had implied a deal more than that. They implied world of contempt.

"I had the honor to know, also, his wife, the lovely and unfortunate Rosanne Bolinvar. I had the happiness of serving her in the days when she needed a friend most sorely. Therefore I was not her husband's friend."

HUGO's cheek grew pale. "Are you the man of Flood's story, to whom he took her when she was betrayed? Was it in your house that she died?"

"I am that man," Mr. Brann said. "I supposed that you were ignorant of that dark chapter in your father's life."

"Rosanne Bolinvar? She was his wife?" Hugo asked.

"I have no doubt of it. I knew Rosanne before she met him. I knew her during the days of his ardent wooing. I saw her again later, and she talked to me about her marriage. Father Le Var had married her, in the Church of the Holy Trinity. I had had a distrust of Mr. Bolinvar. But there was no legitimate cause for my feelings."

"One day he came to me and told me that there had never been a marriage. He told me of his intention to cast her off and take a wife from France. He showed me a bill of sale for her, which he had from her infatuated countryman who had abducted her. He asked me to take her off his hands, offering her to me at a nominal figure in return for my co-operation. My sympathy and my apprehension for Rosanne were equal. I

could think of no more effective means of protecting her than those her treacherous husband was placing before me. I thought I could take care of her, prove that he had married her and help her to defend her rights.

"Before I could see Rosanne, to break the matter to her carefully, the damage was done. Her husband acted more quickly than I thought he would. He left New Orleans, and Flood brought the lady to me, but not the baby. They kept the baby—which was a girl. Flood told me that it was a boy, but Rosanne said it was a girl. Should not its mother know?"

"I wrote at once to Alexander Bolinvar's brother, whose address Rosanne had given me. The vicissitudes of mail transportation were so severe in those days that a year elapsed before Judge Bolinvar could reply. In the meantime, Rosanne was dead, the baby was dead and Alexander was remarried and living in Paris."

"LONG before Judge Bolinvar instructed me to do so, I had gone for Father Le Var, who had performed the wedding service. To my horror, I learned that Father Le Var had been shot by an unseen assailant, inside the dim church, while he was officiating around the altar. The murderer had escaped. I believed that the assassin was Pedro Flood. I believed that the priest was killed to prevent his testimony on Rosanne's behalf if she went to him for proof of her marriage. This murder took place just before Alexander Bolinvar's wicked treatment of Rosanne."

"Flood said that Rosanne lived but a short time in your house," Hugo put in.

"She lived for four months, four long and dreadful months, fighting for her name, her child. Finally, we believed that the baby was dead. That blow was too much for Rosanne. She went to bed in a state of exhaustion, and lived less than a week."

"Did you establish the sex of the baby conclusively?"

"Not conclusively, in a legal sense. Rosanne's statement was conclusive for me."

"Could it have been a boy, and could I be that baby grown up?"

Our visitor looked narrowly at Hugo. "My dear young friend! I doubt it, doubt it decidedly. I think Rosanne's baby was a girl, and I think that little girl lies in a grave I have tended lovingly, for Rosanne's dear sake, these twenty-odd years."

Mr. Walker Brann settled down to visit us awhile. He and Hugo had interests in common in their art. Much stronger than that, they had the bond of their mutual relationship to Rosanne Bolinvar. Although it now seemed sure that he was not her son, Hugo's sentiment for her amounted to a son's love. And Mr. Brann had been the lover of Rosanne, her loyal and knightly lover.

Our guest was not a hunting man, but he liked to drive in a carriage to the hilltops

(Continued on Page 62)



She's Engaged!



Mary Florence McKenna—adorable young Bride-to-Be of Marine Corps Flyer



HER RING—a beautiful diamond with a baguette on each side. It is set in a platinum band.

Mary Florence McKenna
of Chicago, engaged to
Lt. John Christopher Mullen,
Marine Corps Flyer



AT BARAT COLLEGE Mary folds bandages regularly each week—the white veil an immaculate frame for her flower-fresh face. "Bandage quotas must be filled," she says; "we wish we could fold twice as many." Why don't you work with the group in your community?

She's Lovely!

Mary's face has the shining unsophisticated beauty of the first spring snowdrops.

She is another engaged girl with that enviable soft-smooth "Pond's look" about her.

"I have sensitive skin," Mary says, "and Pond's Cold Cream seems to be just what I need! It's such a fine, soft, lovely cream, makes my face feel grand—so clean and smooth."

Mary's Beauty Creaming with Pond's:

She slips Pond's luscious Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats on briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond's Cold Cream—going over her face with little spiral whirls of her white, cream-coated fingers. Tissues off. "I adore the nice extra clean, extra soft feeling this gives my skin," she says.

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Mary's way—every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the luxurious big jar—and help save glass. You'll enjoy it more, too, because you can dip the fingers of both hands in this wide-topped big Pond's jar.

She uses Pond's!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
The Countess of Carnarvon
Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
The Lady Tennyson



Sure you can iron his shirts! Look-

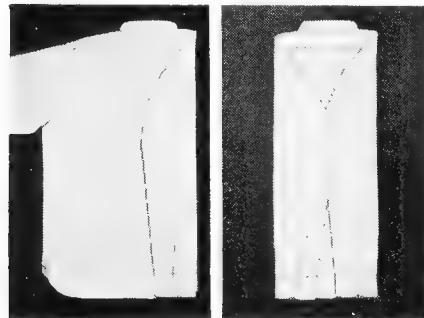
Laundry problems? Cheer up—it's all in the know-how. So do up his shirts yourself, and get an extra pat on the back from his nibs. You'll



1. Use medium starch. Make basic starch as usual, add SATINA (Medium starch—2 parts lukewarm water, 1 part basic starch mixture.) Satina gives an extra-smooth finish—makes *all* starched things iron easier.



3. Sprinkle thoroughly! Do one shirt at a time—with warm water. Then fold tail over bosom and fold both sleeves under. Roll tightly, smoothing out wrinkles. Leave for at least two hours. If you can iron on a wide board or well-padded table top, it's easier, more satisfactory.

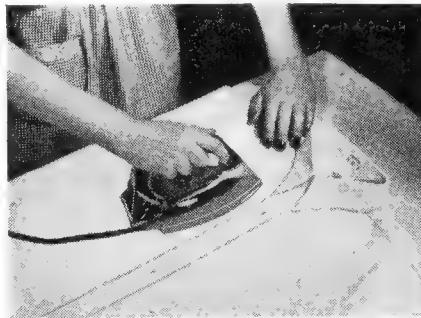


5. Fold shirts this way: place shirt, front side up, on table. Button top, middle, bottom buttons; place front down and fold each side of shirt over, lengthwise, for $\frac{1}{4}$ of width; fold one sleeve along back, then fold other on top of it; fold up tail 7 to 9 inches; fold again, bottom up to collar.

turn out shirts with a smooth, slick finish—quicker and easier, too—if you follow the simple rules outlined here.



2. This is how! Starch shirt cuffs, collar, and front. Gather cuffs and collar. Dip in starch-Satina mixture together. Then dip shirt front. Squeeze mixture well through parts being starched. Let shirt dry.



4. Iron shirts in this order (with Satina in the starch, irons just glide!): wrong side of yoke, collar; right side of yoke, collar; cuffs, sleeves, back; wrong side of each front along edge; right side of each front; along both sides of row of buttons; between buttons with point of iron; fold collar.



6. And there, Madame, are your shirts! With a "like-new" finish and a fresh, clean fragrance—thanks to Satina! (And you'll find it works like a charm for *all* starched things.) Done with the speed of lightning—for irons just glide with Satina! Only a few cents for a whole month's supply!

SATINA



No stick! . . . So quick! . . . With SATINA in your starch!

(Continued from Page 60)
from which he could overlook fine vistas of the Virginia countryside and watch us hunt—a diversion of which he never wearied, and which he delighted to review with us in the evenings at the dinner table.

Hugo and I rode to hounds incessantly. The many hunters in the long rows of boxes were none too many for us and our huntsmen and the neighbors who hunted with us. I rode gray horses and blacks, and bays, and chestnuts of every shade. But I loved my Rupert best.

We were having good sport and good fellowship. Only one thing disconcerted us—we could not find the Colfax Fox. We sought him early and late. We tried for his trail far and wide. But the Colfax Fox seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth.

Our horses were walking side by side. We had had a successful but slow hunt, and a kill far from home, late in the afternoon. Our party broke up forthwith, the various members riding off alone or in couples by their nearest way home. The huntsmen took over the pack, and Hugo and I started across country toward our house.

Hugo was immersed in silence for a few minutes, riding with reins slack and head bent. Finally, as if reaching a decision, he asked, still without looking up, "What do you know about my bethrothal, and its ending?"

"Very little. Hardly more than that you were to be married to a young lady, and her name; that the match was considered mutually suitable; that it was broken, for reasons which were to the world obscure, to you imperative. I may add now that I have met this young lady—once."

"Indeed!" Hugo said. "When?"

"On the afternoon of my first day, when I went for a walk." I related the incidents, though I was reluctant to discuss the subject. He had been so much better that his health had seemed normal for weeks, but I supposed that the heart was quiescent rather than cured. However, he had introduced the topic himself and if he really wished to talk about it I could only follow his lead.

"You speak with your customary moderation," he remarked thoughtfully. "You don't blame me?"

"No," I said gravely. "Although for myself, I'd be disposed to trust further a lady I held in such esteem that I was about to marry her. I should have broken the engagement, of course, but I think I should have risked telling her why."

"Not if the lady were Nellie Farleigh," Hugo responded. "Whatever I had been, the day I broke the engagement I was nothing but a ruined adventurer. But it would do no good to tell that to Nellie Farleigh. If I told her the full story, she would marry me in defiance of everything. If I told her only that something had happened which rendered our marriage impossible, she would insist on the wedding without knowing any more. I could not shake her loyalty either way. She had to be stopped from binding her life to mine, her fortunes to mine—and I had to stop her." It was not doubt of the lovely Nellie, but sureness of her that had cruelly forced Hugo to be silent, had driven him to make the prudent decision for her without her knowledge.

"Since you still care," I said quietly, "something must be done about it."

"What can be done, Dev? Can I go to a lady to whom I was formerly betrothed and say, 'Madam, I regret that I jilted you. I

have changed my mind again. Now I wish to marry you?'"

"It sounds a bit bald, put that way," I conceded. "But will you allow me to think it over?"

"By all means. Think to your heart's content."

"Have you seen Miss Farleigh since you parted? Or heard from her?"

"No."

"You are ignorant, then, of the changes in her which these five years have wrought," I told him. "You don't know what she is like now."

"No. Except that she must be, as always, perfect."

"She is not married," I reflected aloud. "Assuredly, that is not from lack of opportunity. Such a girl could choose from ten suitors a year. Is it a sound inference that she may remain attached to the love which was so much to her?"

"It is possible. It is equally possible that she is embittered. The consequences of one man's faithlessness may have turned her against all men. I did a terrible thing to an emotional young girl."

"Emotional young girls sometimes mature into noble women who will forgive greatly."

"Yes. But no woman could forgive anything like this," Hugo answered sadly.

"If she will not, you are none the worse for learning the truth," I said. But I was far from sure of that. We were nearing the stables, and the time for talk was ending. I said, "I am glad you told me, Hugo. I wouldn't for the world raise hopes that may be unfounded, but after all, your strait is not as bad as it sounds. You had the excuse of an overwhelming reason, an honorable reason. She is bound to give that fact due weight."

He smiled slightly. "Is a woman bound to would count with a man? Do you think she will?"

"I think the best of women do so weigh the facts, and reach a just conclusion," I testified promptly.

The next morning broke in clouds. This was the twenty-third of December. Nevertheless, Hugo and I were early afield, with the horn and the hounds and the horses, our huntsmen for followers. Toward noon it grew wet enough to spoil the sport and we returned houseward.

At the luncheon table Hugo remarked, "It is a fortnight since we have seen John Bedloe. I know what's the matter. He and his wife are counting their nephews and nieces preparatory to Christmas; they have to begin ten days ahead of the date. I wish we knew how he is making out fox trapping. Or wolf trapping."

"We might ride over there this afternoon," I suggested.

"I can't," Hugo objected. "I've been waiting for a rainy day to get a lot of my old canvases out of a storage closet for Mr. Brann. Why don't you ride over to Bedloe's? Later in the afternoon, I may ride over to come home with you."

So that was what we did. Hugo went upstairs, and I sent for a horse and rode to Bedloe's. Half a mile from his house I thought I could smell the Christmas preparations. As I drew nearer, aromas and fragrances from roastings, boilings and bakings came floating on the air. I was not surprised to find the elder Bedloes, and so many lads and lassies that I got tangled up among their names and faces, all energetically occupied



Oh, Boy, what news



A few lucky folks...



will get PROCTOR IRONS this year!

Yes, some Christmas trees will have new Proctor Irons on them. But not many . . . so far we've been allowed to make only a few . . . of but one model . . . not nearly enough to go round. So wait, if you can . . . put your dollars in war bonds now . . . and get a famous Proctor "Never Lift" later.

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in producing the delectable odors and in festooning the house. They were scurrying, carrying, whispering, giggling and frolicking from cellar to garret.

It was not a propitious time for a chat about trapping and trapper's luck. So I said hello all round, intending to ride on in a few minutes. I exchanged greetings with Mr. and Mrs. Bedloe and wandered along through the carnival.

Presently, my orbit crossed the orbit of a winsome miss who must have been nine or ten years old. She looked to me as if she wanted to dance. With due rites, I offered myself, and she accepted with charming glee. We found a vacant place in the dining room, and had a fine whirl all by ourselves. When it was over, she said:

"Now I must return to Nellie. She is pulling taffy, and she needs help. Don't you want to come along and pull taffy too?"

Being so beguilingly invited, I came along. We entered a laundry room which had been converted into a temporary kitchen for the manufacture and storage of candy. At first sight, I supposed that there was enough taffy piled in milk pans to supply the population of Loudoun County, but a young lady clad in a vast apron was busily pulling more. I stopped short. "Nellie" was Nellie Farleigh.

The taffy pulling was the worse for my advent. I was an ignoramus at the sticky art. I soon got myself so submerged that the young lady and the little lady had to rescue me, with much amusement. By and by, the little lady was no longer in the party. I could not remember exactly when, why and how she had left us. Deft management that, Miss Nellie.

"Are you and Hugo really such close friends as everyone says?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "close friends."

"You know that he was engaged to me?"

"Yes, Miss Farleigh."

"Do you know why the engagement was broken?"

"Yes, Miss Farleigh. Do you?"

"I do." It was a short, plain answer.

"Did you possess this information, Miss Farleigh, when we met by the roadside in November?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not draw me on then, as you do now?"

"Then I dared not trust you. Since then, I have heard much of the attachment between you and Hugo, and of your honorable character. I concluded that I could—I must—speak to you. If accident had not brought you here today, tomorrow you would have received a note from me asking for an interview."

"I welcome your decision. Hugo's friend is your friend too—if you permit it."

"I do. You can serve me, immediately and immeasurably. Will you answer two or three direct questions?" She spoke seriously, with courage and with knowledge of her own wishes. What a girl she was! I bowed, and waited.

"Is Hugo re-engaged, or on the point of being re-engaged, to another woman?"

"He is not."

"You are sure?"

"I am sure."

"Does he still care for me?"

"Yes."

A smile, a light appeared upon her face. "That is all," she said quietly. "I shall make him marry me."

"I believe that will not be hard to do, Miss Farleigh. You make it clear that you know Hugo's motives, and judge them fairly."

"As I did then," she answered firmly. "Don't suppose, Mr. Bolinvar, that I have needed five years to make up my mind. I always meant to marry Hugo. At the time, I was a young girl, still legally a minor. My mother was ignorant of the truth and I could not risk enlightening her. I could not reach Hugo himself. I tried every resource. My mother packed me up and took me away. I could do nothing but wait and let things settle down. I thought that if I kept quiet, if I gave the situation time, Hugo would come to his senses or read my letters, or something. But the following year I heard

A funny thing to learn during a Snow Storm

MISS LIL AND MISS TIL GIVE A TIMELY TIP



1. Instead of sweeping the walk, I stared dreamily at the snow until my neighbors, Miss Lil and Miss Til, called:



2. "I'll say I have," I shouted back. "When I finish shoveling, I have the wash to do. I was just wishing I knew some nice safe way to get my clothes as white as this snow without the dog-gone nuisance of an extra bluing job."



4. Reader, it works! I dissolved La France bluing flakes in my usual soapsuds and—say! my wash was swinging on the line quicker than ever before. (No extra bluing job, you see!) And no bluing streaks or spots to mar its snow-white freshness, either.

As far as I'm concerned, La France is the *only* way to blue. Buy some, use it—and see if you don't agree.

"Yoo-hoo, remember you promised to help roll bandages? Get busy, young lady. You have work to do."



3. "Why, bless your soul," cried Miss Lil. "Nobody has to do a separate bluing any more. Get La France. It blues automatically—right in your suds. Quick as a wink you've got a frosty-white wash, with no trouble or fuss."

La France

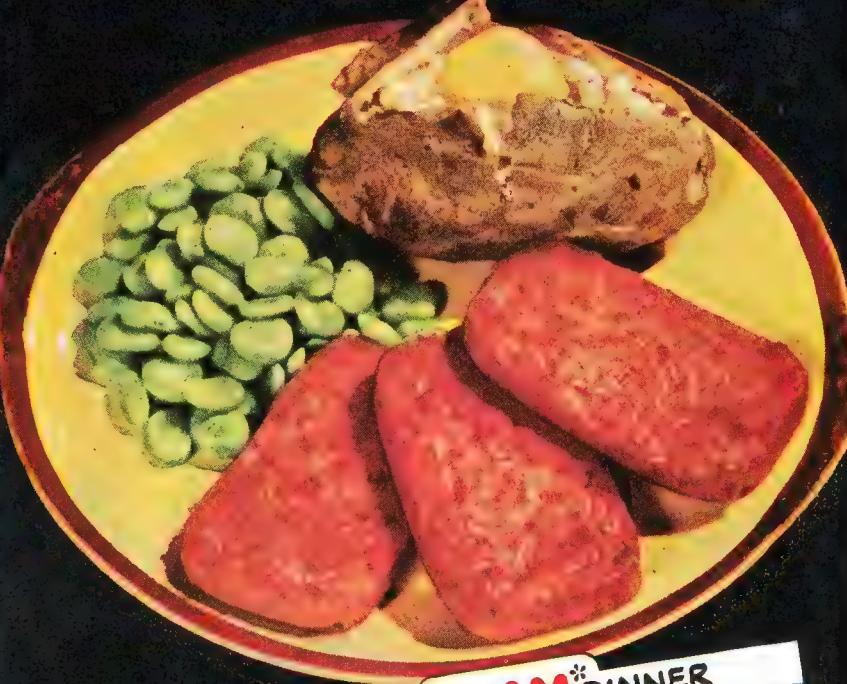


For whiter, brighter washes!
La France blues right in the suds!

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SPAM*

DINNER



SPAM 'N' WAFFLES

Fry or broil thick slices of Spam, team up with crisp waffles topped with butter and syrup. Brings the family to breakfast on the fly! Spam's a good mate for pancakes, too . . . or eggs.



COLD OR HOT...

SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

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HORMEL
GOOD FOODS

June in for a laugh! **THE LIFE OF RILEY** with William Bendix
Sundays at 10 P.M. EWT; 9 P.M. CWT; 8 P.M. MWT; 7 P.M. PWT . . . Blue Network.

that he was engaged to Lady Kitty McKellar, and I hesitated. I half feared that he had become unreliable, like his father. The rumor stopped my efforts to communicate with him. Eventually, it became evident that it was purely gossip. I saw Kitty McKellar in Italy afterward. She looked unhappy, and I was sorry for her. I knew all about loving Hugo and losing him."

"You said 'like his father'—what do you know about his father?" I asked. "And how do you know?"

"Mr. Bolinvar told me. He sent for me when he was dying, and told the wildest story a girl ever heard from the lips of her prospective father-in-law. He said he had written to you. Knowing of that letter to you, I looked out for you. I intended to see you if you came to Virginia. But apparently you never came. Did you not receive the letter?"

I told her another long, strange story. When she had the full history of my Virginian visits, first and second, she said:

"Many of the blanks in the mystery I cannot fill. During a large part of my last visit with Alexander Bolinvar he was delirious and talked disjointedly. I saw Mr. Bolinvar late in the afternoon; he died at ten that night. He urged me to break my engagement. I did not promise him that I would, and I resolved on the spot that I would not. From the minute the door of his bedroom closed on my exit, I was planning to marry Hugo before he could discover what was impending. His father had said nothing to him, hoping that he could obtain aid from you to break loose from the hold Pedro Flood had on him. But Mr. Bolinvar knew he was dying."

"The next day, Hugo rode over to our house in the early afternoon. Later, it looked as if a heavy thunderstorm was rising, and he left for home. This must have immediately preceded the events in the summerhouse."

"When he took to acting so unnaturally, I knew what was the matter. I knew that he had found out. I conjectured that Flood had told him, and that he had killed Flood for it. I suppose I should have been shocked, but I wasn't. Then I began trying to let Hugo know that I knew and that I wanted to marry him anyway. I had to be careful what I wrote. I dared put nothing unveiled in writing, lest it fall into the wrong hands. I did my best within those limitations, and it was not enough."

"Yet Hugo was right," I said. "He could act in no other way, in the circumstances."

"I DON'T agree with you," she answered. "I can grant that Hugo was heroic, but not that he was right. Men don't understand women. They are told so, in every generation, but it is eternally true. Hugo had no right to take that decision out of my hands." She stood slimly straight, and spoke slowly and strongly. "I had a right to decide for myself. I had a right to ruin my life for love if I chose to do it. And Hugo had no right to interfere. The more I have thought it over for five years, the more I am determined not to allow that right to be forced from me. I will do as I please about marrying Hugo. *If he loves me, I won't be stopped!*"

"By the Lord Harry," I admitted, "you do make our theories about caring for women seem like toplofty nonsense. But your view can't be the normal one for all women. Your mother, for example—you expected her to withdraw her consent to the marriage if she knew the facts."

"Oh"—she dismissed the problem with a shrug—"she was thinking of nothing but my welfare."

"So was Hugo."

She smiled delightfully. "Now we are going nowhere fast, as Doctor Colfax says. I have some other pieces of the puzzle. Let's try fitting them with your pieces."

I was eager to do so. "Where did you find yours?" I asked.

"In France."

I started a bit. "I ransacked France fairly thoroughly myself."

"I know you did. I heard of it. I thought it wisest to induce the one person who could have told you anything not to say a word. Ah, Devereux"—she used my first name, as if henceforward we were to be friends—"is our triangular web of crisscrossed suspicions comic? Or isn't it?"

"Let me go home and report to Hugo," I proposed, "and let me make an appointment with yourself and your mother, on Hugo's behalf. May we call on you tomorrow at your house?"

"Not tomorrow—tonight. Mother is driving out from Washington; she is on the road now. Come this evening—both of you. I will prepare mother for your coming while we are at dinner."

She held out her hand to me, and I kissed it with as much captivation as respect. "Good-by, my sweet cousin-to-be," I said. And left her so.

As soon as I reached our house, I went into the room which had been Uncle Alexander's study, and sent Solomon to Hugo with a message.

"Tell him that a matter has arisen which I wish to discuss with him at his earliest convenience. I will await him here."

While I was waiting I stirred up the fire and made the room glow cheerily. It was not raining, but it was so damp that trickles of water ran down the outside of the windows. Undismayed by the weather, Middy was amusing himself in the park. I stood near the fire getting dry, and watching him.

My summons was answered promptly. I heard Hugo's step in the hall, and he came in. "Hello, Dev, what's up?" he asked curiously. "Haven't met the Colfax Fox, have you?"

"No. But I've met something else which I fancy you'd rather have than even the Colfax Fox."

I began at the beginning and told him what had befallen at Bedloe's. I chose my words with care, to make him understand Nellie's part in the proceedings, her constancy and her present position, without telling him that Nellie had declared her intention to marry him whether or no. I preferred to leave this for her to tell him when she was ready. That was none of my business.

"So the next act is to dress and dine, order the carriage for evening service, and explain to Mr. Brann. If you'll speak to Mr. Brann, I'll tell Solomon about the carriage."

"We'll dress quickly and—look at that horse, Dev! Can you see what startles him?"

I turned again to the window through which I had watched Middy. He was still in sight, farther down the park. In the darkening landscape we saw no object, we heard no sound threatening him. But something did alarm him—alarmed him to surcharged stillness. His legs were rigid. His head and tail were high-raised, and his mane ruffled on his vibrant crest. He might have been, for one moment, a horse of marble.

Only for one moment. From his red nostrils burst a blast, the loud, piercing snort of the excited blood horse. Then he ran. Ran? He flew. In a flash he was across the park, dodging the trees. Straight at the fence between the park and the pasture, going so fast that he seemed to skim the earth. In the grassy terrain beyond, he straightened out with speed, mane and tail wild-streaming, a white arrow in full flight.

We watched, astounded. He ran as if terror-driven, but he was not a terrorized horse. He fled as if from devils, but no pursuer was on his track.

"He is not running *from* something!" Hugo exclaimed. "He is running *toward* the source of his alarm."

I agreed. "I'm going to follow him, Hugo."

"Me too," said Hugo. Bareheaded, we sprinted out of the house and through the park in the direction Middy had gone.

(To be Concluded)



1 **That market list of yours** is where food saving begins. Plan several days' meals beforehand. Check up on what's in the cupboard and in the icebox. Consider your family's needs and your ration points. Buy enough—not too much.



2 **Putting things away** is important. Perishables in the refrigerator—at once. Meat, loosely wrapped, goes in the coldest part. Cover butter, margarine, and milk, to keep odors out. Cover strongly-flavored foods to keep odors in! Wash and prepare lettuce and other greens before storing.



3 **Before you start to cook**, plan quantities carefully. Peel potatoes thinly or cook without peeling. Choose for immediate use those vegetables and fruits most likely to spoil.

You have 6 chances
every day
to save food!

•
Do you muff
any of them?



4 **Proper cooking means saving.** Keep flame low—don't overcook. Cook vegetables in small amount of water (and save this water for soups). Roast meat in moderate oven to avoid shrinkage.



5 **Store left-overs carefully!** These days nobody throws out even half a peach or a tablespoon of carrots. Keep left-overs, covered, in the icebox—and don't forget they're there! Study really tempting ways to "use every crumb, every drop" ... many's the time Jell-O can help you do it!



6 **Try Jell-O's food-saving ideas!** Delicious main dishes... desserts... salads—all from left-overs. And if Jell-O is scarce at your store (we're rationed on sugar, too!) your grocer will see that you get your fair share if you ask him. Send for Jell-O's new food-saving recipe booklet today!

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I enclose 6¢ in stamps for which please send me the new Jell-O recipe book, "Bright Spots for Wartime Meals."

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IS IT LEGAL?

By William S. Weiss

Author of "HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE"

If you don't leave a will when you die, will your property pass to your wife (husband), children, your parents, or your brothers and sisters?

To surviving wife (husband) and children in varying proportions, according to the laws of the different states. If no wife or children survive, to parents; if no parents survive, to brothers and sisters.

If you buy an article on the installment plan and fail to keep up the payments and, consequently, the seller retakes the article, does that end your obligation to make the remaining payments?

No.

Explanation: You have agreed to pay a certain sum as the purchase price, and until that sum is paid in full your obligation continues even if the article is repossessed by the seller before that price is paid.

If you lend your automobile to someone who takes a week-end trip with it and has an accident, are you liable if you were not along?

Maybe. If the accident occurs in a state which has enacted an Ownership-Liability law, and the car is driven by someone who is using it with your consent, your presence or absence at the time of the accident is immaterial. If the accident happened because of the negligent operation of your car, you are liable because that law provides that an owner is liable for anything that may result from the operation of his car. If there is no such law in the state in which the accident occurs, then the owner's liability depends on whether or not the car was being used, actually or constructively, in or about his business.

If your automobile is used to draw a trailer, does that have any effect on your automobile insurance?

Yes, it may cause it to become void. To avoid this result, an endorsement by the insurance company should be written in the policy permitting your car to draw a trailer.

If you carry automobile liability insurance and have an accident while driving someone else's car, are you protected by your insurance? How can you be?

No. Because your insurance ordinarily protects you only while driving the car named in the policy. If you desire to be protected while driving other cars, a rider should be added to your liability policy called a "drive-other-cars" rider; the cost of this rider adds approximately ten per cent to the original cost of the liability policy.

Must a husband pay for purchases made by his wife and charged to him?

No, if he supplies her with maintenance and support or the money adequate to enable her to maintain and support herself.

Explanation: Unless legally separated, a husband owes his wife maintenance and support. If he fails to furnish her those, or the money wherewith to support and maintain herself, she may buy them and charge the cost to him.

Is a parent responsible for damages caused by his sixteen-year-old son while at play?

No. Because a parent is not liable for a child's negligence (if the child is old enough

to be on his own), but the child himself may be held liable if he can be proved to have been negligent.

How should a savings-bank account be carried so that the wife (husband) of the depositor can draw out money if the depositor is unable to do so through illness or otherwise?

In the joint names of the depositor and his wife (husband).

Explanation: This is the law of New York and many other states. Inquiry from any savings bank in which you have money will enable you to find out if the law of your state is the same.

How should a savings-bank account be carried so that the wife (husband) of the depositor can draw the balance of the account immediately after the depositor's death without having it become a part of the estate?

In the name of the depositor with the added words, "In trust for the wife (husband)."

Explanation: Under the law of New York and many other states the balance of the account passes to the person for whom it is held in trust *immediately* upon proof of the death of the depositor without the delay necessitated by formal, legal proceedings. Inquiry from any savings bank in which you have money will enable you to find out if the law of your state is the same.

Under what circumstances must a police officer be allowed to search your house or apartment?

If the officer has a search warrant.

What should you do if you are notified that you have won a plot of land as a prize in some contest?

Avoid it like the plague.

Explanation: A lot of land is not usually given away as a prize unless it is worth little or nothing. Moreover, there is often attached to the ownership of such a lot some obligation which will require the expenditure of money, such as clearing the land, draining it, fencing it or repairing the sidewalk in front of it.

If the public makes a practice of taking a short cut across a plot of your land, do you lose any right by allowing the practice to continue?

Yes. If it continues long enough (the length of time varying under the laws of the different states), you lose the right to exclude the public from using the short cut across your land.

How can you protect yourself in these circumstances without incurring the ill will of your neighbors?

By blocking the short cut with a fence or other obstruction for at least one day every five years, keeping a record, sworn to by at least two witnesses other than yourself, of when the obstruction was built and how long it continued.

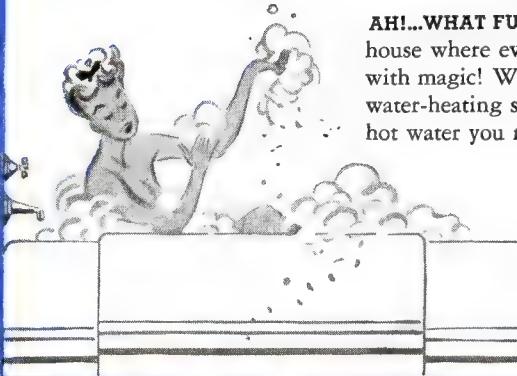
Explanation: The continued use of the short cut without objection for the requisite length of time—varying in the different states as set forth above—entitles the public to use the short cut as a *matter of right*. The occasional obstruction thereof, however, by the owner of the land, necessitating a detour by the public, indicates that the public has no *right* but is per-

(Continued on Page 132)



**Susan's bath is the last of four
The water's hot...and there's gallons more!**

AH!...WHAT FUN it will be to live in a house where even the faucets are touched with magic! Where a faithful *automatic* Gas water-heating system keeps all the hot water you need constantly on tap!



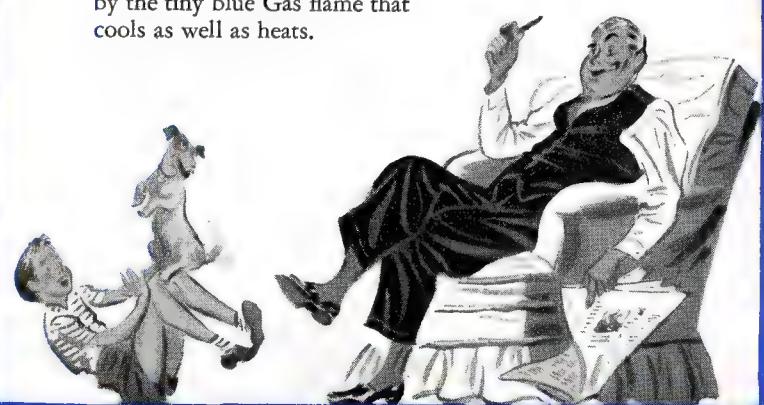
**In half the time, now, Mom is able
To put a dinner on the table!**

YOU'LL WORK in a kitchen that's a miracle of coolness, cleanliness! You'll have a new silent Gas refrigerator that'll keep *more* foods fresh longer. A Certified Performance Gas range with fingertip controls will make *all* your cooking easier!



**Bother with fuel is a by-gone thing
A flick of the wrist — you're set 'til spring!**

HOW WONDERFUL—to have weather as you want it *all year 'round*... Seashore coolness in summer, sunny warmth in winter. All brought to you easily, effortlessly by the tiny blue Gas flame that cools as well as heats.



...This is the house that Gas runs!

TODAY, in the laboratories of the Gas industry — the knowledge and experience of skilled technicians are working to bring you new miracles of better living... All of them made possible through the magic of Gas... the tiny blue flame that *cools as well as heats*.

RIGHT NOW, Gas speeds war production. Use it wisely. But tomorrow, it will transform your home from attic to cellar... make it a happier, healthier, more comfortable place to live. Isn't that worth saving for... with every War Bond you can buy? AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

GAS

Betty Crocker explains:

"Cut Mixing Time Over $\frac{1}{2}$... yet Get Better Cakes!"



YOU DON'T CREAM SHORTENING • YOU DON'T BEAT EGGS • USE ONLY ONE BOWL



It's revolutionary! You don't cream shortening and sugar. You save work, save time. Get cakes that are lovelier!



No separate beating of eggs. They're mixed right in with the other ingredients. Believe it or not!



That saves mess and bother. Means fewer dishes to wash. It's another big time-saving feature of our new method.



STARLIGHT CAKE

Made by the Betty Crocker New Method

IMPORTANT: Use only Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour with this recipe.

Have ingredients at room temperature. Shortening should be soft, not melted. Pre-heat oven to 350° (correct temperature is important in all cake baking). Grease and flour two 8-inch round layer cake pans. Sift GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour before measuring. Measure all ingredients (use level measurements) before starting to mix.

Sift together into bowl...
 { 2 1/8 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL
 "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
 (2 cups plus 2 1/8 cups)
 *3 or 3 1/4 or 4 tsp. Baking Powder
 1 tsp. Salt
 1 1/2 cups Sugar

Add.....
 { 1/2 cup high grade Vegetable Shortening
 1 cup Milk
 1 tsp. Flavoring

Beat vigorously with spoon (up and over motion) or mix with electric mixer on slow to medium speed for 2 minutes by clock. Scrape bowl frequently. If beating by hand, you can rest a minute, but count only actual beating time.

Add.....
 { 1/3 to 1/2 cup Eggs (2 medium),
 unbeaten

Continue beating 2 more minutes, scraping bowl frequently. Batter is thin. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven (350°). Cool layers. Ice with favorite white icing. Decorate with cut-up colored gumdrops as illustrated.

*3 tsp. for double-action type (Clabber Girl, Calumet, Davis, KC, etc.); 3 1/4 tsp. for phosphate type (Rumford, Dr. Price's, etc.); 4 tsp. for tartar type.

See recipe folders in sacks of Gold Medal Flour for additional Betty Crocker New-Method cake recipes, as well as other delicious bakes (plus adjustments needed for high altitude baking, and for self-rising flour).



Warning

Recipe at left has been developed only for Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour. Don't attempt to use it with another flour! And don't try to adapt the Betty Crocker New Method to old-method recipes. But Gold Medal itself is unchanged. It performs exactly the same as it always did with all your old recipes.

GENERAL MILLS, Inc.

Copr. 1944, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn. "Betty Crocker" and "Kitchen-tested" are reg. trade marks of General Mills.

WITH OUR new method you can get even finer cakes than Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour gave you before. Cakes so fluffy, fine-textured and deliciously moist that you'll scarcely believe it!

This new method—developed by our General Mills' Home Service staff—takes far less time and trouble than the conventional method. It's based on literally thousands of tests.

Don't wait to try it! But... before you start... read the Warning below.

Betty Crocker



Eventually
Why Not Now?

UNDULANT FEVER

(Continued from Page 23)

she had a hard time convincing certain members of the medical profession that she was ill at all. She remembers, too, that her discouragement in the long, continued days of nervous depression was profound.

Knowledge of brucellosis is now far more widely spread than it was when Alice Evans became ill. Nevertheless, for the patient, the general picture is still a dismal one. Many patients recover, and many don't. But for those who don't there is the quiet, stubborn example of Alice Evans, who refuses to take illness as an insurmountable obstacle and, martyr to her own research, continues to keep track of those germ-laden test tubes which now cook in the Government's kitchen.

That our physicians have been slow to recognize brucellosis is not strange. It was, probably, a disease without a name for hundreds of years. Since its rather recent discovery it has been labeled with several: Malta fever, simple continued fever, Mediterranean fever, undulant fever. The story of the unmasking of this plague reads like a mystery thriller.

The tale begins in Malta. No one knew much about the mysterious fever which, since the Crimean War, had disabled members of the British garrison there. In 1886 a British army medical officer and his bride arrived for their honeymoon. They were strange honeymooners: they spent most of their time doing autopsies on soldiers who had died of the fever. The ultimate result

SEASON'S SPIRITS

There is the story of the Scotsman whose friends failed to rouse him one New Year's morning. To all their efforts he had the same doleful reply: "It canna be dune! It canna be dune!"

At last, irritated, they inquired, "What canna be dune?"

"Ye canna have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

GLASGOW HERALD:
Quoted in the English Digest.

serve. The tests proved that the goats were excreting into their milk the very same germ which Bruce had discovered. The British army began to boil its goats' milk, and thereafter undulant fever ceased to exist among soldiers in Malta.

The Malta story, however, is only part of the saga. Up in Denmark, a veterinarian named Bernard Bang had been searching for years for the cause of contagious abortion in cattle. Bang found the germ in 1896. The cattle plague since has become known to farmers everywhere as Bang's disease.

THE climax of the microbe hunt waited on Alice Evans. One of the tasks assigned to her was the study of bacteria in milk drawn fresh from the udders of apparently healthy cattle. She found Bang's bacillus, as others had before her. But the fact that the organism which caused abortion in cattle was present in so much of our raw milk disturbed her. With stain, specimen and microscope she compared the Bang bacillus with other bacteria. One of them was the Bruce organism of undulant fever, because that, too, was known to be excreted from the udders of the goat. Alice Evans' curiosity made history. The year was 1917. No other bacteriologist had noticed it, but the Bang bacillus and the Bruce organism were so alike that ordinary laboratory tests could find no difference between them.

Scientists know now that the Bang germ, the Bruce germ and the germ of contagious abortion in hogs are first cousins. For convenience, and also as a tribute to Sir David Bruce, the pioneer in the series of discoveries, the members of this sinister family of microbes are known as "brucella." All three

can cause illness in both animal and man, and the illness is known, by those who know of it, as brucellosis.

The progress made in the understanding of the disease is heartening, but, obviously, the discovery of causes merely reaches the halfway mark of solution. Left unknown, still, is the cure. There are, however, a variety of treatments. Many physicians have experimented with sulpha drugs; but there is a disagreement as to their effectiveness. Experiments with penicillin, medicine's newest wonder-worker, have not been impressive. Doctor Simpson seems to have had good results with induced fever, but he does not recommend it—except for the most stubborn cases. It is out of the question for people past middle age and people with unreliable hearts. Some physicians favor vaccines and report excellent results, but many authorities say that although a vaccine is valuable in immunizing against a disease, it does little good as a cure.

TREATMENTS, then, and cures are doubtful, but there is yet another step which can be taken toward the extirpation of brucellosis. What of the *preventive*?

Plainly, if there were no infected animals, there would be no infected human beings. The Government, realizing this, has inaugurated a series of campaigns. There has been testing, and recently more than 2,200,000 germ-carrying cattle have been slaughtered. Too, there has been a drive for the sanitary management of herds, and for the immunization, through vaccines, of calves. Unhappily, however, there is an antimax to the Government's effective crusade. The war came along. The campaign against cattle brucellosis not only failed to make progress, but—even worse—it has been set back four or five years. But it is encouraging to know that a brucellosis cure is one of the projects on which the wartime National Research Council is now engaged.

Aside from Government experiments, there is one trick left in the hat, and it is we whose responsibility it is to pull it out. The only possible answer today is *pasteurization*.

A sanitary engineer of the U. S. Public Health Service, stationed in an important Southern town, described to me his efforts to convince the local health officer that there should be city ordinances requiring pasteurization. The health officer happened to like raw milk. He had several prize cows of his own on the edge of town, and he thought pasteurization was nonsense. Not even his failure to distinguish flavor in the blindfold test convinced him. But he did become convinced when he contracted brucellosis from the milk of his own cows. That town now has a milk-sanitation ordinance.

New York's record shows what stiff sanitation laws can accomplish. At the present time, some 99.7 per cent of all the milk sold is pasteurized. Since January first of this year raw milk, whether certified or not, can be sold only on a doctor's prescription. In 1942, in this city of 7,454,995, there were exactly four cases of brucellosis.

The U. S. Public Health Service has a model ordinance on milk sanitation which any community can get by writing for it. Many cities, towns and counties have the ordinance in effect, but the situation all over the country is still dangerously spotty. Most milk-borne brucellosis is found, naturally, in rural raw-milk areas. This could be controlled by state legislation, making the pasteurization of all commercially sold milk mandatory. Yet no state in the country has such a law. The responsibility is left entirely to the counties and communities. There can



Where good taste counts

She's stitching for Victory—for wartime conservation. She's restyling last year's dress with this year's fashion and good taste. And she's enjoying good taste in a glass . . . tingling, sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Cool and refreshing, zestful, delicious . . . it's invigorating!

Just as soon as conditions permit, we hope to be able to fully meet the ever-increasing demand for Canada Dry Ginger Ale...and again make "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" available to you in the handy 5¢ individual bottle.

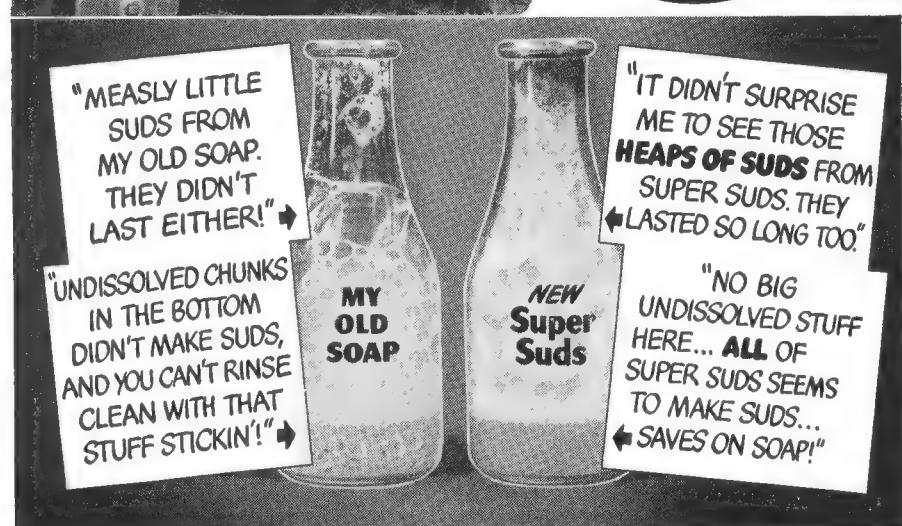
CANADA DRY
WORLD FAMOUS

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

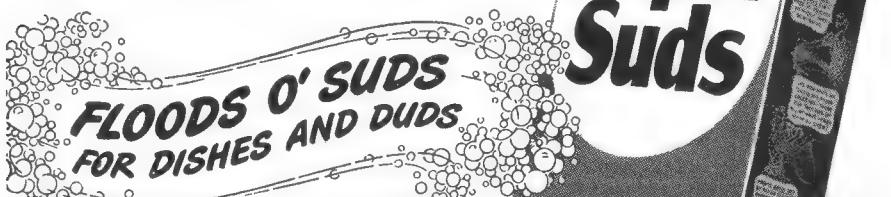
SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE, SO REFRESHING...ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER!

"My husband says I sure live up to my 'Cheerful' name, since washin' with Super Suds and all those

extra suds!"



MRS. PORTLEY adds: "The 'milk-bottle suds test' showed me how to get EXTRA SUDS." Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water (even cool or hard) in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds from Super Suds.



DON'T WASTE SOAP!

Vital war materials are used in making soap

TUNE IN "BLONDIE" SUNDAYS
Columbia Broadcasting System
See newspaper for time and station

be no ultimate solution to the question until every last drop of milk consumed in the United States is properly pasteurized. Impossible? No. The province of Ontario in Canada has already passed a law, and, in a single year, the incidence of brucellosis was reduced 45 per cent.

There is no plausible argument against the pasteurization of milk. It is certainly of great enough significance that the Army and Navy, which now buy milk for 11,000,000 men, permit only pasteurized milk to be served to our soldiers and sailors.

The case is bulletproof. Individual tastes for raw milk can safely be chalked up to obsession. There is no change of flavor; nor is there any decrease in food-value content. There is only one difference: milk which has been pasteurized has been delivered of the back-chilling menace of undulant fever.

ENGINE, ENGINE, NO. 9

(Continued from Page 36)

He blinked innocently. "If you were going to bake—just in case you were, mom—I could watch."

"And lick the bowl."

"You got to wash it anyway. Huh, mom?"

"Don't say 'huh'!" she snapped. "And, Howie, you must get your hair cut today."

He tagged after her. When she scanned the war headlines at the breakfast table his eyes never left her face. She lifted the paper between them, but he knew she was running through the daily casualty lists. The sheets crackled as her fingers relaxed.

"Should I take a bath, mom?"

"Howie, you *are* growing up!"

"What do you think?" he muttered, shrugging one shoulder. "If I didn't want to take a bath you'd say —"

"Oh, by all means."

"I took one last night," he added hastily.

"Your ears —"

"Maybe before dinner so dad won't say I got dirty playing after my bath. Huh, mom?"

"Oh, very well." Her heart missed a beat; he said "dad" so casually.

"Should I get dressed now?"

"Of course get dressed now."

"I mean dressed *up*!"

"Dressed up?" His eyes glowed like crystal lamps. After all, it was his birthday. "Oh, later will do," she murmured carelessly.

He came out wearing blue overall pants and a striped red-and-white polo shirt. "I'll go for the mailman."

She raised an eyebrow. "Expecting something?"

He buried his hands in his pockets. "You never can tell, mom. Terry White and me answered twenty-four coupons last week. We ought to get something." He hitched his belt. "I might even get something special."

She watched him strutting back and forth on the walk, his hands dangling uselessly at his sides, while he practiced different strides. He did the Chaplin walk with feet turned out, then the Groucho Marx shift-and-slide, then a storm trooper's goose step, then a lamed man's hobble, then a bowlegged cowboy's amble. She was nearly convulsed behind the curtain, but she had to get to her housework. So she did not see him trying to walk on his hands and, later, hopping along on one foot. Before his repertoire was completed the postman approached. Howie wanted to mimic his one-shoulder-higher stoop of a walk, but he didn't dare.

"Mail for Langley?"

"Langley?" The man frowned, as though he did not know the boy. "First name?"

"Howard."

"You can't expect mail from your father every day. Soldiers at the front have other things to do."

"It's my birthday."

"Oh, that's different. Here's one for your Grandfather Parker. Here's another for him. Wait! Here's one looks like a birthday card."

"Oh, boy!"

"Here's two more."

"LOOKING 10 YEARS YOUNGER SINCE BRILLO CAME BACK!"



Oh—how sadly your beautiful aluminum pots and pans *aged* while Brillo was away at war! But now—Brillo is back—and how they *shine* again! Brillo's tidy, tight-knit metal fiber pads and special-formula polishing soap make pots and pans gleam like silver—and fast! Get Brillo Soap Pads; or Brillo Cleanser—separate pads and soap.

BRILLO
KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

BUY WAR BONDS



Lovely Pearce Blankets for Christ-mas—a grand thought. . . . But more important now is the purchase of another War Bond—a gift of confidence to our boys at the front. A few Pearce Blankets are in the stores to meet pressing needs—All wool pre-war quality with deep, soft nap that means so much in warmth and comfort. See them, but defer buying until necessity prompts.

PEARCE
LATROBE, PA.
EST. 1805
\$9.95 to \$17.95
Write for sample swatch

PEARCE MANUFACTURING CO., LATROBE, PA.



Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy—really clean. At notions, art needle-work, and housewares departments. 25¢.
Made for Wool by a Wool Firm
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Promotes HEALING

Of minor burns, cuts and skin injuries

UNGENTINE promotes healing because it is antiseptic and non-irritating. But that's not all;

Unguentine does THREE things:

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UNGENTINE is the thing to use for Home First Aid. It gives you three-way action. Handy tubes or family-size jars at all drugstores.

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FOR HER MERRIER CHRISTMAS...

give a Canary

"The Singing Gift That Lives" Delight her with this different gift... a little, golden-voiced canary... to sing your wishes for a "Merry Christmas." Easy to care for... radiant with cheer... one of these little songsters will bring endless hours of light-hearted happiness. This Christmas, give a canary—the perfect gift.

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.

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BEST VEGETABLES

Special—get acquainted, we'll mail you these 5 half-size 10c-Packets seeds for just 10c—Tomato, Radish, Carrot, Beet, Lettuce. Send dime today! Burpee's Seed Catalog FREE—
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Mrs. STEWART'S 
BLUING
EASY TO USE • ECONOMICAL
EFFICIENT

"Oh, boy!"
"That's all."
"Gee, thanks." He trotted inside with the precious letters. "Hey, mom! Look!" She smiled as he tore them open. The first was a card from Terry White, with a picture of a small kewpie-faced boy in overalls. It read:

*Hurrah for you, you're nine.
That's why I'm dropping you a line.*

Underneath the "Happy Birthday" was scrawled, "You can play on my trumpet any time you want. Signed, Terry W."

Howie squealed, but his mother said dryly, "Except when your grandfather's home."

The second card was from Will Jordan. It showed a youngster scrubbing his own ears. The text read:

*Because you're pine
tine
brine
mine
thine
fine
Nine!*

And had a big black check after "Nine!" Inside was:

*Roses are red—yoo-hoo!
Violets are blue—yoo-hoo!
All my wishes for a happy birthday
Are for who? Who? You-ou!*

"Who's the third from, mom?"

"Open it."

He grimaced and slashed at the flap. A broad grin spread his mouth. It was from Abelard the cat. He read:

*Meeow, meow, meowie!
Happy Birthday to Howie!*

It had a big picture of a Persian cat, which could have been Abelard except that Abelard was Siamese.

"That was your grandfather's idea."

He was disappointed. "Gramps sent it?"

"Well, not the cat."

He blinked. "Oh, he couldn't, could he?"

"I guess not."

Nothing from dad! he thought and was silent.

He followed his mother into the kitchen. The flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and shortening were neatly arranged on the porcelain table. His lips quivered.

"Oh, boy!" He sat on the high metal stool and watched. "Gonna bake?"

"Maybe."

"They haven't got birthday cards at the front lines," he said absently; and quickly, "Biscuits?"

"Maybe."

"Not bread?"

"No."

His fingers twisted at his sides. He looked up at her and looked down again. Abelard came out from his corner, yawned smugly, rubbed his back against Howie's legs and wisely sat down against the wall.

"I want a chocolate-inside-and-outside cake with chocolate polka dots on a chocolate icing!" The words came rushing out of Howie's mouth. When it was all said he folded his hands behind his back and fluttered his eyelashes, as though he could hardly believe that it was he who had said it.

(Continued on Page 73)

If Your Copy is Late

Because of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, many periodicals will frequently be late arriving at destination. If your JOURNAL or Reference Library order does not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions arising after your copy or order has left Philadelphia.

Only 7¢ a week for kitchen help!



—that's the bargain ScotTowels give you!

Why burden yourself with needless kitchen work these busy wartime days? For only a penny a day, ScotTowels take the drudgery out of dozens of kitchen chores.

These fresh, clean towels that you don't have to wash not only save precious time and energy. They cut down laundering—and at the same time help protect family health.

The supply is limited—war needs come first. Large quantities of Scott paper products are going to our armed forces and to war industries—so your dealer may not always have ScotTowels on hand.

The makers of ScotTowels are doing everything possible to see that the supply is distributed fairly. If your dealer is out of stock today, try him again tomorrow! Strong, dependable ScotTowels are worth waiting for!

Conserve your ScotTowels for essential duties

When Victory comes, you can enjoy all the ScotTowels you want. In the meantime, you'll get more benefit from your limited supply by saving them for essential uses—such as:

Draining fried food
Drying hands
Bibbing the baby
Drying pots and pans
Mopping up "spills"
Wiping greasy pans

Wiping milk bottles
Flouring fish or cutlets
Draining salad greens
Catching vegetable peels
Cleaning top of stove
Taking scraps from sink

ScotTowels

save laundering... and
help protect family health

Trademark "ScotTowels" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Want to make everyday meats taste better?

THIS FLAVOR WILL DO IT EVERY TIME!

OPEN A CAN
SEE AND TASTE
THE DIFFERENCE
YOURSELF

BOTTOM ROUND GETS
TOP WELCOME if you have it Swiss style with *Early Garden* Peas alongside. That's because you get peas of different sizes. "Same size, all-alike-in-flavor" peas can't match this blend!

And no wonder Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas can help you keep plain meats popular!

Just think what kind of peas they are. Del Monte sorts out all the "flavor robbers." You don't get any of the immature, tasteless peas. You don't get any over-size or starchy ones, either.

What you *do* get are the "middle sizes." Some smaller peas for delicacy—some more mature for richness—the finest of each size blended together for flavor first.



Del Monte TRADE *Early Garden* MARK **PEAS**

In Growing. Del Monte quality in Peas starts with our own special strain of seed. Then grown only where soil and climate produce fine flavor.

In Picking. Picked exactly when ready. Day or night! Flavor won't wait — you know that if you ever left garden peas on the vines too long.

In Packing. Del Monte selects only the flavor-filled "middle sizes," rigidly graded for tenderness and all-around quality.

In Testing. Each day's pack, and each lot, must finally be checked and re-checked to qualify for the Del Monte label — first at each cannery, then at central Del Monte headquarters.

(Continued from Page 71)

His mother pretended not to hear. Her face was strangely flushed, and the boy knew that if he left this moment she would cry in her apron. He shifted from one foot to the other and regarded the cat severely. "Mom, do cats eat cake?"

"I don't think so."

"Not even chocolate cake?"

"Probably not."

He knelt and stroked Abelard's back. "I bet Abelard would. See, he winks. That means he would."

"It means nothing except that he likes to have you stroke his back."

He got up and smacked his lips. "I had a taste for it too."

"For what?"

"You know."

She chuckled. "Very well, Howie. Chocolate inside and outside."

He knew he had driven the clouds away. "With polka dots."

"What are polka dots?"

"Those little bits of chocolate. They're neat. Do you want me to go to the store?"

"No."

He beamed his admiration at her. "You wouldn't have the polka dots in the pantry?" He locked his chubby hands about her arm. "Oh, boy!"

"Are you going to let me make this cake or not?"

He was motionless for fully sixty seconds. By compressing his lips and kneeling to stroke the cat, he maintained a terrible silence for many long minutes. But when the cake was in the oven he could contain himself no longer.

"Mom!"

"Yes?"

"Mom?"

"I said yes!"

"You can do everything."

"I can?"

"Sure you can."

"I'm glad someone thinks so."

"I bet that cake's good."

"I hope it is. After all the work —"

"The frosting too."

"Oh, take a spoon and lick the bowl!"

"Really?"

"Really."

"Gee, thanks, mom. Want a little taste?"

"No."

"No what?" he asked brightly.

"No, thanks."

He scraped eight teaspoons of chocolate batter from the bowl, and then he stood about again, his hands dug into his pockets.

"Howie, why don't you run out and play?"

"I don't know."

She glanced at him sharply. "Or go to get your hair cut."

He grumbled and meandered through the kitchen to the dining room, to the living room, to the sun parlor, to the living room, to the dining room and, finally, out-of-doors.

The street was narrow and studded with trees. The houses were small, hardly any with a full second story. But every parlor window had its narrow, red-fringed flag with from one to four service stars. When he strolled about he thought these stars eyed him solemnly. *Will he come?* he wondered. *Will he come today?*

HE WATCHED two small squirrels racing each other up the dead poplar in the back yard. One carried a heel of rye bread in its mouth and the other had none. Howie went into the kitchen to fetch dry crusts for the have-not, but both squirrels had disappeared when he returned. He left the bread under a tall elm, which they were sure to visit sometime during the day.

As he was musing, a swarthy-faced boy rode up on a bicycle. Howie studied the other's glistening black hair.

"Hey! Who you looking at?"

"You," Howie returned calmly. The other was his own size.

"Like what you see?"

"I don't know."

"Wanna make something of it?"

"Could be." Cautiously, Howie eyed the lad's shoulders and arms. "How old?"

"Eleven."

"No kidding?"

"I said eleven! How about you?"

"Nine."

Howie dropped his eyes. "Going on ten."

"Oh!" Now the other grinned broadly.

"Who you looking at?"

"You."

"Like what you see?"

Howie crimsoned. The other was eleven.

"I guess so."

"That's better," Eleven said triumphantly.

"Say, are you Langley?"

"Yeah."

"Here's the telegram they asked me to

give your mother." Playfully he thrust the envelope at the boy, struck Howie across the chest and rode off.

"Come back here!" Howie shouted. He tucked the telegram into his pocket, shot his fists up and stuck his jaw out. "Come back an' I'll pulverize you!" He ran after the bicycle for half the block, while the conscripted messenger merely jeered.

Howie gave up near the Walsinghams' place. Puffing, he walked around through the back, where Mrs. Walsingham, who was

W W W W W

*Santa Claus,
Please Listen*

BY VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Who was that woman who used to say

"Give me a giddy gift any day—

Give me things that sparkle and shine

With a uselessness almost divine;

Give me things that I'd like to try

But never, never would just go buy?"

Who was she? Well, I might remember,

But, Santa, this is a new December.

The things I want are brand-new tires

And sun-porch screens made of copper wires;

I could use rib roasts for the yawning roaster,

And how I'd love a pop-up toaster.

I'd almost settle (oh, change most utterly)

For some country eggs and a pound of butter!

W W W W W

an elderly widow, usually ate candy as she read under a parasol. Often he crept in under the hedge and shouted "Boo!" and she leaped up with her hand over her bosom and screamed. When she saw who it was she giggled until tears trickled down her crimsoned cheeks. Today she was eating peanut brittle with her paper-backed mystery.

"Mrs. Walsingham! Can I walk your dog?"

"Howard Langley!" she shrieked. "For a moment I thought it was 'The Horror'!" She heaved a sigh and raised her spectacles from her nose. "Well, it is nice of you to drop in."

"That's okay," he said. "It's my birthday, and I want to do a good deed just like a boy scout. How about the dog—h'm?"

She creaked as she bent forward and studied the old Boston bull, who was sound asleep at her feet. "I'm sure Joseph would be delighted. He used to do a mile every day."

But Joseph would not walk. He moved one bulky side at a time and stopped to wag his satchel jaw.

"Come on, Joseph!" pleaded Howie. "Come on, you big cow!" Joseph merely blinked, and his jaw nearly scraped the walk.

In desperation Howie fetched his coaster wagon. He hoisted the old hulk upon the wagon and dutifully dragged him the prescribed four blocks up and four blocks back, while Joseph looked on with drooping eyes.

"How far did you take him?" the mistress asked when they returned.

Wearily, Howie bounded the limits of the trip. His shirt was wet with perspiration.

"Good!" said Mrs. Walsingham. "Now you poor, tired fellow"—to the dog—"you must rest. He hasn't walked so far since we came back from Miami." She studied the boy. "I have something for you, Howie."

"Yes'm."

"Guess."

HE WAS too polite to guess. A catcher's mitt, a fielder's glove or a basketball? "I can't guess, Mrs. Walsingham."

With a little squeal she lifted her huge purse and produced it. "A picture of Joseph in a leather frame. It was taken when I first got him."

The boy looked dumfounded. A picture of that fat old cow when he was a skinny little dog!

"You've been so nice to Joseph that I want you to have it for your room. Like it?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm glad."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Walsingham." As he went through the gate he thought Joseph, again slumped in an unlovely heap at his mistress' feet, was grinning maliciously.

Muttering to himself, Howard sauntered toward Flutterbach's Fancy Fruits and Groceries. He threaded through the customers to the back counter. "Mr. Flutterbach, want me to deliver anything for you?"

"Sure thing, Howie." The proprietor sputtered while his palsied fingers counted blue ration stamps. "Why you didn't want to work last week?"

"Last week wasn't my birthday."

"And this week?"

"You know."

"How should I know?"

"It's my birthday."

"And so you want to deliver. Three dozen eggs, maybe?"

"They just dropped, Mr. Flutterbach."

"Or when you left Mrs. Zagreb's order on the curb to pinch-a-hit in a baseball game?"

"Someone stole the groceries that time. Gee, you don't want me, Mr. Flutterbach?"

"Who said that?" the other groaned.

"Here, deliver a five-pound sack of sugar to the Grady's. And please, Howie, don't put it down in a rain puddle."

"Who? Me?" asked Howard, and he toiled faithfully most of the afternoon. He carried flour and sugar and, easiest of all, he helped to watch the baby buggies when the mothers were inside the store.

"If you go scrub your hands," Mr. Flutterbach called wisely, "you can take samples from the bulk raisins and from the medium-size prunes too."

Howard moved quickly. He enjoyed working in the grocery.

"Here's fifty cents," said the proprietor at the end of two and a half hours.

"Fifty!"

"Too much?"

"I'm nine years old today, Mr. Flutterbach, and I thought —"

The grocer shrugged, but his eyes twinkled.

"Well, eggs you didn't break today. Here! Ninety cents, right?"

"Oh, boy! Gee, thanks."

"All right, it's all right. Happy birthday, Howie!"

Clutching his earnings in his fist, the boy ran half the way home. But on his own corner he stopped short. Terry White was coming down the street with a large flying model of a Stuka. The late sunlight glistened from the thin paper plastered over the ribs.

"Hi, Terry!"

"Hi, Howie!"

"Gee, thanks for the birthday card."

"Yah. You're welcome."

"Yah?" mocked Howie.

"Okay. Yes."

"Yah?"

You know what
I'd like best
RIGHT NOW?



"Home" and "Mom's cooking" are the two things that millions of Service men want most. And, high on the culinary list are dishes, either hot or cold, made (as only Mom can make them!) of these famous brands of tuna.

For these quality tunas are always delicate and delicious. . . . Only the tender light meat is packed. No wonder "G. I. Joe" dreams of "one of Mom's nice cold tuna salads"!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

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SEA FOODS**

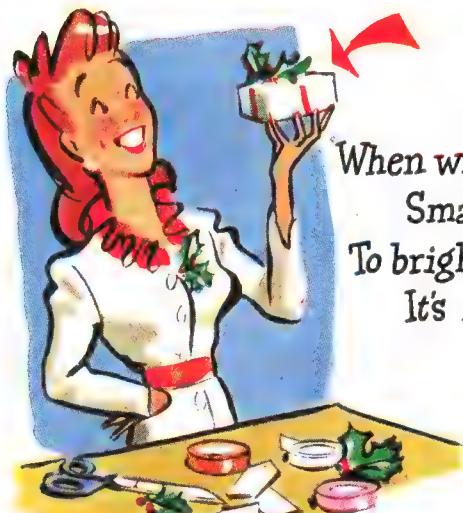


Buy EITHER brand...
the quality is the same



You are an American
...buy WAR BONDS!

Present for the house



When wrapping Christmas packages
Smart givers often choose
To brighten them with Texcel Tape—
It's made in many hues.

And if a candle breaks in two
Or wobbles in the holder,
Some Texcel Tape will fix it up
Before you're seconds older.



So many things this Texcel does
On joyous Christmas day,
From hanging wreaths to holding wires
Safely out of way.



For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.



Today most Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war.
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

"I said 'Yes.' Go chase a rabbit."
"Okay, where?"
"Gwan, before I pulverize you."
"Going to fly her?"
"Over to the school grounds."
"What're we waiting for?"

So Terry went striding rapidly down the street with the flying model supported in both hands, and Howie followed him at a dogtrot, touching the plane now and then for comfort and a sense of participation.

In the school grounds Terry wound the rubber-band motor while Howie hovered above him. When the model rumbled and took off like a big dragonfly the youngsters flapped their arms and ran hooting and whistling down the field. Suddenly the plane was caught in a draft. It swept up, stood on its tail and slid ignominiously into the dust.

Another trial, and eight or ten lads assembled on the iron picket fence. Each time the plane came to earth someone shouted, "Bang! Bang! I shot down a Jap!"

"If you shoot our plane down, Sammy Clay," Howie stormed, "you're a spy!"

"That's a Stuka. Who's a spy?"

"Whoever shoots down our plane."

"It's a Stuka. I shot it down."

"Then you're a spy."

Sammy Clay leaped from the fence and advanced menacingly. "How old are you?"

"He's nine," Terry said. "You can't hit him. His father pilots a B-17."

"Oh, I can't? My father's in the Air Force too."

"Yeah, but he's a grease monkey."

"Without my father the plane would never stay up in the air."

"Yeah, and without Howie's father it would never come down in one piece."

Sammy shrugged.

"How old is he, anyway?"

"You're at least two years older," Terry returned stubbornly.

"Well, I'm twelve. Are you his brother?"

"No, but —"

Sammy picked up a piece of wood and placed it upon his own shoulder. "Dare you knock the chip off!" he challenged.

Uneasily Terry made a sign to Howie to watch the plane. "We came here to fly our model," he grumbled.

"Dare!"

"Go ahead, Terry!" Howie danced up and down. "Knock it off! Sock it!"

"Dare you! Go ahead." Sammy stuck his face out until his nose was two inches from Terry's face.

"Go ahead, Terry!" Howie hooted. "Bust him one!"

With a grimace Terry flipped the chip from his opponent's shoulder. Instantly Sammy's fists came up. The left struck Terry's arm, the right smacked his chest and sent him toppling.

LIKE a fury Howie came forward. "You big spy!" he shrieked. His arms flailed and missed, but he butted his head into Sammy's stomach and went down clinging to the bigger lad's knees.

By this time Terry was up again. "You let him alone!" he bellowed. But two older boys seized his wrists and held him. For Howie, with his left cheek bruised to a purplish crescent under the eye, was sitting triumphantly upon Sammy's chest.

Everyone laughed. They cheered and picked Howie up on their shoulders and carried him about, chanting, "The winnah! The winnah!"

But Sammy arose and rushed at Terry. He struck the older boy in the nose and Terry began to bleed copiously. When they let Howie down, the culprit kicked viciously at the fuselage of the Stuka, and fled.

Not until late afternoon did Howie turn homeward. The right knee of his trousers was torn. His handkerchief was soaked red with Terry's nosebleed. He was the calm

owner of one shiner, but it was painful and he did not want to think about it. He had spent two hours helping to repair the plane.

Walking home, Howie put his hands into his pockets and discovered that he had lost seventy cents. He hurried back to the schoolyard and kicked about in the cinders and the dirt. A quarter, a dime and two pennies came to light. He was still the loser, but it was difficult for him to figure out by exactly how much. As he scuffed his shoes over the area of the struggle he saw the telegram. He had forgotten it! Carefully he picked it up, rubbed off the cinder dust and transferred the grime from his hands to it. Again he stuffed the envelope into his pocket. But he could find no more coins.

WHEN he entered the house he was carrying a thirty-five-cent bunch of flowers in his fist. His pockets bulged with a ten-cent bag of red peppermint candies, but he had twelve cents left in cash toward War Stamps.

"Why, Howard Langley!"

"Happy birthday, mom!" he said exuberantly and presented the flowers. He did not try to hide his face. "I worked in the store at Flutterbach's. I flew a Stuka and fell. Ask Terry White."

"Where's Terry?"

"He tore his knee too. He fell on his face and got a bloody nose."

She nodded quietly. Her heart ached for that purple bruise under his eye, but she did not scold. The true account might not be revealed for weeks, and since time immemorial the knees of boys' trousers had been known to tear in the great crises of their youth, and their eyes occasionally to be hung with welts. She had no doubt that the fight had started because of something Howard had done, or had not done; it usually did.

"Maybe I better take my bath now," the cherub muttered.

She felt better when he paraded nonchalantly into the bathroom with two wind-up motorboats and a small sailboat, and Abelard following softly. It could not be so painful. Howie's baths inevitably resulted in splashed walls and floors and drenched curtains, but a boy cannot be a sailor without sloshing water.

However, he was not long in the tub. No sooner had he started the race between the motorboats and the sailboat, from his chest to the faucet, than again he remembered something. Thoughtfully, he explored his ears and between his toes, and got out. The water looked dirty enough. Abelard lay near the radiator and watched him.

He brushed his forelock because his grandfather always noticed hair first. If your hair was brushed he could forgive anything. But when he looked for his trousers, they had already been put into the laundry hamper. He pondered upon that, but it was time to listen to The Dragon, a radio program which advertised a let-you-sleep chocolate powder, while it recited the terrible adventures of two sixteen-year-olds in the jungles of Burma.

"Nice to see your hair combed for a change," said his grandfather.

Howie ran his fist over the carefully dressed forelock and yawned, although The Dragon was signing off from an old temple where he was, at the moment, tied to a sacrificial block with a knife of obsidian descending toward his throat.

"How did things go today, Howie? Didn't have a fight with anyone, did you?"

"Fight?"

"Terry had a bloody nose. Your trousers were torn." Mr. Parker tapped his finger under his eye.

"Boy!" said Howie, gazing curiously at his grandfather's cheek. The other sighed. The lad was not listening.

Over the soup Mr. Parker exchanged puzzled glances with Howie's mother. Even

(Continued on Page 76)

Have a "Coke" = Merry Christmas



...adding refreshment to holiday cheer

The spirit of good will rules the Christmas season. It's a time to get together with friends and family...a time when all we mean by *home* in its graciousness and friendliness is at its peak. In such an atmosphere Coca-Cola belongs, ice-cold and sparkling with life.

There's a whole story of hospitality in the three words *Have a "Coke"*,—three words that express a friendly spirit the whole year 'round. Yes, Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes* are everyday symbols of a way of living that takes friendliness for granted.



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviation. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

WHO KNOWS BETTER THAN THE FARMER'S WIFE...?

Gentlemen:

East Aurora, N. Y.
April 11, 1944

Just a note in grateful acknowledgement of the longevity of my first Pequots, given to me many years ago.

We lived on a large farm. With several hired men, and extra help at harvest, we needed a lot of sheets. With no washing machine, it took a lot of rubbing to keep those sheets immaculate. But my Pequots took it and wore beautifully.

Now we live in the city. And I have an electric washer. Those old farm sheets are still doing duty!

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Grace M. Bowers



On the farm or in the city... in old-fashioned tub or new-fangled washer, it's hard to wear out a Pequot. Women have known this for four generations. Other Pequot features they've learned to love are the quick-pick size tabs, and double-tape selvages for extra strength and straightness. Our armed forces require most of what we make now, but there are still some Pequots for civilians... with the same dependable, long-wearing quality. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

PEQUOT SHEETS



These Alien Skies

BY JESSE STUART

These timbered hills are foreign
hills to me;
These skies that float above are
alien skies;
And in these rugged hills wind is
not free
As it is in my own green paradise.
I do not know these groundhog
slick-worn holes;
I do not know the green ferns on
these bluffs;
I do not know where root the
blinded moles.
I'm alien here, for I've not seen
enough

Of lonely shacks beside the
lonesome water,
Of peach trees blooming on the
springtime hills,
Of autumn hills and fuzzy-wuzzy
fodder
And morning-scented smells of
moonshine stills.
I'm alien to all lands except my own;
I'm alien to the lands that hold no
dead
Of mine: I shall return to earth I've
known,
To rugged slopes that give me
daily bread.

From Album of Destiny, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1944, E. P. Dutton & Co.

(Continued from Page 74)

during the main course Howie's gaze was dreamy. "Gramps, what do you think —" he began and swallowed the rest; he should not be mentioning his dad, when everybody was probably thinking the same. But what could Captain Langley be doing now?

The table was cleared. His mother got up and brought in the coffee for Mr. Parker and the milk for herself and Howie. Then she switched the lights out. Howie felt lonely sitting that moment in the dark, except that he could feel Abelard rubbing against his ankles. Lights appeared in the doorway—ten candlelights on a huge chocolate cake carried by his mother.

"Nine and one to grow on!" said his grandfather.

"Ha-appy burrthday to-uh you," they sang while the boy stared at the candles. His mother's voice was tremulous, his grandfather's deep and not quite steady. "Ha-appy burrthday to-uh you! Ha-aa-aa-appy burthhh-day, deerr Howeeee! Happy birthday to you!"

"Blow, blow!" cried Mr. Parker.

Howie's eyes blazed.

"Come on, blow!"

"Have you made a wish?"

He took a deep breath.

"Make a wish."

"I did."

"Then blow! The candles are dripping."

"I'll help him."

"No you don't, father!"

"I wish—I wish," Howie mumbled to himself, rolling his eyes up, "I wish for all good things and happy birthdays for everybody, including me, and for dad to come home." He blew hard. Only four candles went out. Mr. Parker gave a little secret blow and extinguished another. Quickly Howie blew out the other five.

"Rah!"

He tried to cut the cake himself, but his mother had to help.

"I forgot to get a haircut."

"Tomorrow will do as well."

He opened his presents. A new jackknife with a gauge, corkscrew and some other gadgets from Gramps; pajamas, a book and a set of paints from mom, and a huge solid model of a B-17 —

"From dad!"

"I thought that's what he would probably have got you," mom said. He had been away ten long months; all the emptiness of the days and the nights gathered suddenly in her heart and she could only sit there, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers.

Howie glanced at them sitting numbly on either side of him, and knew what they were thinking. "Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" he said and opened and shut the blades of the knife. "Wait till Terry sees it. Oh, boy!"

It was a long evening. He wore the new pajamas and set up the model of the B-17

on the living-room rug, and was as gay as he could be. On special occasions he could stay up a half hour later, which he usually stretched until nine-fifteen. But he was loath to stay with them tonight. He sneaked Abelard into the bedroom, kissed his mother and grandfather good night, and lay silently in the dark, listening.

The Siamese had chosen to lie on his legs and the boy could barely stir without dislodging him, but Howie waited expectantly. When he dozed off the cat moved up and tucked his head into the warm armpit.

He did not know when Abelard was taken away from him. He knew only that he felt lighter. He took off into the wind for a routine check and suddenly realized that he had a passenger. No one had said anything to him about a passenger, but he did not mind. It was an uneventful trip and when they had returned through the clouds the sun was rising in the east like a fiery orange. He waited for his signal, made a three-point landing and taxied in gracefully.

Howie awoke: it was morning! He yawned. He could hear Abelard's tongue in that saucer of milk in the kitchen. He stiffened, but it was only the dawn transport with the Western mail. He leaped out of bed and strode barefoot over the cool linoleum. The crows were still stripping the cherry tree.

Unceremoniously he marched to his toy box and turned it over. But he winced at the clatter and the clear rolling of the marbles: he should not have done that this morning. And yet, his hands went automatically to the cork pad. He hesitated again as he lifted the hammer.

"What are we waiting for?" a calm voice asked. A strong hand snatched at another hammer and the colored pieces of wood danced under the blows.

"Father!"

"Hi, son!"

"Oh, dad!" He clung to the strong chest and then realized it was a pajama coat and not a uniform. "Captain!"

"I came in late last night." The blue eyes twinkled. "What did you do to the telegram I sent?"

Howie stuttered, "It's in—in the laundry, I guess."

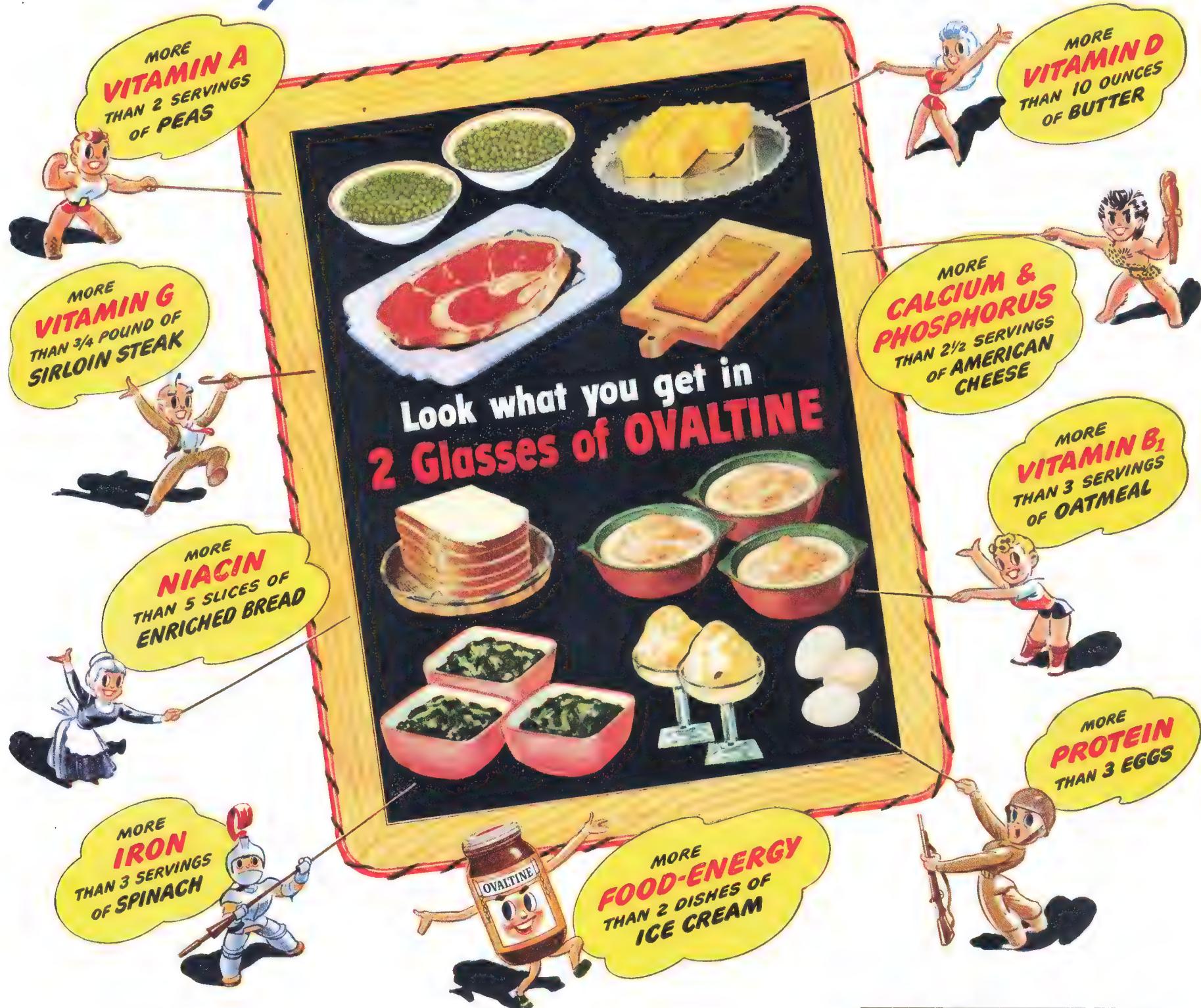
"I thought so." Again the hammer lifted. "Well, what are we waiting for?"

The boy searched the brown face. "Did you get any medals, dad?"

"A bushelful!" He winked at the shiner. "I see—so did you!"

The two hammers began to beat a merciless tattoo upon the cork board. Outside the crows complained over their breakfast. The Siamese entered, leaped upon the bed and tried to sleep in the din. The sunlight poured through the windows and filled every corner with a white, happy glow. The cardinal's song made the air stand still.

NEWS! To Get More Good from Vitamins try this DELICIOUS WAY!



Take them in combination with other food elements
which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a *team* with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium

and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "teamwork", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine also is the *most delicious* way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine as thousands are doing, for a better, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!

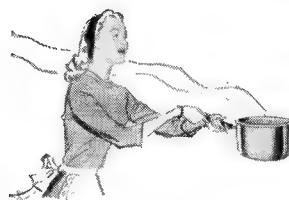


3 OUT OF EVERY 4 PEOPLE need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine
PLAIN & CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



Wear-Ever Aluminum soon to be homeward bound again



By the time this message reaches you, we hope production of Wear-Ever utensils will be only a few weeks away, to continue employment for those gradually being released from our war work. It will take time to catch up on *all* of the Wear-Ever saucepans, teakettles, roasters, baking pans, percolators and other utensils you need. So we ask your consideration—because of our *continuing* war work.

Why Wear-Ever is WORTH WAITING FOR

1. Lasting Quality. Millions of women know that the Wear-Ever trademark means quality that lasts from mother to daughter to granddaughter.



2. Better, Easier Cooking. Heat spreads throughout an aluminum utensil approximately three times faster than through other commonly-used utensil metals. This rapid spreading of heat distributes it more evenly throughout the *entire* utensil, avoiding hot spots and scorching.

3. Fuel Saving. The faster heating of aluminum, its lower radiation of heat and fast spreading of heat cut fuel bills.

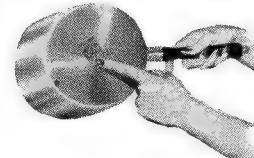


4. Aluminum is Friendly to Food. It protects natural colors, flavors and wholesomeness. *For example*, aluminum has no effect on valuable Vitamin C.

Exciting! New!

A WEAR-EVER PRESSURE SAUCEPAN

Would you like more delicious meals, with less time in the kitchen? You can put string beans, for instance, in a Wear-Ever Pressure Saucepan, with only a little water. The cooking temperature is reached *speedily* . . . then they're *done in only two and a half minutes!* Garden-fresh colors and flavors are retained! Economical cuts of meat cook to savory tenderness. You'll be glad you waited for a Wear-Ever.



WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM UTENSILS

Made of the Metal that Cooks Best—Easy to Clean

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

SHOULDER THE SKY

(Continued from Page 27)

who had tricked their parents into signing papers so they could go to sea with the Merchant Marine.

"How is it?" the young boy named Oryel kept asking when he came out to dump the garbage in the hamper. "How is it, fellows?" "It's fine. How is it with you?"

He looked at the water down close to the ship and then glanced up at us. "It's a good deal, but you guys got the best of it. When I'm old enough, I'm goin' in the Air Corps."

When we talked with the men of other outfits, we talked of the places they were from, what they had done before they came in, and how good it would be to get back. We talked of our girls, and looked at their pictures, and tried to imagine what they would be doing. We didn't talk much about our jobs, except to worry a little about things we might run into, things we couldn't anticipate. But that is unsatisfying talk and has no warmth in it. We soon gave it up.

When we could, we wrote letters, not knowing when or where we would be able to mail them. It didn't make much difference. We wanted to put on paper things we felt for our girls, our families and our friends. It was unimportant that we were riding westward in a task force, the busy little destroyers rushing forward and to the rear and far out to the sides, searching constantly. We suspected a submarine was trailing us.

Rains swept across the decks quickly, wetting our paper, but we did not write about those things. We did not want to endanger the security of our movement, and future movements; and, besides, the things we wanted to write about had nothing to do with the war. They were things we were trying to keep alive during the time of our absence.

The darkness came from the sky, forcing the light down over the horizon. Soft copper glowed around the edges. A thin, wind-swept cloud, shaped like a hook, turned pink

and faded to blue. Where the sun had disappeared, the pastel shades held, the amber tinged with pale green. Slowly the night came down, leaving stars. The quiet ocean looked like green ink. The glowing phosphorus seemed celestial. We watched the other ships of the convoy fading into the night. After a while we could no longer see them, but we sensed them out there.

We sat staring into the darkness. The hour of musical recording began on the loud-speaker, the familiar tunes spreading in the sharp night air.

When the last number had been played, the melody hung in the air. Our feet jingled, wanting to dance. Our arms ached to hold someone close, and we lay back on the deck, staring into the sky. The stars were brilliant and clear, tropical stars, and they seemed to hold an endless depth. They were more beautiful than any we had ever seen. We lay quietly, the boat rolling beneath us, feeling a voiceless unity with the unknown heavens. It was a glorious night, suited for the joys of love, and somehow we felt it. We felt it in memory and speculation and a quiet communion whispered into the night.

The convoy rode on, zigzagging.

One of the fellows who had been on K.P. came onto the deck, stumbling and blinded in the sudden exposure to darkness, calling our names furtively.

"Here, over here! By the truck."

"Fellows, I swiped some pears."

We sat up quickly, seeing the vague outline of the huge can. We were hungry. The galley was so hot that a minute after we stepped into it we were drenched with sweat. It was now, in the cool evening, that our hunger hit us. We ripped the can open with a combat knife and reached our hands into the warm juice. The luscious, soft pears were sensual to the touch. We quickly ate them. While we were licking the sticky

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Clean, bright, like new!

You can keep any rug or carpet clean and new-looking, including light colors and twists—without liquids, suds, or hard work! Continue your usual care. Once or twice a month sprinkle on Powder-ene. Brush it in. After an hour or two vacuum it off. Clean entire room or small areas without leaving easily, and small areas without leaving rings. VON SCHRADER MANUFACTURING CO., Racine, Wisconsin.

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PRATT & LAMBERT PAINT MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT, INC. • BUFFALO 7, N.Y.

sweet juice from our fingers, the tall thin guy from Quartermaster, who waited table in the officers' mess, came along the deck holding something white in his hand. He walked quietly and guardedly, and when he sat down he carefully concealed the white bundle beneath his bent legs.

"I got some cake," he said finally.

In all the voyage we had been unable to purloin any food, except the raw potatoes we took from the crates stored on the aft deck. We had told ourselves that, peeled and eaten in the night, they tasted a great deal like apples, though they had not. And now we had pears and cake in one evening. It seemed like an immense feast.

He opened the white kitchen cloth. "It's chocolate," he said, "with icing. Chocolate icing."

"Oh, man!"

We took the cake and lay back eating it, letting the rich loose crumbs fall down onto our necks. It seemed that nothing had ever tasted so good. After a while, we shuffled through the dark, back to the hatchway that led to our hold. The guard opened the heavy blackout curtain, and we stepped quickly inside. We washed in the salty water and climbed into our bunks, feeling an intense gratitude. It didn't make much difference what the next day held. This one had been very good.

Just as we came up on deck in the morning, we had an Abandon Ship alarm. They

were sounding more and more frequently, and we knew we were getting deep into enemy waters. In the middle of the afternoon, another one sounded. We waited the moment we had learned it took for the Navy men to flash by, bounding in long sure strides to their gun positions, and then we lunged for our places at the rail. From the tension on the bridge, the officers holding their binoculars to the western horizon, we knew that something was coming. And then we saw them, two faint specks in the distant soft clouds. They were flying straight down the horizon, but they were too far away for us to identify.

The voice came over the loud-speaker: "The planes on our port have been identified as friendly!" And then the all-clear came.

A few minutes later there was another Abandon Ship. The huge craft began turning and turning in the water. We watched our wake, bending off behind us, and searched the water with our eyes. Even when the all-

clear sounded, the restlessness stayed with us. We tried to read or play cards, but in a few minutes we gave it up and moved about the ship.

Alarm after alarm sounded from the ship's loud-speaker as we crossed the flat, calm equatorial sea. The nights came down quickly. It seemed that we would never get there.

(Continued on Page 81)

YOU'LL MARRY ME AT NOON

"*You wouldn't like anybody who wasn't afraid of you, would you?" he asked.*

She stood up. He caught at her hand, and as their fingers touched she was startled by the warm pleasure that swept over her. For a split second she had no reasoning power. . . .

THIS was the first split second of its kind; the first small chink in a wall of icy certainty; the first time Scott Paige had ever known feeling to sweep away fact.

You'll Marry Me at Noon by Viña Delmar, is the story of a woman's strength: its beginning, its struggle with love, and its end.

Complete in the JANUARY JOURNAL

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(Continued on Page 81)

Juice King

THE FINEST IN HOME JUICERS

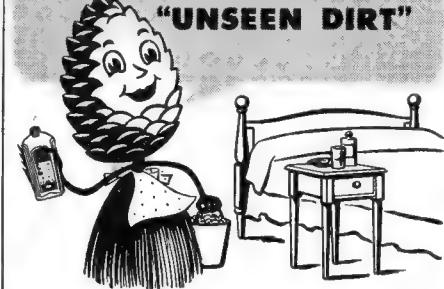
Quickly extracts juice from: oranges, lemons, limes and $\frac{1}{4}$ grapefruit



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600 North Albany Avenue
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A foe of dangerous "UNSEEN DIRT"



• Thorough cleaning, with less effort, is yours when you use Sergeant's Disinfectant. It lifts off dirt and grime, disinfects, gets at dangerous "unseen" dirt by killing many kinds of germs.

And you deodorize when you clean with Sergeant's Disinfectant—leave a fresh pine-woods fragrance. Use it in warm water to make kitchen and bathroom sparkle. Fine for sickroom and in the basement—all places with poor ventilation.

Get non-irritating Sergeant's Disinfectant at drug or department store for more pleasant cleaning.

Leaves a lingering pine fragrance



Sergeant's
DISINFECTANT
the pleasant
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Friend husband will shout with joy over this FLINT slicer

Flint's Hollow Ground blade . . . keen, slender, balanced . . . makes slicing meat almost as much fun as eating it!

You'll be thrilled with each of the six styles of FLINT Hollow Ground Cutlery. There's a correct blade for every cutting need—and they're all skillfully hollow ground to long-lasting keenness . . . set in choice imported hardwood handles, shaped and balanced to feel just right in the hand. You can get them NOW at leading stores, though quantities are limited.

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FOR THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE!

If he likes everything "just so" when he's host, set before him this handsome bleached mahogany Flint Host Table Set. Contains roast slicer, ham slicer, utility knife, each snug in its own edge-protecting socket. Hollow ground blades of chrome vanadium cutlery steel, set in handles of genuine Macassar ebony.



“But isn’t one cleanser very much like another?”



“Betty, you’ve never used Bon Ami if you think all cleansers are alike. But here!... Rub a little Bon Ami between your fingers and see for yourself how soft and fine it is!”

Yes, Bon Ami is soft and fine—and safe! For—unlike harsh, gritty cleansers—it neither scars nor mars fine porcelain. Doesn’t make

those tiny scratches that catch and hold the dirt, making your cleaning job harder and harder.

But Bon Ami is different in other important ways, too. It’s fast and thorough—as well as gentle. *It polishes as it cleans.* It doesn’t give you red, work-worn hands. Could you really ask more of a cleanser?

“BON AMI HAS DOZENS OF USES!”

To give your bathroom and kitchen equipment that spick-and-span look, use Bon Ami Powder regularly. To get your windows and mirrors sparkling clean, use Bon Ami Cake.

Bon Ami



Copr. 1944, The Bon Ami Co.

(Continued from Page 79)

When we came on deck in the morning, other ships had joined us. Carriers rode far out on the horizon, their deep-cutting lines curving down from their flat tops to the water. They looked majestic and proud. We pointed them out to one another, excitement growing in us.

Over the loud-speaker, orders came for our unit to assemble on the aft deck. An officer had stuck some maps against the hatch cover, and when we settled down he told us where we were going, when we would arrive. He indicated the section of the atoll we would use, and with a sweeping stroke of his finger he showed the area where the runway would go down. We listened carefully. We were getting close to our destination.

In the thinning dusk of late afternoon, the carriers and their protective destroyers moved away. We watched them go. They looked large and vulnerable in the fading light. We hoped the submarine that had been trailing us would not follow them.

"Here it is!" We turned to the loud-speaker, waiting. "The news has just come in. The War Department announced this evening that action is going satisfactorily in —" He mentioned the islands where we were going, and then named the atoll where we would land. "It is ours!"

The news, relayed by short wave from the West Coast thousands of miles behind us, that action on the islands in the darkness just ahead was satisfactory, left us strangely unsettled. We were going in on D day plus four. The infantry had gone in first. They had taken the atoll, the news said, but the announcer did not make us joyous. We knew of battles that had gone on for days after they had reached a satisfactory point. It was the strange and unknown things that lay ahead which made each of us seem suddenly isolated.

We went below again to check our equipment, to make sure everything was ready. The guard pulled the thick blackout blanket to one side, and we stepped through and down onto the stairs. The light in the hold was dim and murky. The huge elevator cover in the center was filled with sleeping men. Most of them wore their undershorts, and nothing else. They sprawled in uneasy sleep, their rifles and equipment near by, using their life preservers for pillows against the hard damp floor.

We walked carefully through the naked sprawled bodies, and back to our bunks. Quietly, we checked our guns and gas masks, put extra cigarettes in our helmets, made sure that everything was ready.

The quiet noises of sleeping men filled the hold, mingling with the stale odor of perspiration. The ship's engines throbbed through our bunks, rocking us easily. In a little while the tremulous shaking put us to sleep.

WITH the first call, everyone hit the floor, packing quickly. It was a quarter after five. A heavy-set boy, his freckled face flushed with excitement, came running down the stairs. He had just come off guard duty.

"I saw this big flame away out on the horizon," he said excitedly. "It looked like the sun coming up quick. It was red. They say it was the carrier. The Japs got our carrier!"

Someone swore with quiet anger, and then everyone began to talk, not about what lay ahead, but about the carrier that had been with us, but now was sinking.

We wondered about her men.

Like travelers urgent to arrive, we all hurried through breakfast. The K.P.'s and cooks smacked the food down on our trays. "Shake a leg, bud, there's a war on!"

We looked at the round-faced, stubby cook. "Naw!"

"I heard a rumor," he grinned.

"Somebody's trying to kid the troops."

He plunked the gummy cereal on our trays, and we moved on.

"Thank God, it's our last time in that furnace," we said, coming onto the deck. Across the starboard rail, we could see the distant atolls. They lay, like pieces of discarded hemp, thin and barely seen on the edge of the water.

Everything was ominously quiet in the early-morning light. The ships moved in slowly. We could see no cruisers or battleships, hear no sounds. It was unbelievably quiet.

"There was fighting on the island last night," an officer said, hurrying by. "We can't go in on schedule."

We turned back to the rail, staring ahead at the atolls. It was hard to believe that such tiny places were of great military value. Now we could see the growing silhouette of the trees, their tracery against the sky. We moved in closer. Huge green camouflaged LST's leaned against the shore of the lagoon as if they had been hastily abandoned. Little landing craft moved about them, but we could see no other signs of life. Broad areas of palm stubble let the light through from the far side. It looked as if some gigantic and slovenly animal had grazed in those places, but we knew that was where the heavy fire had been laid.

An officer on the bridge shouted unloading directions over the loud-speaker. The Negroes of the port battalion, stripped to the waist, hurried knowingly about their work, swearing and shouting and laughing. There was no place we could rest our packs and our rifles. We listened nervously for orders, our minds visualizing the way to keep our feet wide apart on the rope ladders, our hands on the vertical ropes. *Keep moving, don't block the ladder, don't freeze on it:* those were the things to remember.

We didn't know what we had expected, but it wasn't this uneasy quiet. Aside from the ravaged areas, the island looked peaceful. Hour after hour we circled it. Finally, one of the boats pulled in near the lagoon to unload. A slow, warm rain came down and floated the papers and cigarette butts off the deck and into the gray-blue water. The rain glistened on the black bodies of the men, cooling them, and turned our fatigues a deep green.

The boats were being lowered. Officers and a few noncoms went first, and, about three in the afternoon, we piled down the rope nets and dropped into the shallow boats. The sailor kicked the engine into action. We banged against the big ship a couple of times and then pulled away, headed straight for the shore. In a regular churning rhythm, huge sheets of water broke across the front of the landing craft and spread over us. We were too crowded to move, so we lowered our heads, letting the steel helmets keep the water from our faces, and waited for the crunching sound of the metal boat against the beach.

We pulled in sidewise against a mangle of coral, coconut logs, cable and exploded docks. In a moment, we were piling over the sides and into the rubble. The air had a peculiar stench to it: death is never familiar, but you know when it is present. No one here was laughing. The rain came down suddenly, continuous and straight, like long hypodermics for the ruptured earth.

WE MOVED around the stalled jeeps and soaking barracks bags, over the exploded dock, and around the craters. A heavy wrecked Jap seaplane lay at the edge of the lagoon, and trucks and jeeps and tanks moved jerkily around a battered log tower.

A captain stood ankle-deep in mud, his heavy face deep with lines of fatigue, and his head bent slightly forward against the rain. He was a huge man, over six feet two, and heavy. He lifted his long arm wearily.

"Take that truck."

We piled in and sat down. The road that ran the length of the atoll was pock-marked with wide craters, buildings and huts were smashed, towers leaned crazily. The place had been completely wrecked by the shelling. The smell of destruction was still over the deep mud, where the jeeps and trucks growled in profane confusion. Pigs and chickens wandered about in the disorder, stunned and helpless, futilely looking for something to eat. Our truck was full, and we stood in the rain, the straps of our packs cutting into our shoulders, while the captain shouted at the drivers and flung his giant arms as if he would right the traffic with his hands. Finally, he saw our truck was still waiting. He wiped the rain from his face.

"Get that thing out of here!" he shouted wearily. "What you waiting for?"

Swearing idly into the noise, the driver forced the nose of the truck into the bogged traffic. About two miles up the road, we were dumped and told to pitch our tents and dig in.

"Dig foxholes! We'll get raids!" someone shouted to us.

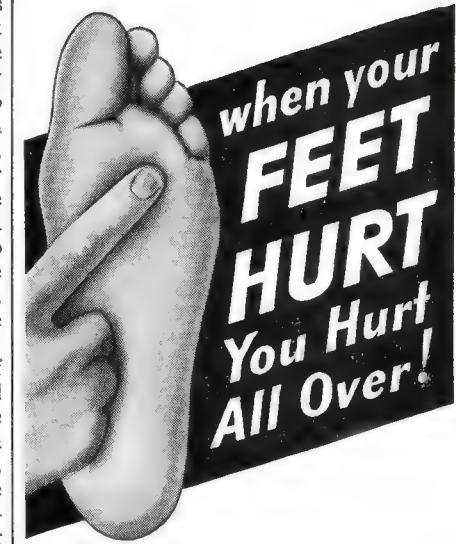
We shuffled about in the rain, wondering where the infantry was and, more important, where the enemy was. We found a spot near the beach where one coconut tree leaned against another, affording some protection from the rain, and buttoned our shelter halves together, pounding the stakes in with pieces of coral. Ammunition and fuel and supply trucks rumbled by; jeeps did not wait to pass them, but cut between the trees, around craters, and back onto the road.

We crawled into the low tent, pulled off our wet shirts, and lit cigarettes. It seemed a disappointing way to end up in the combat area, a short distance from the fighting.

After a while we knew the rain wasn't going to stop.

We crawled out in our shorts and began digging foxholes. By the time we had finished, we were steaming with sweat and warm rain. Mosquitoes and flies, more used to this climate than we were, drilled and nibbled at our skins. The tide was out, and we walked onto the reef. A bomb had exploded a huge circular hole in

(Continued on Page 83)



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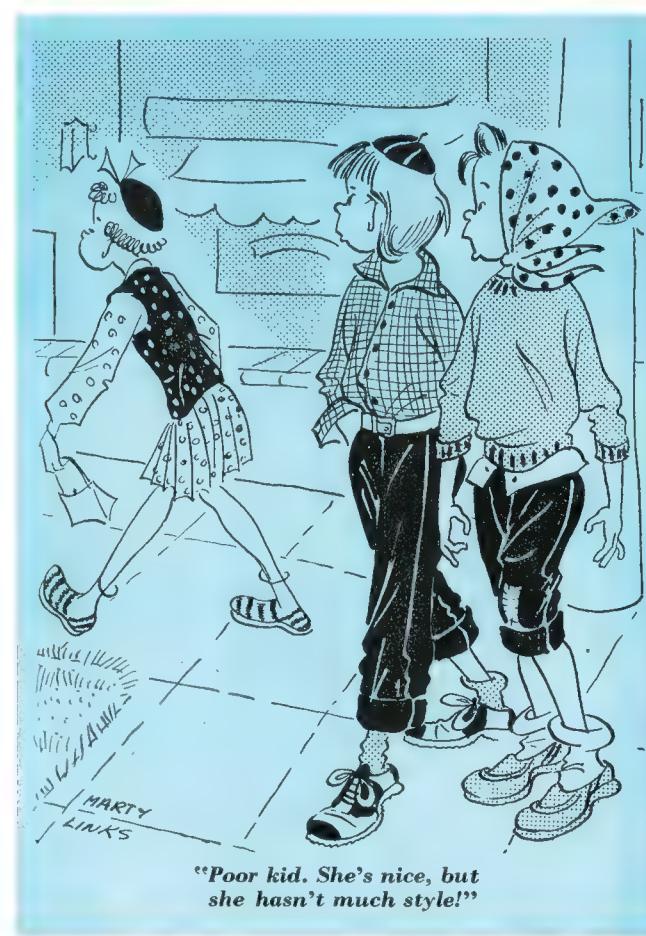
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E 12





"OF COURSE THEY'RE GOOD . . .

But think how many mother has baked in her day!"

You can't trust to "beginner's luck", whether you're whipping up a pan of biscuits . . . or dreaming up a new range, refrigerator or what-have-you! Nothing ever takes the place of the 6th sense that comes only with years of keeping at it.

If you were to take the 30 million appliances Westinghouse produced up to the time of the war and spread them evenly throughout the country, one of these precious work-savers would be in every wired home in America.

Now it stands to reason, you can't make 30 million of anything without learning a great deal about what makes it work, and why. And so it is with the engineers, designers and home economists of Westinghouse. They've acquired a tremendous fund of firsthand knowledge and experience about home appliances. When the day comes, all this know-how and background will again be put to work producing wonderful new electrical helpers for you.

Meantime, they're busy at *today's* job—turning out essential materials to speed the day of final victory.

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Westinghouse
ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES
ARE YOUR POSTWAR PROMISE
OF STILL FINER ONES TO COME



(Continued from Page 81)

the lagoon, and it was filled with clear water. We took off our shorts, looking at the pieces of shrapnel and broken, crystalline coral, then slid into the deep hole to take a bath.

When the rain moved off to the south, we climbed out of the pool and stood in the warm air until our bodies dried. No one came along with orders or instructions, so we took our waxed boxes of K rations out to the beach, twisting the canned food open. It was quiet and cool. The ships rested easily in the harbor, as if they had been there a long time. The sand crabs came out and marched lopsided beneath their shells up and down the beach, disappearing with miraculous quickness whenever we moved. Beautiful white birds, hardly larger than a robin but more graceful, flew around in the growing darkness.

We did not realize it was getting dark until we saw the jeeps and trucks had turned on their lights. We watched them, wondering where they were going, and if the drivers had talked with the men who had landed on D day.

Suddenly the barrage opened up. The explosions came quick, jarring the air. Before we could move, the heavy shells were whistling over our heads, making a fluttering sound. Involuntarily our eyes followed the sound as it raced up the island, and then we heard the heavy shells explode. The artillery was laying down a barrage far up the atoll. The Japs were still dug in up there. We had never heard real fire before, but it did not take us long to realize that much. We remained quiet, counting the big shells as they went over, counting the explosions, automatically checking for duds. But as we listened, the forewarning that Japs were still on the atoll came into our minds. "Infiltrations" was more than a word.

We stretched our mosquito net as best we could, pulled the damp blankets from our musette bags, and spread them beneath us. For a while, we rubbed our bodies against the ground, trying to find a comfortable position, reaching beneath the blankets to pull out pieces of coconut husks.

The firing went on. They were laying down a big pattern. Between the thunderous, quick explosions, we heard the rushed cawing of birds, terrified and wild in the night.

It was near six when we awakened. The air was fresh and clean, the sun spreading across the lagoon. We crawled out of the tent, and stretched and scratched. The whole island glistened from the rain. Climbing up the notched pole, we walked along the thin

coconut logs to the native shed above the lagoon. It perched unsteadily on four thin poles, and we mumbled and laughed about the lagoon latrines.

Our clothes were sticky and damp. We spread our blankets across bushes to dry, ate some rations and tried to make coffee in a canteen cup.

The atoll was barely two hundred yards wide where we were bivouacked. Between us and the ocean side, a battered wooden shack with iron bars across its windows slumped near a taro patch. We decided to walk across and see it, since no one had appeared to tell us what we were to do.

As we stopped by the road, a truck passed, moving slowly and carefully. The bodies of three American soldiers lay on stretchers in the back, a blanket barely covering them. It was the first time we had seen our dead, and we looked after the truck unbelievably. In all the time we had thought about it, death had never been quite real. We had thought of battles as having success or failure. We thought of them as huge mechanized forces being flung at one another. War was not always like that, we realized soberly. It could be a few men firing a few deadly shells in the night.

We walked silently across the road, turning to look back as three heavy bulldozers rumbled by. They were going up to start the airfield. The drivers were stripped to the waist, leaning far to the side to watch for ruts in the road, and their rifles dangled on the iron crosspiece beside them. They were going up toward the perimeter, and nothing concerned them but getting the bulldozers there and getting the work started. We were here to put in a landing strip. It was their job to rip out the trees, shove over the pillboxes, level the earth.

At the corner of the little shed, we found two bottles of Japanese sake, but we were too unsure to drink them, and walked around to the far side of the building. The side wall had been blown away completely. The chaplain stood in the damp building, a Bible in his hands. He looked up as he heard us and spoke quickly. "Good morning."

"Good morning. Did you sleep here?" we asked.

"Yes. It was a Jap guardhouse," he said, glancing at the litter and filth on the floor. A tall, well-built man with clear blue eyes, he smiled quickly. "Did you sleep well?"

"Pretty good," we told him, though it wasn't exactly the truth. Our first night had held too many strange and suspicious sounds. But he did not hear us, and bent to pick up

(Continued on Page 85)

Now the Sea Had Cooled

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Most country people found the snow months prison,
But not the folks on islands in the bay;
It was only when the frost turned ocean solid
That island people could get most away.

The bay ice brought the wives and girls together,
Their world was widened for the days and nights,
They called in person on the weathered houses
They called on in July only by lights.

Now a mother grew as wide in friendship
As her shoes on glassy miles could go,
And a girl could touch a handsome body
Only a handsome sight five months ago.

Lonely boys who ruled their lonely empires
Came on grinning rivals to their claims
And rolled with them in haymows and in snowdrifts
With arching breeches and blue eyes in flames.

Winter was the island time for mating
And giving future families a start,
Bad weather and hard ice brought folks together
Good weather and blue water kept apart.

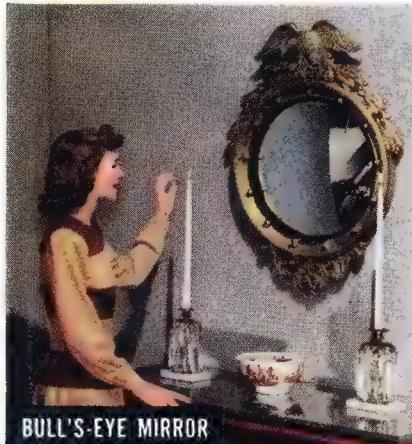
Men who had been voices in the distance,
Women only clean clothes in a yard,
Became one warm continuous substance
Now the sea had cooled and smoothed out hard.

Welcome gifts in ANY home



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Here's something that will win a heartfelt "thank you" every time. A lovely, unframed Plate Glass mirror for that important spot over the mantel. Makes the room look twice its size. Reflects light and color. Gives any room a winning personality.



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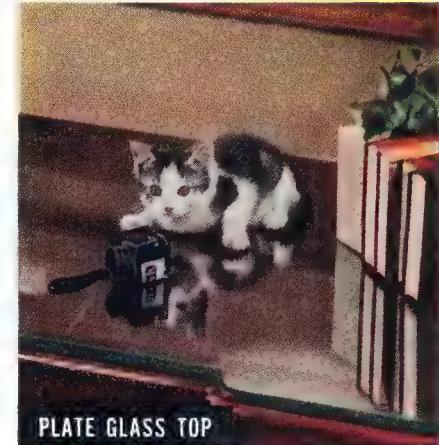


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America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831
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*Left to right: KING EDWARD, LYRIC, ENGLISH GADROON,
GREENBRIER, CHANTILLY, FAIRFAX, CAMELLIA*



(Continued from Page 83)
the few personal things he had brought with him.

"He had his nerve, sleeping out here by himself."

"Yeah."

We glanced back at him. He was brushing his clothing, and when he saw us his calm face broke in a wide smile.

Back in the bivouac area, a lieutenant had about fifteen men lined up. He was tall, heavy-set, semibald, and had spent a long time in the Army as a top sergeant.

"All right! Line up, count off!"

The guys shuffled about, thinking this was a hell of a way to act in the combat area. We had all thought the lining up and counting off was over with for a while.

The lieutenant shouted above the roar and rumble of the trucks and bulldozers, "Hey, you, sergeant! Get over here!"

We hurried over.

"Come on, shake your tail!" he yelled. "Take these guys up to the QM dump." He pointed vaguely up the road. "It's up there. They're unloading C rations. All right, take off!"

We started up the road, jumping quickly to avoid the trucks and jeeps. We found the dump about a half mile away. There was one truck there, and about fifteen men. Most of them were from the quartermaster section, and their red-haired leader was stripped to the waist. Somewhere he had picked up a blue sailor's cap and plunked it on the back of his head.

"What'll we do?"

"It beats me," he drawled, spitting tobacco juice toward the lagoon. "They killed three guys last night. Them Japs are all around here. A hundred of them piled up down yonder." He pointed in the general direction of the lower end of the island. "Stinks."

We decided to work in shifts. It looked as if a shift would amount to about five minutes in an hour. No one knew when the next truck would come along to be unloaded, where it would come from, what it would contain.

Across the road from our bivouac area, the engineers were working with the heavy "cats" (caterpillar tractors). They had shoved over the Jap guardhouse and the trees, and pushed them into the sea. They worked quickly and methodically, pushing over the tall coconuts, dragging them across the road and into the water. Others hauled coral from the lagoon to fill the craters and taro patches. Already a small area of the field was cleared.

Our first day in the combat area was about over. A truck brought a tank of water up and left it near the ambulance. We washed our teeth and got ready for bed. Trucks and jeeps rushed up and down the road, and across from us the cats and bulldozers flung their spotlights in and around the trees as they shoved and turned and pulled. They moved in a ceaseless pattern, oblivious of dangerous unexploded shells that might be buried in the soft earth.

Suddenly a jeep raced up the road, its siren screaming.

"What's that for?"

AS the siren died down the driver shouted frantically, "Air raid! Lights out!"

"Tell the guys on the bulldozers! They can't hear!"

Suddenly everyone spread into the darkness, grabbing helmets and leaping for a foxhole, any hole that gave them protection.

"Come on," a guy from the personnel office said.

We crawled under a pandanus tree near the shore, our knees scratching on the coconut husks and coral.

"I don't know whose this is," he said, "but it's a good one."

We dropped into it. It was oblong, and when we sat down facing each other, our

heads were not above the level of the ground. It was damp, and the sand kept falling down our necks.

Out near the road, someone was shouting to get those damned lights out. Up near the QM dump a rifle cracked. And then again.

"Somebody's got a nervous finger."

We scooped deeper into the hole. The lights were out, the traffic stopped, the whole island dark and soundless.

And then we heard the sound of the airplane, screaming the way we had always heard them in the movies. It didn't seem any more terrifying than that, and we slipped our heads up to the edge of the foxhole. The thing shot past about two hundred yards out across the lagoon. We could see the dark outline of it above the water and hear its engines pulling into the climb.

"Look at that monkey go!"

Up the way, someone opened up on it with a rifle.

"Stop that fire! Stop it!" a dozen voices screamed. "You want to show him where we are? Stop that damned fire!"

"He wasn't losing any time, was he?"

WE WERE a little excited, and began talking about how close he had come to the island. We weren't frightened, because it didn't seem real to us. We didn't know then that he had come down to fifty feet above the water, passing around a destroyer to make his run on the huge ship filled with high explosives. The guys who were unloading the boat told us about it later. They had watched him coming, saw him release the things. The torpedoes whirled through the water, heading straight for the stern. The guys on the guns back there yelled and ran, forgetting to remove their earphones, and the wires jerked them violently backward. They struggled to their feet, stumbling and screaming as the ship strained in a sharp turn. They counted seconds as they fled uselessly, expecting the whole thing to go up any moment, waiting for the world to crash around them. The torpedoes passed just under the end of the stern, missing by a couple of feet.

The Jap bomber roared ahead across the island and over us. We had thought that when the planes came there would be a big show, but we were to find in the nights ahead that the Japs came singly or in pairs, and they could bring just as much terror and death with them as a whole flight.

After a while the all-clear sounded, and we crawled out and sat on the edge of the foxhole and ate a can of K-ration cheese. Then we drifted off to our tents. No one wanted to move around in the dark any more than was necessary. But all during the night we heard the heavy, screeching sound of the cats as they shoved against the coconut trees. They groaned and rattled and twisted. Hour after hour their heavy cleats rolled back and forth to the lagoon, and when we got up in the morning they had cleared a wide area where the strip was to go down.

At a quarter of twelve one of the fellows shook my shoulders. "Time to get up."

"Okay."

The tide was out, and in the fading moonlight the lagoon looked abandoned and unused. Shadows were dark and soft, like flat pieces of material that followed us.

We walked over toward the command post. The guy going off duty described the mudholes to watch for if it was necessary to race down the island sounding the alarm, and then he walked over near the beach and went to sleep. We smoked a cigarette. The sergeant was in the signal section of the Air Service Support Squadron, called Assron, and it was his job to see that all the necessary communications were put in as quickly as possible, and to keep them repaired.

"These tractors and cats cut the lines. We spend half our time fixing the breaks."

"You by yourself?"

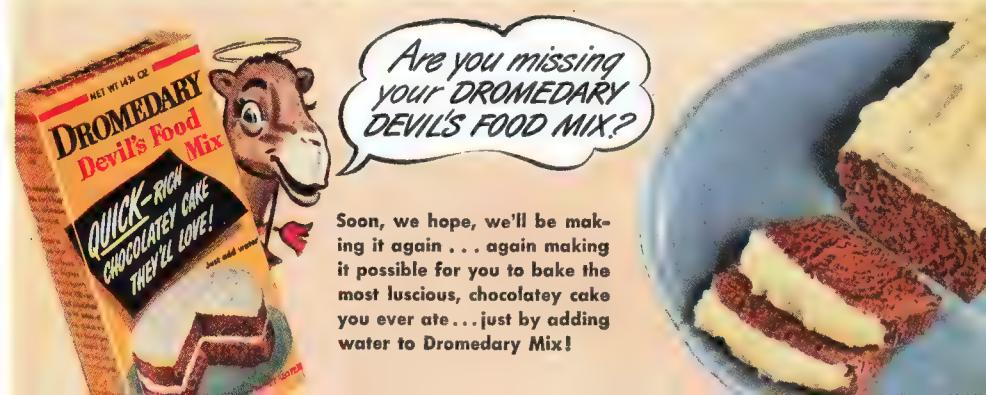
PEANUT BUTTER GINGIES A delectable new jiffy-cookie they'll ooh and aah over! Just add 1/3 cup water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Stir. Add 1/2 cup peanut butter. Mix well. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Press in criss-cross design with fork. Bake 10 minutes, 350°. Yum! (Highly nutritious too!)



GINGER CRISPIES So good, children eat them like candy! Simply add 1/3 cup water and 1 1/2 cups of any cereal flakes to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake 10 minutes, 350°. Easy . . . wholesome . . . and you get 4 dozen of these heavenly cookies from a single package!



CHOCOLATE STUDED GINGIES America's No. 1 Cookie. Servicemen's pet! Add 1/3 cup water, and bits of semi-sweet chocolate to Mix, bake 10 minutes, 350°. Isn't it a blessing these busy days to have delicious, economical, failure-proof Dromedary Gingerbread Mix? If your grocer is sometimes "out", do try again!



Rejoice that
soon your favorite
fragrances will be
abundantly avail-
able... bearing the
distinguished name
LUCIEN LELONG



"The other guys need some sleep. We've been working on the detection units."

In the widening space the bulldozers and cats had cleared, huge new floodlights emblazoned the night, casting a curious greenish glow over the earth. The little generators sputtered near them. It looked like a set for a motion picture. The ruptured earth, the toppled trees, the glossy immense leaves of the taro patches appeared like something artificially prepared. Around and through them, the bulldozers lunged and groaned. There was a beautiful, eerie quality to it. It had the unreal appearance of something once seen, something re-created by our minds. We watched it without speaking, for it seemed to be a panorama with no relation to our lives. And yet it was the sole purpose for which we had been brought here.

IT WAS the weapon through which we would fire our fighters and bombers at the enemy. The man who held that weapon was the man we would create: the Air Service Support Squadron. The signal section was his nervous system, relaying messages of impending danger and collecting his forces for the strike. The quartermaster section, loud and grumbling and hard-working, would feed and clothe him. The ordnance section would keep his weapons ready, the medical section would keep his body healthy. We, in the headquarters section, would take care of the endless routine of paper work and administration. The subdepot section would keep his planes repaired, ready to be fired against the enemy. This was the combat member the Air Service Support Squadron would bring into being. The fighter and pursuit units, the weapons for this Air Force member, would be brought in as quickly as the air strip was ready.

In the morning we went up the road and began clearing an area where we were to be permanently billeted. We ripped out the underbrush, raked up the rotten coconuts, piled the dry fronds and burned them. The trucks brought up the pyramidal tents and dumped them by the road. The rain came and went, and after a while we hardly noticed whether we were wet or dry. The QM corporal, the fat one with the sailor cap, nosed his heavy truck in through the trees and over near a taro patch. The mess sergeant and his men piled out with tents and field stoves and heavy G.I. cans. When we went back to our bivouac area in the evening, they were drawing men to lay the heavy metal mats for the air strip.

It was an occasion in which we felt genuine pride. The huge bundles of metal striping had been dumped in the narrow section between the road and the runway area. The metal bands which held them together were snapped loose. The men from the Engineers, men who had slapped down mats on a half-

dozen atolls, bearded brown young guys who knew Christmas Island and Canton and other lonely Pacific places as well as they knew their home towns, formed a line across the field, their heavy instruments in their hands. They looked idle and indifferent, shouting obscenities at one another, and as dusk came down they dropped to their knees.

The men for the mat detail were formed in teams of two; one carried the front and one the rear end of the heavy metal strip. The colonel from the Engineers, a quiet, almost wordless commander, watched until the teams were ready, and then he gave the sign. The first team lifted the piece of mat, moved out. Another followed them. A third fell into line. They moved directly in front of the Engineers, laid the mat flat, passed on to the end of the Engineers and circled back to the rear. The count had been right. Just as the first two men returned for another strip, the last two moved out. The circle was complete. The mat literally unrolled before our eyes.

Jeeps were parked so their lights would illuminate the workmen. A breeze came in from the ocean, salty and clean. The Engineers hammered and cleated the strips together, working close enough to reach one another's shoulders. As the mat unrolled, they crawled along it, hammering solidly, the banging rising in the growing darkness.

At the end of a half hour, a whole new line of Engineers formed to the rear of the bent figures. On a signal, they moved forward and knelt between the others. The first team got to their feet, moved backward and out of the way, lighting cigarettes and looking for water to drink. The new team was already hammering. It had been almost impossible to hear any break in the loud rhythm of metal on metal.

We stood, amazed at their efficiency, for we had never seen anything so beautifully organized.

The hammers cracked out their rhythm and someone began to sing:

"Be honest with me, dear, whatever you do —"

We heard his voice, above the noise, whenever we passed that end of the line:

"My poor heart would break, dear, if you were untrue —"

IN THE darkness at either end, the bulldozers and cats worked hurriedly, pushing back the jungle, clearing and making ready for the mat that already moved toward them. Heavy rollers packed the coral and sand tightly, rolling over and over it in overlapping trips. When sufficient strip had been laid to give them room to move in, another team was brought onto the mat. They faced the opposite direction from the first team,

Are You a Magnifying-Glass Housekeeper?

By MIRIAM POPE CIMINO

MAGNIFYING the importance of each wisp of dust, cigarette ash, unpolished candlestick, and so on? Too many women whirl an all-out-of-proportion amount of energy against these gnat-sized exasperations. Away from home, these Magnifiers seem normal women. But who wants to visit one in her own home? It's an unpleasant sensation, expecting your heels to be bumped with a carpet sweeper before you can finish making a step; to have the first faint flick from your cigarette rushed kitchenward like a dead mouse held with tongs.

Some of this pizen-particular housework is a self-indulgent habit, about as necessary as polishing ice cubes or sweeping the dirt from the vegetable garden. How it must rile these women to allow real dirt in the flowerpots in their houses! Today's women have too many replaceable possessions to keep each article in a store-fresh condition, at the expense of losing an irreplaceable happy family life.

Naturally, a Magnifier's children go elsewhere for their getting-togethers. Young people quickly feel, or miss, human warmth and tolerance in a room. Who wants a party in a window-display atmosphere, where someone's elbow might crease a pillow, or a rug might move a half inch; where a spilled glass would be treated like a flooded cellar; where your jittery dread of mussing something is enough to make you act like old Tom MacDoon, who threw his specs in the fire and spat in his pocket?

Husbands loathe the feeling that they've been able to create only a dust-mop existence for their wives. At resting time in the evening, they hate to see anything so big as a woman going round and round, like that radio tune of a few years back. But that maddening repetition, unlike a wife's needless round-and-round performances, could be turned off.

A home can have all the heart and soul polished out of it by a Magnifying-Glass Housekeeper.

So Beautifully Smoothing to Dry Skin



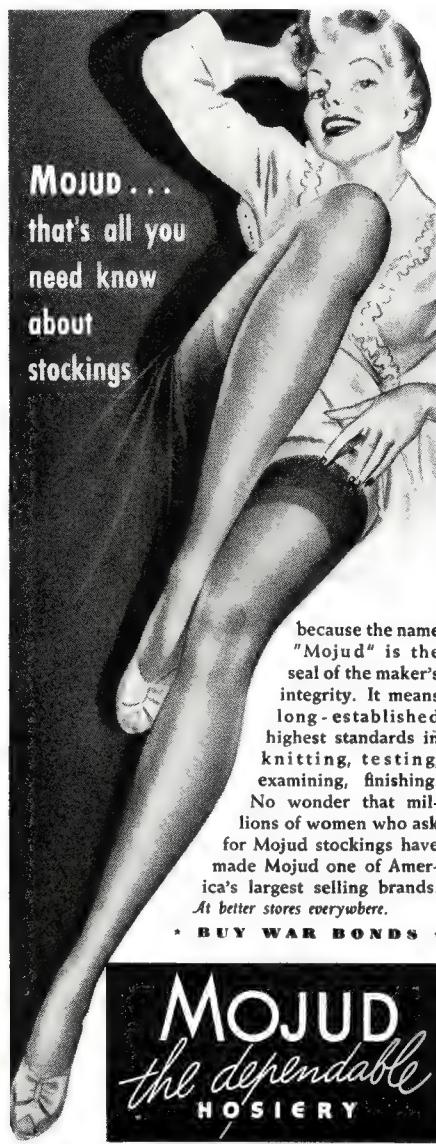
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton says, "Pond's Dry Skin Cream seems so extra, creamy-smooth! It's a lovely find for dry skin!"

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and now the mat spread doubly quick, moving out in both directions.

When we moved into what was to be our permanent area, we were a little concerned about cleaning out the trees so thoroughly, for it seemed to us that they offered camouflage and protection, but others thought it was desirable, especially the flies. They literally came in black clouds.

The mess tent had already been erected, on a rainy afternoon of the third day's work on the mat. We were ordered to move into the new area. We humped our barracks bags, piled in the wet trucks and climbed out again and walked into the soaking, dingy, mosquito-filled pyramids. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and, as the moon was early, we knew the raids would come over shortly after seven. We got our cots from a stack under the coconut trees near the road and tugged and pulled them into place. We were supposed to sleep six in a tent, but as most of us had to stay on the job, it ended with two or three trying to dig foxholes and get our things together before chow was served down at the old area. The rain came down in streams. There was no place to wash, no hope of getting dry. We worked as fast as we could, returned to the old area for our C rations, and then hitched back up the muddy, rutted road.

About six-thirty, the two of us not on duty went into the tent, pulled some of our things from our soaked barracks bags, and lay down on our cots. Darkness came quickly, moving in from the jungle about five feet beyond us. The moon was obliterated by dark gray clouds; just suddenly it was night.

WE LAY there talking about Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and the farm country that surrounds it, and as we talked we believed we heard something move in the woods in back of us. We listened. We heard a sharp, metallic sound like a rifle bolt being thrown into place. A Jap rifle was under my bed. I had had it since the day after we landed, and we knew what their bolts were like.

"You hear that?"

"What?"

We both listened. In a moment there was a whistle, and almost immediately afterward there was an answering call about a hundred feet away. We both got to our feet and slipped the cartridge clips into our tommy guns. It was impossible to see anything but the darkly green leaves that hung down at the edge of the tent. In back of them there was a movement.

"Maybe it's a pig."

We listened. The rustling sounds were regular and spaced. Again we heard the metallic sound. We put barracks bags between ourselves and the cots, and laid our guns across them, moving quietly.

"Listen, now."

There was a whistle again, a long, low, birdlike whistle, and then, farther away, an answer.

We knew fear then as we had never known it before, or since. There was no officer on duty, no guard posted, no one within a hundred feet of us. It had not occurred to us to move back into the area before, and now we could not. Our skins suddenly became cold, as if they were detached from our bodies, our scalps itched, and the blood pounded around our ears as if it would force itself from them.

Over to our left, where a path led around the taro patch, there was that clear sharp sound again.

"Let's put a spray in there."

It would be better to fire, and have them fire back. Then we would know they were there. We couldn't go on all night like this. The half hour that had passed seemed like a full night. When the sound came again, we sprayed fire across in back of the tent.

The sound of the firing died. The smell of the powder cleared, the damp, acrid air came back around us. It was quiet again. And then we heard the slow, insidious whistle. It was so dark we could hardly see each other, and suddenly we realized how easy it would be for the Japs to slip around us, to slash our throats before we knew it. We heard the

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sound again and this time we did not wait. We sprayed the place with more fire.

We were scared, and there was no doubt about it. It was that way for three hours, and finally, from mental and physical exhaustion, we simply gave up. We laid our guns down and fell across the cots.

The sounds we heard were probably imagined, or made by the animals. We took a terrible ribbing from the fellows the next morning. They told us all the Japs were gone, and the officers told us the same thing, pointing out that we should have called them before firing. We didn't remind them that we were unnerved, and they were some three hundred yards away. We didn't remind them then, nor a few days later, when six Japs were caught, nor three months later, when a starved Jap walked into the camp and gave himself up.

But daylight made us realize what a tricky thing the imagination can be. In the morning light, it seemed so easy to walk into the jungle and see if anyone was there. We would not have done that in the night. We tried to laugh at each other, but it was half-hearted. We were never sure.

By noon, we had a ridge tent erected, set up our field desks, and the adjutant, personnel and S-4 offices were ready to work. We organized the details for unloading the boats and for laying the mat, and whenever we found time we worked on our quarters, dug bomb shelters. The coral was packed and hard, filled with a thousand surface roots, and we could not dig beyond three feet. If we did, our foxhole became a well, for the brackish water seeped in quickly.

Each day was like every other one. The quick rain came down in the sun and in the night. The chaplain wanted to hold services, but he knew the men did not know which day was Sunday. We were digging in, getting set up, hurrying the mat for the fighters who would soon come roaring across the sky and set down on the new airfield.

We developed the GI's (dysentery). Our medical officer, a pleasant and kindly man

from somewhere in Michigan, watched the garbage bins and the drums in which we washed our trays, and had some flytraps installed, but nothing seemed to be much help. Everyone was getting them. The man who smiled one day, as if he could look with impatient tolerance on fellows who had not washed their mess kits clean, hobbled frequently to the lagoon the next day. We hadn't time to put up latrines. We always carried entrenching shovels and paper. Two soldiers were caught going in the woods, near the officers' area, and threatened with court-martial.

The GI's are amusing, perhaps, in other people, never in yourself. Your complete interest in everything disappears. You try to eat, but one bite is enough to start your bowels moving and you shuffle quickly for the lagoon. But as you move, something in the action of the leg and stomach muscles makes it impossible to go on. The pain hits you in the stomach, waves of it pass outward from the center of your body, and a dreadful humiliating chill passes down your spine. You know it is going to be impossible to retain any semblance of human decency, and then involuntarily the relief comes and you no longer care.

But along with the GI's were the ever-present flies. They were thick and tenacious. We would fill our trays with hot C ration, and by the time we found a place to sit down, the kit would be black and green with flies. There was only one way to get food to your mouth. You held the fork in your right hand and kept your left hand moving backward and forward above the food, knocking the flies to one side. Even then, between the movement of your hands, flies would alight.

But each day we could see great improvements. The mat was spreading across the brilliant white coral floor. The young lieutenant had his Special Service tent erected, and one morning, as we went to work, we saw the chaplain inside the newly erected tent, a candle on the makeshift altar, standing in his beautiful white moire vestments.



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CUTEX

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His lips moved quietly, and three soldiers in dirty fatigues knelt in back of him.

The men from the signal section showed up any time of the day or night, ready to fix the wires or install a switchboard. Trucks rumbled by, unloading supplies. Bulldozers, freed from the mat, crawled into the lagoon and came out with great loads of coral and dumped them along the road. Soon there was a surface on it, and in but a few hours it was worn as hard and smooth as if it had been made of concrete.

In the chow line, we laughed proudly about our beards. Everyone who could produce a beard—and a great many who realized they never could—was letting the hair on his face and neck grow. A tall, Ozark-voiced fellow from the QM had a luxuriant and beautiful growth. His hair was dark, but his beard turned out a handsome chestnut color. He was delighted with it, and when he came off duty late at night he would wash and dry it, holding his flashlight so he could see his bushy beard in an old mirror.

We had been on K rations, D rations and C rations for so long that it seemed to us the luxury of a cold drink would be sufficient for us to lay down our lives for our country, or for the drink itself. We did not think of fried chicken, or salads or cake, except at the peak of a growing description of things longed for. We thought of fried eggs. After eggs, came pork chops. There seems to be no one who does not love fried pork chops.

At night, the Jap bombers would come over, but they seemed to be so inaccurate that we sat outside our foxholes and watched them as the newly installed searchlights darted through the skies, trying to pick them

up. Night after night we would have two or three alerts, and many times no bombers came over. Often they were unidentified friendly planes, and we would crawl back into our cots, smoke a cigarette and finally go to sleep again.

Whatever free time we could find during the day, we spent in looking for lumber, for tin, for anything flat that we could use to build washstands, racks for our toilet articles, or to make our tents more comfortable. All lumber was supposed to be turned in to the quartermaster. No one was supposed to have any in his tent. But we watched the uncrating in the daytime, and at night we slipped out and brought back the boxes and concealed them in our tents; they made fine foot lockers. A board, large enough for a man to lay along the front of his cot to put his feet on when he jumped from bed during a raid, or on a rainy morning, was easily worth a dollar.

We hitched rides up the road to the hospital that had been installed in some huge brown tents, took all the sulphaguanidine tablets they would give us for dysentery, drank a shot of paregoric and then walked back slowly, looking for abandoned native huts. We swiped boards and bottles and pans from them. We found some mats made from coconut fronds and carried them to our tents along the back ways.

Slowly our quarters took shape. We had a board on which to set our shoes to keep them from molding, mats with their symmetrical squares on the floors, nails in the tent poles on which we hung our mess gear. It seemed that we were approaching a sort of luxury.

(Continued on Page 91)

MANNERISMS

To be civilized is to be incapable of giving unnecessary offense, to have some quality of consideration for all who cross our path. An Englishwoman once said to James McNeill Whistler that the politeness of the French was "all on the surface"; to which he replied: "And a very good place for it to be." It is this sweet surface politeness, costing so little, counting for so much, which smooths the roughness out of life.

Adapted from AMERICANS AND OTHERS: Agnes Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

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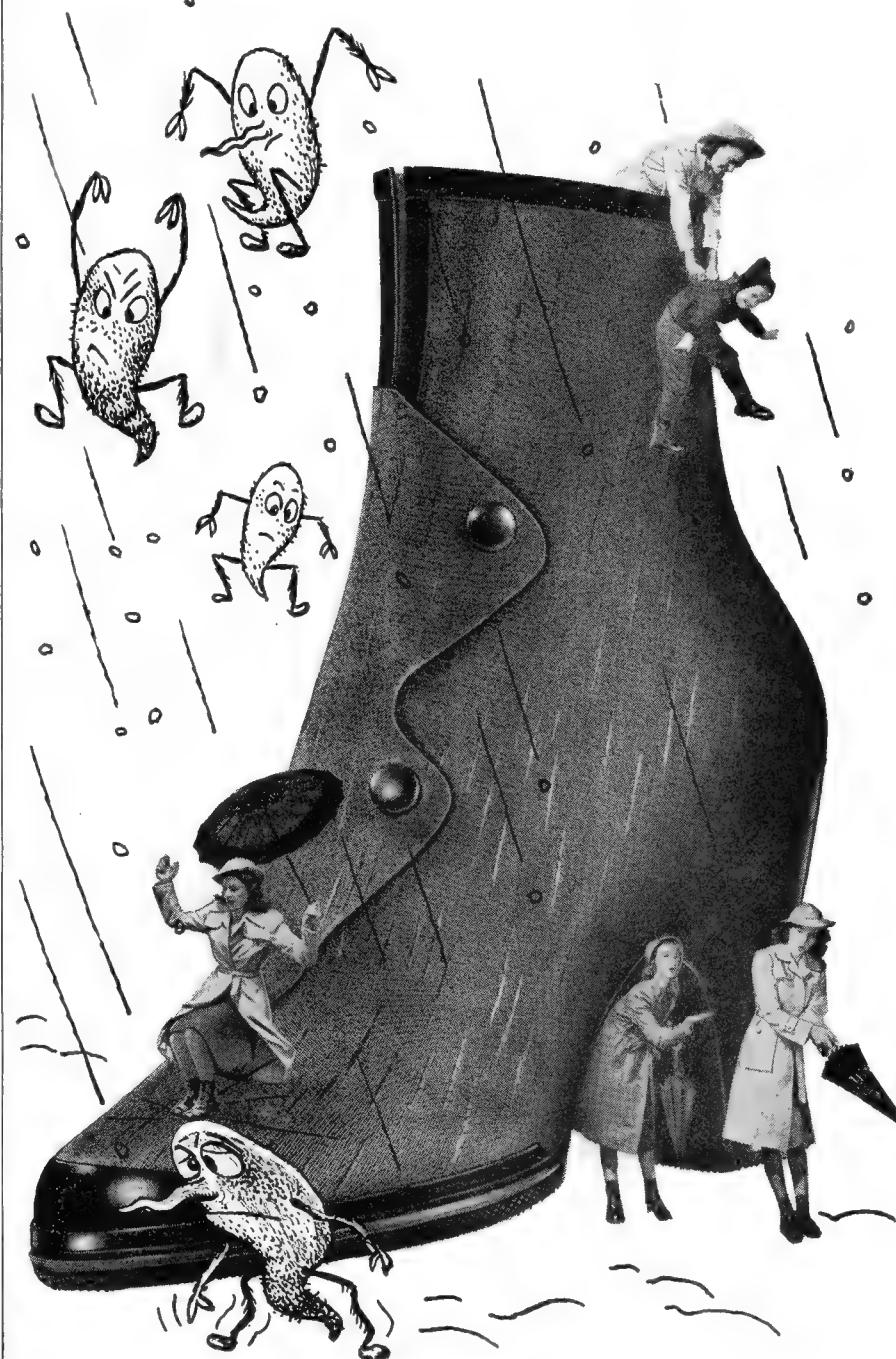
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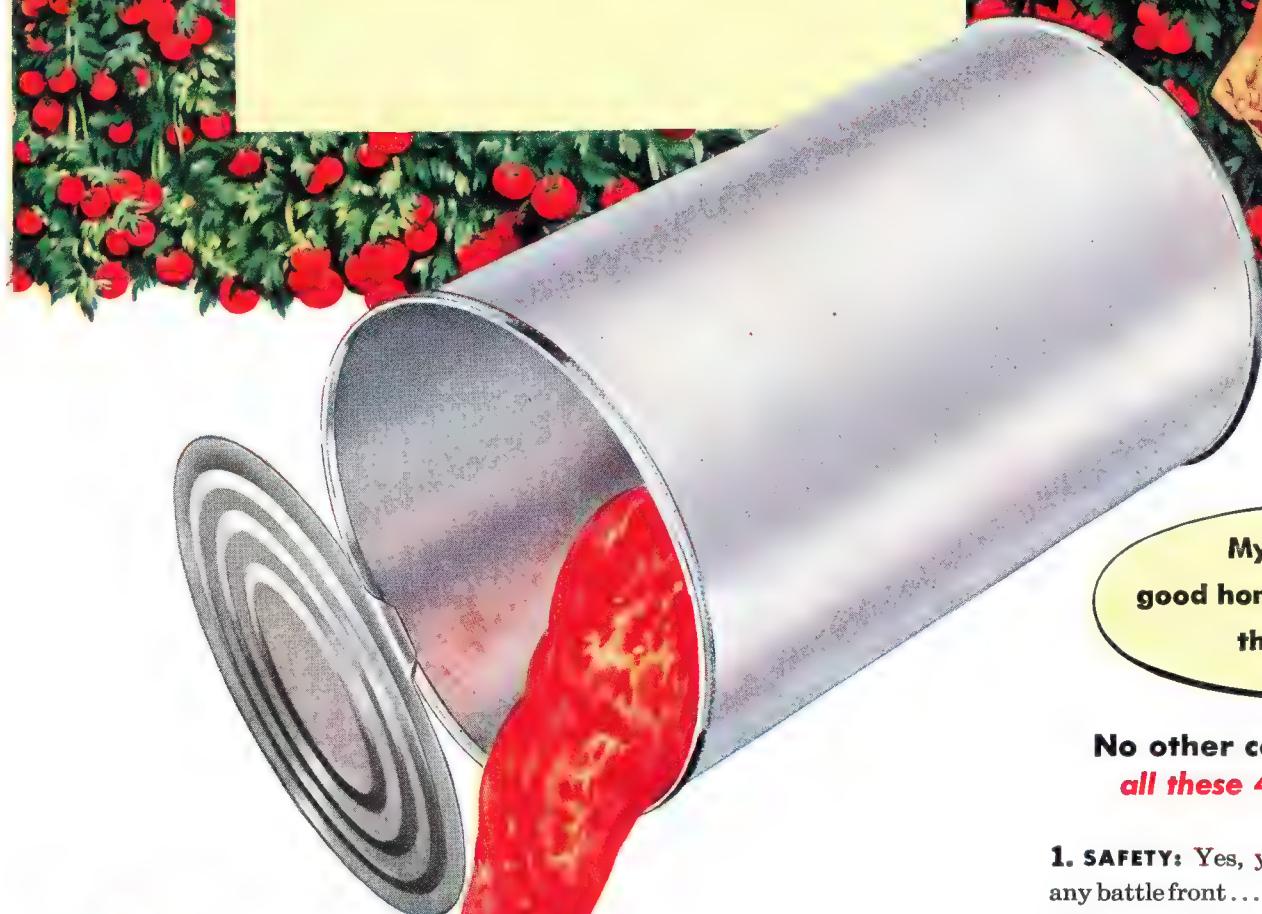
every civilian to wear rubber footwear in bad weather. And remember, when you see either HOOD or B. F. Goodrich stamped on rubber footwear, you are assured of superior materials and construction . . . resulting in complete foot protection . . . comfort . . . long, economical wear.



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**My soldier son gets
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**No other container combines
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1. SAFETY: Yes, your fighting man eats food from home on any battle front . . . because the steel-and-tin can stands up under *all* the tests of war and peace. No other container so *completely* safeguards against air, light, moisture, dirt, and spoilage!

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3. QUALITY PROTECTION: The air-and-light-tight can gives *lasting* protection to flavor, color, vitamins, and minerals. Canned foods frequently retain *more* vitamins and *more* minerals than do many foods bought in market and cooked at home.

4. CONVENIENCE: Cans are a "buy-word" for convenience. Cans don't break. They're easy to carry and easy to store. So quick and easy to chill. Easy to open, easy to dispose of. No other container gives *all* these advantages.

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Cans are Front Line Fighters! Our Army, Navy, and Air Force demand prodigious quantities of steel-and-tin cans. Therefore, the cans we have at home today are fewer than

normal peacetime needs. After Victory, cans will be back . . . better than ever . . . with new and old products. *Meanwhile, please turn empty cans in for salvage.*

(Continued from Page 89)

We had learned to lay our raincoats beside our cots, hang our steel helmets on the cross-piece at the end of the cot and our rifles on the strip we used to hold up our mosquito nets. We went to bed with our shoes faced so we could throw our legs outside the net and cause our feet to hit in them. Our raincoats, helmets and guns were handy. We could hit our foxholes in thirty seconds.

We were learning to live in the field, as we knew the field. We cut the sleeves off our shirts, the legs off our trousers. We tried to remember to put salt tablets in our canteens and to take them regularly, for from eight o'clock in the morning until we went to bed our clothing was wet with sweat. It did not make any difference what you did, you were covered with sweat all day long.

And then the dengue came. We had thought the GI's were bad, but when we got the dengue we knew that we had been very alive and happy stumbling to the lagoon fourteen to twenty times a day. The dengue begins with a sort of alternate chill and fever and a splitting headache. And then your back begins to pain you in the region at the base of the spine. We were disturbed by it at first, sick and miserable with it, but when we found there was nothing to do but sit it out, with perhaps a few aspirins to buck up the spirit, we settled down to sweat it out the five days it usually takes. A guy who looked fine one day would look as if he had been ill a month the next morning. We lost all desire to live when we got the GI's, but when we got the dengue with them, we were morbidly concerned that we might live. No man is more alone than the man who is sick and far from home. We were soon to learn that, and learn it in a way we will never forget.

But in those early days of December we were setting up and working hard, and even our sickness and loneliness and weariness could not stop our feeling that we were accomplishing something. We learned, as all soldiers do, never to sympathize with one another.

We were going over to the tent to do some work one evening. It was a beautiful sunset, rich gold streaked across blue. The moon was moving around its cycle. It would be full between ten and two and we both knew that when the next dawn came, the fighters would be in. We met one of the guys from Personnel near the adjutant's tent. He was a brown-haired, clean-looking guy from Kansas City. The guy from Bethlehem gave him a cigarette.

"Going to hit the sack?"

"Some sack time for me," he said. "I hope Bedcheck Charlie doesn't come around." It was the name we had all given to any Jap bomber who came over.

"He'll be here," we said.

"I don't think so. I got a feeling," the guy said.

"Don't try to kid the troops, bub." We gave him a shove on the shoulder.

THE guy from Kansas City squared off like a boxer. We were all a little proud that we had been through air raids and that nothing had happened to us. "I'll shoot him down with my piece. This is my rifle. I love it. It is a part of me," he said, misquoting from a documentary film he had seen, and walked on across the area, talking happily to the night.

We went into the tent, smoked a cigarette and settled down to work. The first raid, the one whose bombs did not hit in our area, came about ten o'clock.

We placed the lantern on top of the field desk so that it would throw yellow light on both our typewriters, and settled down. The wind blew against the sides of the tent and

dust made the machines gritty. We worked, listening with half our minds, as we always did, and shortly after ten we heard someone yell "Air raid!" A moment later the siren in our area began. We threw weights on the papers, turned out the lights, and headed for our bomb shelters. It was beautifully clear out, as if the high white clouds reflected some light from the earth itself. Farther up the island, sirens were picking up the warning.

Running across in front of the chaplain's tent, we leaped the muddy road, cut through the swamp, and up the little mound to our shelter. Far off to the west, we could hear the thin double-edged whine of the Jap bomber. We slipped into our raincoats and crawled into the hole. In the dark, the fellows already there gave us directions.

WE SAT hunched against the earth wall, our heads leaned forward, our hands stuck up the opposite sleeve of our raincoats, Chinese fashion, to keep the mosquitoes from our exposed skin. We talked very little, for we wanted to follow the flight of the bomber by the sound of his engines. He came down, drilling hard. It always sounded as if he would drive the ship into our shelter. Then we could hear him pass across above us. We relaxed a little. He hadn't dropped his bombs yet. A moment later, we heard the explosion far up the island. We stayed there until the all-clear sounded.

"Shall we work some more?"

"Sure."

We went back to the tent, pumped air into the lantern, and in a little while we were

working again. Just after midnight, the alarm sounded. We turned out the light, decided to call it quits for the night, and started for our shelter. We passed the adjutant's tent, where the switchboard was set up. The operator had flung earphones aside and was sounding the siren.

"Give her hell, boy!" we shouted, running.

"You said it!" He was a little fellow, hardly five feet tall, and his Army clothes never fitted him.

Again the guys were already in the shelter. We crawled in, fitted ourselves in the space against the far wall, pulled the largest gravel from under us, and settled down.

"Who's on?" the sergeant asked. He was our sergeant major, and the sounding of the alarm was part of the duties of the adjutant's section.

"Tom's on. Bud goes on at four."

"Good," he said. "That little squirt is all right. He's tougher than a bull mink."

"He's fine." We pulled coats around our ankles, protecting legs from mosquitoes.

"Bud's a good guy."

He was nervous, we knew. Bud was a quiet, sensitive guy, the kind you always want for a neighbor, but he was having a rough time of it. He had never been frightened or nervous before, but the first night, when the siren suddenly cried out during the time the heavy barrage was being laid down, something happened to him. Something came into his mind and seeped down through his nervous system, and he had never been able to throw it off. He fought it, and mentally he had it licked. He was not afraid. But when a raid started, something stronger than his mind, like a deeply subconscious memory, took charge of him. His hands began to shake, his eyes became large, the only nerves left in his body seemed to be in his ears. The sound poured through them, and he was incapable of controlling the movements of his body.

"Bud's swell," the p.f.c. from Bethlehem said.

The bomber came down, making his run, but he dropped his bombs too soon. They fell harmlessly in the lagoon. When the all-clear sounded, we crawled out, lit cigarettes and



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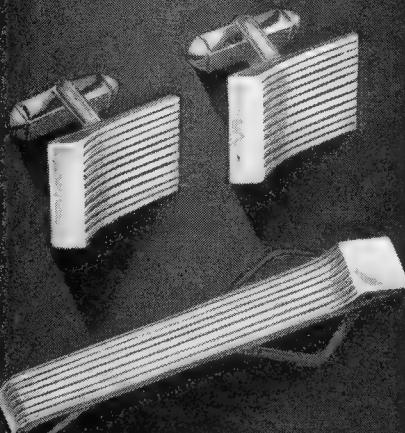
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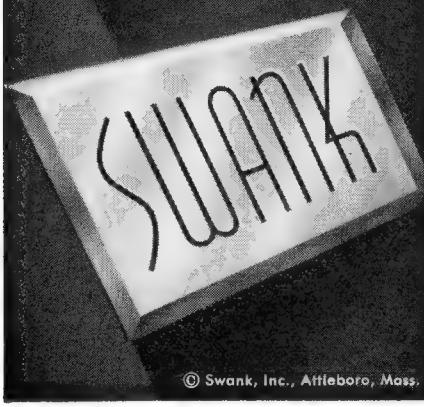


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sat idly smoking, waiting for our nerves to quiet, and then we went into the tent, carefully arranging our coats, our shoes and our helmets. Then we tucked the mosquito nets in around us. We went to sleep, fitfully.

We were suddenly hitting against our nets, shoving at them. There was a warm red light all through the tent, and a tremendous crashing in our ears. The bronze nets seemed to tighten around us like webs. We knew we had to get out of there. The other fellows were scrambling from their cots.

"Get out! It's a bombing. Get out! They're shellin' us!"

The second explosion came. There was a thunderous crashing, and an immense wave of heat engulfed us.

It's a naval shelling: the thought went quickly through my mind. *They're walking them up and down the island. Listen for the next one. If they've passed us, we're safe. If they haven't, this one will be ours.*

Suddenly we realized we were being bombed. The planes were screaming above us. We dived for the door. Just as we left the tent there was another furious explosion, and the light again. In the sudden glare, we saw one of the fellows in the next tent. He was naked, standing in the doorway, shouting, "Get the ambulance. He's hurt. Get the ambulance!"

The planes passed across again, but they were far down the island.

"He's hurt," the fellow said as we came up to the tent. He was trying to get out of the opening, and he held a young guy in his arm. The red-haired boy moaned, his head thrown back and his arm dangling. There was a huge gash below his left shoulder, just above the heart. Blood spilled from it and down his stomach.

"Lay him down. We shouldn't move him."

We tried to think of the things we had been taught. There must be shrapnel in him. We laid him carefully on the ground. The other fellow headed out for the ambulance, cutting across the swamp, naked and fast.

We looked at the kid. There was so much blood caught in his crotch that he seemed to be wounded there too. He moaned softly as we felt his back to see if the shrapnel had gone through his body and come out the other side. His back was smooth and young and strong.

"Please get the doctor," he moaned. "It hurts. Oh, it hurts."

The bomber was returning. It seemed that he was coming straight for us, and the terrible, victorious scream that all planes carry during their run split the night. It was hard to leave the kid there, but it might be fatal to move him. The shrapnel was still in him, somewhere close to the heart. It was treacherous to remain beside him, but no one could ever know a more lonely moment than he would have, injured and alone as the bomber thundered above. It rode above us now. A moment later, there was an explosion far down the island.

WHEN we bent over the boy, examining his body, our hands were warm and slippery with blood. There wasn't any other wound. If the shrapnel had traveled down in its turning, twisting flight, it had to be near his heart.

"The ambulance will be here soon."

"I'm cold," he said softly. "They aren't coming. I know it."

Yanking the blankets from a cot, we saw a towel on the top of the mosquito net. As we grabbed it, we saw a single, long slice of light coming through the side of the tent. It was the hole the simmering piece of shrapnel had made. Lifting his head gently, we slipped the towel under it and tucked the blankets around the wounded boy.

The other guy came back. "I'll get my pants on," he said and went inside.

It was only now that we realized what had happened. In all the time, we had been saying to ourselves, this is the way it would happen if we got bombed. This is the way it would happen. It must have been part of the shock, the sudden blinding light and the terror, but our minds had not accepted it. We had been saying to ourselves this is the way it would be.

We looked down at the boy's quiet face. He rolled his head a little from one side to the other as if he had to move his brain to get it to shape the words he wanted to say.

"Thanks, fellows," he said. "Thanks."

We knelt down beside him. We didn't see how he could live, but we knew that whatever years we spent in the Army, it would not be too much. Whatever happened, we would always be in there fighting for the kid who could take what he was taking, and still be humbly grateful that someone stood beside him. If we had ever been proud of a human being, it was in that quiet, dreadful moment.

"They'll be here soon," we said, looking out toward the road, listening. There was the sound of a motor, crawling in the dark. Fellows were moving from bomb shelters, speaking apprehensively. "They're coming."

"No, they won't," he said softly, his breath rushing in and out of his mouth. "I know they won't." He seemed to be talking about something he already knew as a certainty. "No, no," he said, shaking his head.



*Two Hearts on
Furlough*

By Eleanor Allotta Chaffee

Words have been ready to my hand
for years:

Dark, bitter syllables like
tarnished steel;

Grief-laden words like slow,
reluctant tears;

And sudden phrases, like the
hawks that wheel

Across the blue, then plunge, and
strike, and tear;

Rich rainbow words born of the
spring's gay season,

That for so brief a moment seem
to wear

Frail armor vulnerable to
autumn's treason.

Now you are here, I seek in vain
to find

A frame to fit the landscape of
our hearts.

Desire roams the boundaries of the
mind

And, swifter than the thought
that follows, darts

Beyond expression, to the silent
space

Where love looks, wordless, on the
lover's face.



We looked at his thin, young face, remembering when we were his age. The pictures came clear and sharp. It seemed that no world could give this sort of thing to boys his age. We had never known him well, though he had slept in the bunk next to our tier on the long trip down. We knew his voice, the slow, unhurried native Western quality of it. We knew the way he walked and the flat-brimmed old field hat he liked to wear. The brim had been creased backward on either side, forming a tricorn, and the brilliant red braid had always looked jaunty on it. That hat had been a mark of his inherent independence. He wore it on details and to work and at chow. He wore it proudly, and we were glad now that no one had ever been able to make him wear the proper uniform.

"You're going to be all right," we kept saying, but we didn't believe it. You know when it is true and when it isn't. Two fellows came running through the dark area, stumbling against the trees, for no one could use a light. "Here! Over here!" we called. The medics leaned over him while we quickly told them where he was hurt. They

slipped a needle in his arm, talked to him quietly, and then we lifted him onto the stretcher. Two of the fellows picked it up, and we walked ahead of the front bearer, holding him with one hand, reaching our other hand out to keep from hitting the trees and the shattered stumps, guiding him back toward the ambulance. We secured the litter in place.

They pulled out slowly and up toward the hospital. It was the last time we saw the kid with the cowboy hat.

The adjutant came up, stumbling through the dark, and we told him one of the boys had just been taken to the hospital. We started to the switchboard to see what had happened, why we hadn't been warned. On the way, the captain told us the bomb had landed near the officers' section and that two of the men had been seriously wounded. His own tent had been ripped to tatters, he told us, as we stepped into the back side of the adjutant's tent.

THERE was a faint night light on the field switchboard. Little Tom sat before it, his clothing dripping with water, his hair wet, his whole body shaking.

"You all right?"

"I'm all right," he said, his teeth chattering. "But it's been rough around here."

"How'd you get wet?"

"I was in the ditch." He nodded to the side of the tent. During the day, the heavy ditch digger had clawed up a deep trench to put the cables underground. It had quickly filled with the brackish water that is always just beneath the surface.

"What happened to the siren?"

"I never blew no siren," he said, trying to stop the rattling in his teeth. "I seen them planes up there, with the searchlights on them, but they never called me no warning. I reckoned they was our planes. Wasn't nobody shootin' at them. Then all to once, they begin bombin'. I jumped in the ditch." We looked at him, knowing the water must have been almost over his head. "It was rough," he said again.

"You'd better get in some dry clothes. Get some sleep," the adjutant said.

In a little while we got the all-clear. Jeeps began to move out to find what damage had been done. As well as we could learn then, we hadn't been warned because of a change in operators at headquarters. The new man had not known to telephone the Assron section when an alert was declared. But it was no time to make a thorough investigation.

It was quiet now. The trembling quiet that comes after tragedy. The commanding officer and the others were on the telephone trying to find out what had happened, and why. But even our anger at the negligence was muted by the knowledge that, whatever the cause, it was too late to do anything but punish the guilty ones, if they were guilty of negligence, and that is not much comfort.

In the dark, a flashlight came toward the tent. It seemed to bounce and jerk constantly. Bud wore his steel helmet and his raincoat and his thin white hand held the flashlight before him. His hand was shaking ceaselessly, his teeth chattering, and there was no blood left in his face. He stood there shaking like an aged man and trying to speak.

"How do you feel?" It was a stupid question, but trite things come quickly to the mind at a time like that.

His lips moved a long time before speech came. "I feel—kind—of rough," he mumbled with an appalling effort. "I—go—on duty." He held a cigarette in his white, thin fingers, the red ember jiggling endlessly.

It seemed impossible that a guy in his condition would make such a desperate effort to go on with the job the Army had given him. The trip from his shelter to the tent must have been almost insurmountable. But he would not quit. He knew what his work was, and he wanted to do it.

When the officer returned, we got Bud to the hospital. He knew he did not have to hold on any longer, and the welcome, shattering release came quickly.

After a while we could see the dawn slipping up through the coconut trees at the

(Continued on Page 95)

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



There comes spring, laughing in the window. There goes winter, away from your heart. It's Christmas, it's Thanksgiving, it's the 4th of July—you're laughing, you're crying, there are stars in your eyes—it's the day your man comes home.

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(Continued from Page 92)
 eastern end of the island. We talked easier now. The officers had had much the worst of it. Two of them were gravely injured. The one tent, where the adjutant and personnel officer slept, had over a hundred and twenty-five holes in it, and yet neither of them had been touched. They walked restlessly, realizing how close death had been. They tried to laugh and say that Bedcheck Charlie had made Christians out of them if they hadn't been believers before. We all tried to laugh, because laughter and tears are the things that are most cleansing. Men often cry, silently or loudly, but there are times when tears are useless and unnecessary. There are times when you have seen men behave with such deep selflessness that an exaltation rises in you and the emotional catharsis is complete. Those are not times when you laugh or cry, though it would seem more natural. It was dawn now. We were all changed, and we knew it.

The chaplain walked down the road from the hospital and came into the tent. "How are they?"

"They are alive. The major is doing everything he can. There isn't much hope for —" He mentioned the officer whose leg had been almost completely blown away. "The shrapnel is close to the boy's heart. It closed the arteries. They are sleeping now."

"They should have some coffee ready at the mess hall."

"Yes."

"How was it in your tent?" the adjutant asked.

The chaplain smiled a little. "I was lying on my side. A piece of shrapnel went through my pillow, between my face and the cot."

"I saw you talking to the fellows," the captain said. He was anxious for the chap-

lain to know that we were proud and grateful that he had stayed with the injured men, while the bombs were falling around them, hearing the things dying men believe they must rip from their souls.

The chaplain smiled, a removed, quickly passing smile. "I think I'll see if the coffee is ready."

The boys in the mess hall worked as fast as they could. The line was long and restless. Someone had decided it would be a good idea for the enlisted men to see where the bomb had fallen and the damage it had done. But when the fellows came back from looking at the shattered tents and the piece of a foot that still lay close to the bloody cot, they were silent and uneasy.

Before breakfast was over, two men had fainted. They were taken to the hospital, and extra water and cots were rushed up to form a makeshift shock ward. Our casualties were small in comparison to combat outfits, and our reactions may seem unworthy, but we are administrative and paper workers, and we do not go into the combat area with the same psychological preparation that the tactical units have. Perhaps we are of a different temperament, or we would be in the fighting units. Perhaps more than anyone else we beguile ourselves with the belief that it will happen to someone, but not to us. It is the way all men go into battle. No one can fight if he believes it is going to happen to him.

ASIDE from the investigation, the tightening of responsibility, the paper work was forgotten for a while. We all dug deeper, put more logs and sand on top of our bomb shelters, and arrangements were made for an officer and a noncommissioned officer to be on duty all night long. An order was sent to the signal section and a telephone installed in the bomb shelter at the hospital so they could answer the telephone during an air raid. There would be no more men running a mile up the road during a raid to get an ambulance. These were things we had to learn.

It is difficult to say properly, but it is true that the few men who die as a result of these things save the lives of a great many. They

die without honor and without praise, they are never heroes, but the men who die that all of us may learn give themselves in thankless quietness. We did not know this until later, when we had had time to think of it. That morning we were angry.

In the tropical, warm morning we finished

making our shelters more secure. We were

walking back toward the office tent when we

heard planes, the heavy roaring of many

planes. There had been no alarm, and the

planes were already on us. They were coming

up from the southwestern end of the island.

We ran out to the road and looked down

toward the noise.

They came quickly, flying tight formation. They came in just above the tops of the trees, and we yelled as loudly as we could. They were fighters, our fighters!

THEY had buzzed the mat no plane had touched yet, christening it, and now they roared across the trees above us, causing the coconut fronds to sway. We didn't know the men who flew them, and never would, but in their coming they held such unlimited, roaring confidence that our throats tightened with the pride we felt. Those were our planes, screaming their arrival. Our mat was ready. The food, the tents, the bombs, the ammunition and gas and oil were ready.

"Come on down!" we yelled.

They circled off to the end of the island and banked against the clear high sky. Planes have a wonderful way of looking as if they will come down when they are good and ready. They look like that, though it isn't true.

The whole formation, flying tight v's of three, banked against the sky. One by one they came down, banging loudly on the new mat. They roared down to the end, turned off, and taxied back to the places where our guys stood with flags to wave them into position.

"Now let them come," we told one another. "Now let them come. Did you see that formation? Bud, that's flying!"

Long after they had landed, we looked at the sky, remembering how they had looked up there.

As we turned back toward the tent, the chaplain came along on his way to the hospital. A tireless man, he had dysentery, but somehow he had always managed to keep going—and the hours of the chaplain are not the hours of anyone else. Whatever hour of the day or night he is needed, he goes to the man who wants him. Now, as he pulled his jeep up in front of the office, he smiled and asked if anyone wanted to ride up with him.

We got our sulphaguanidine and paregoric, and waited outside the brown tent until he came out. The medical officer came out with him. The chaplain and the medical officer were talking about gardening. We walked around the tent with them, and saw the three long boxes. Already the tomato and cucumber and radish seedlings were above the earth.

"Those tomatoes look swell."

"They do, don't they? The boys take good care of them. I'll say that."

We drove slowly down the coral road, past the tents that had been erected for the fighter groups that were already down on the mat.

Even before we hit the tent, we knew that something unusual had happened. Mail was in. Four stuffed gray bags had just been thrown on the ground in front of the tent. One of our own men had been placed on special detail with the post office. He was a medium-sized stocky guy who wore nothing but a pair of G.I. shoes and a pair of faded purple swim trunks. His beard was heavy, and his chest and stomach were covered with curly black hair; it was hard to believe that he was only twenty-two. Until you saw his smile. It flashed quick and broad, somewhere near the top of the beard.

"Sure, that's mail," he said, flinging his hand toward the bags. "What do you think?"

We took our mail in our hands, and walked away. There was no permission asked of anyone; we just knew that, after waiting so

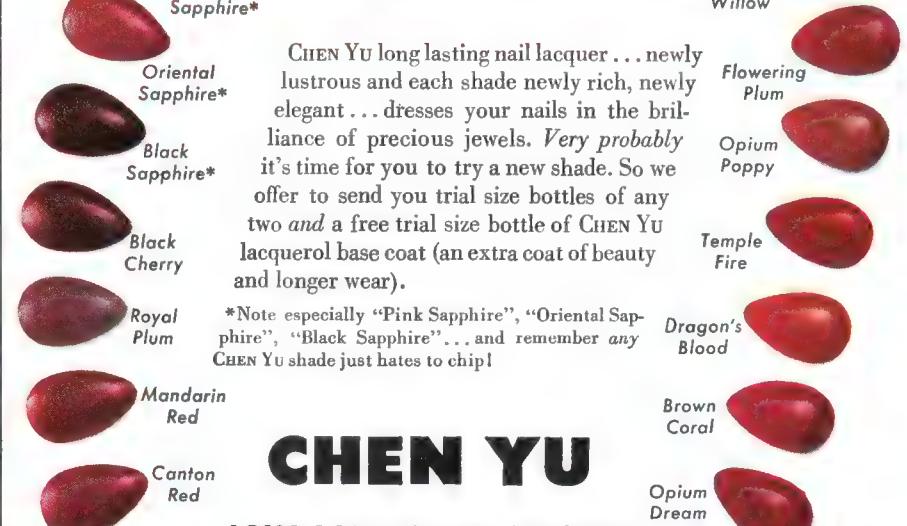
FREEDOM'S KEY

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PARFUMS ANJOU
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

long, we were going off somewhere alone and sit quietly and read our mail in a way that would give us the feeling that we were again with those who loved us.

They say the wheel is important to civilization, and the calendar, but on mornings like this they could have put the world on sleds and stopped counting the days. The most unbelievable thing in the world was the written word, written in the familiar script of someone we loved.

Sitting in quietness, we held the letters in our hands, knowing that inside there would be things like, "Your father is working late tonight, and I have to keep his supper warm for him. We wish you were here to help us eat it." It isn't a lot, but, sitting on a strange island, we could remember the way the green linoleum was worn by the sink, we could hear the radio playing, and see the evening paper, dropped under the light at the end of the blue divan. Those things weren't strange to us.

Kicking aside the coconuts and the dead fronds, leaning against the gray, busted trunk of a tree, we read, "Darling, I miss you so. You don't know what I'd give to hear your voice. I think I'd faint, honey. I look at your picture and I forget how tired I am. I would gladly work all day and all night for years, if it would just bring you home one minute sooner. I miss you tonight, darling."

These were the letters that came in the mail, and made the world seem well again. We picked up the one in the pretty blue envelope; not the one on plain paper that mother used. We picked up the one we had torn open too quickly, ripping the envelope, and pulled out the six pages. And then we hunched against the tree and read more than there was there, for on mornings like this even the written word doesn't seem like a lot of progress. It doesn't say all the things she wanted to say; you have to sort of read things into it, but you know that those things are there.

After a while we went back to work, thinking we could read them again in the evening. That was the time to read mail, really, in the evening, when you could best remember how things used to be.

The mail sergeant came into the tent with the letters in his hand. He had a little package dangling in his left hand, and he stopped in front of the captain.

"These are for the fellows who were hurt," he said. "Maybe I had better hold on to them, sir, eh?"

The captain looked up, and struck the eraser of his pencil against his teeth a few times. "Yeah, just hold on to them."

"This is for —" He mentioned the name of the boy with the shrapnel buried by his heart. "It must be a Christmas package." He looked at it as if it held some emergency within itself.

"Just hold it," the captain said.

"It is the first Christmas package we got," the sergeant said, and took it back to the mail tent.

OTHER planes came in, fleet fighters, quick in the sky. The mail, and the arrival of the ships, filled us with exaltation. We talked quickly, grinning. We called the hospital, but the wounded were still unconscious. It was impossible to evacuate them to a larger hospital on the island to the south and east.

We were just closing up for evening chow when word came that two bombers were coming in, one badly shot up. When we first saw them, they were away out on the horizon, as if they were just rising from the water. They came toward us slowly, growing in size. One seemed to hover above the other as if watching over it. We looked at the mat and back to the approaching planes.

"Can he bring her down on that?"

The runway wasn't long enough. It hadn't been designed for heavy bombers.

Now they were coming closer. We could see their split tails, the round nacelles of their

engines. The lower one was coming directly to the mat. He wasn't circling the field or waiting for anything. He was lumbering down, crawling back from a frightful journey.

Suddenly we realized something. That gleaming black thing on the right wing, that thin shroud, was smoke. The wing was on fire.

There is nothing you can say when a plane is in trouble, nothing you can do. You wonder what the crew is doing, if they are still alive. You look at the ship and think, *He'll go up when she hits the mat. That wing will buckle. He'll go up!*

We looked at the fighters, tucked back against the sides of the runway. Above us the other bomber roared guardedly, circling over the field. The burning plane lowered itself down toward the mat, losing altitude quickly. All the support, the flight, seemed to have gone out of its wings. Like a gigantic dying bird, it settled. The space of blue water, between the lowering wheels and the white coral at the end of the mat, closed.

"He's too far out," we muttered, bracing ourselves.

THE crash truck and the ambulance sped down the field until they reached the white coral, and turned in a whirl of dust. And then the giant black wheels hit the mat. There was a loud, angry screeching. The burning wing slanted, tipped toward the ambulance. The pilot jerked the left wing down quickly. The plane almost rose again. It wobbled. The No. 2 propeller was feathered. The ambulance and crash truck followed cautiously, ready to rush in. But the big ship reached for the mat again, grabbed it and held. It raced down toward us, its nose moving from one side to the other. It rattled off the near end of the mat, losing speed, approaching us. Instinctively we moved behind trees, our stomachs tight.

The brake tightened on the left wheel, and the big ship swung off the runway and toward the road. It kept rolling toward the lagoon, the wide wings lurching ungracefully as the plane struck the ruts. And then the wing crashed against a pandanus tree.

The ship struggled a little, the nose went down, and the propellers bent themselves on the coral. Out of the side windows and down through the belly and out of the top hatch, the men climbed and leaped. We could see their orange life preservers in the fading light. We watched them, listening for them to yell, but they were silent in the settling dust of the crash. We looked at the giant down-tilted nose of the ship and the huge picture of the lovely naked girl on her side.

The other bomber circled the field and then came in. We walked back up the road, as the ambulance pulled away with the wounded and the dead, wondering who were in the crew and where they were from. We didn't look back when the other bomber landed and pulled smartly into place. We had forgotten that the field wasn't designed for bombers. Not until later did we stop to marvel at the husky, red-haired man of twenty-one who somehow set his big bomber and her crew down on the short mat, ready to help the men of his sister ship.

"We'll take them back with us tomorrow," he said, when we sat in the dusk outside the mess tent, squinting to make sure there were no flies in our food. He was heavy, and his chest forced his sweaty shirt open to his waist. It could never have been big enough for him. "We'll dump everything that's aboard, but we'll get off."

We put some cots in a tent for the enlisted men of the crews, and made sure there was a bomb shelter for them near by. Back in the open space between the chaplain's tent and the squadron headquarters tent, we found them standing in a small knot. The flashlight on the field desk sent its thin beam up toward the ceiling.

"It's like writing a letter," the right waist gunner said when we asked him how it felt to have the five Zeros sweep down on them



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over Mille. "It's like writing a letter. You think about it and then you do it," he said in his strong Minnesota voice. "You think about it all the way out, and then, suddenly, it's there and you do it."

They didn't talk much at first, but kept glancing at one another in the pale light, their faces sober and expressionless. They lighted cigarettes and then put them out.

"It was a beautiful crash landing."

"Yeah. The landing gear was busted." We hadn't known about the gear. That's why the giant ship had kept throwing her head from one side to the other as if she were mortally wounded.

"Our radio was shot out. Texas brought us in. We'd never made it, noway, without Texas. He's goin' to take us back to our base tomorrow."

Now that they were itemizing the vastness of their wounds, they talked easier, still unable to believe it.

"One engine was out and the wing was on fire."

"We sweated her all the way from Mille. We thought she'd blow up. I don't know why she didn't."

It was dark outside now, and they leaned on the desk, relaxing. They were all young and thin, and they wanted to smoke and talk and make sure they were still alive. The right waist gunner had tried to laugh. It had seemed so ridiculous when the pilot had started to set them down.

"After all that time, expecting her to blow any minute, it seemed funny. It seemed funny seeing the tops of them trees pass us. I wanted to laugh. I don't know why, but it seemed funny that we was going to make it."

The boy from New York City, the belly gunner, lit his cigarette. The flare made the white bandage around his head seem large and clean. One of the Japs had shot the helmet right off his head.

"My grandfather went through the Civil War and only got a scratch on his head," he grinned. "Maybe I got my quota."

THEY talked about the different types of Jap planes that had hopped them when they left Mille. The wind was blowing up, and the fronds rattled above the tent. In the pale light, we saw a bunch of natives go down the path and past the two chaplains who talked earnestly across the way.

"He came in too high for me," the nose gunner said. He was thin and boyish-looking, and he scratched impatiently at the edge of the desk with his fingernail. "He was too high. I couldn't do nothing."

"No, you couldn't do nothing," they assured him.

And in a moment they were talking of their engineer, and how he had been wounded in the foot by the flak they got over Mille. But it hadn't stopped him, they said. All the way back he had hobbled about the ship, salving the gas tanks in the bomb bays, throwing everything he could overboard. They were afraid he had ruined his wounded foot, using it so much, but it had helped them to get back. He had kept them alive.

They looked at one another closely, but they did not smile. It was hard to tell why they could not relax. The fellows looked up at the sky and talked of little things, about the way they had prepared for the crash landing, the books they had been reading on the way out. They talked evasively, as if they were preparing for something which waited ahead of them.

One of the chaplains came over and spoke to the young kid who worked the nose guns. "We'll have the funeral at nine o'clock in the morning."

The fellows did not answer, but nodded their thanks.

"Good night." The chaplain walked away.

They sat sidewise on the benches in the back of the truck, and smoked. They were going to the funeral in their battle fatigues and with their faces unshaven. We knew they had no other clothing to wear, but when we offered to loan them razors, they had all said, no, no, thanks. There wasn't much of a funeral they could give their bud.

(Continued on Page 99)

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A Corner at the Canteen

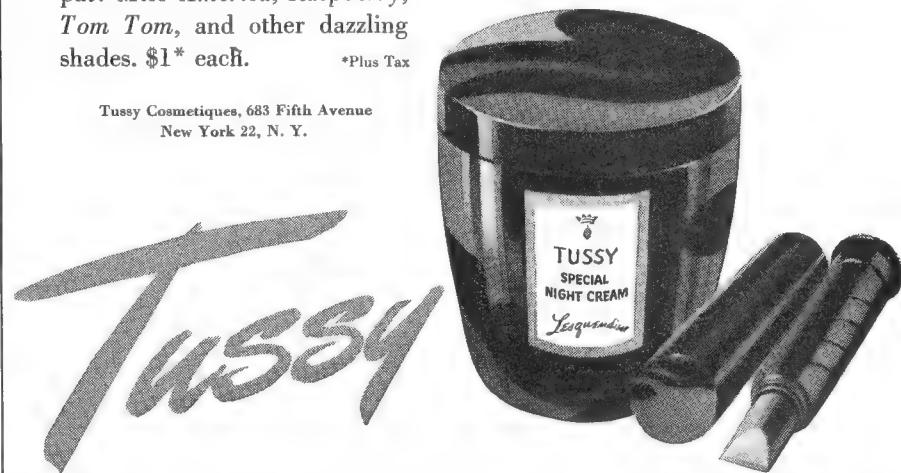


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BATH TOWELS • CHENILLE MATS • DISH TOWELS

(Continued from Page 97)

who had died in the most lonely position in the ship. They couldn't clean up, or carry flowers, or even fire their guns. They were going down to the other end of the strange island while he was buried quickly, and they wanted to go as they were. They washed their faces and combed their hair: that was the way he had always known them.

The truck moved off, following the chaplain's jeep. We had to turn out to the edge of the mat, around the crashed plane. Already, mechanics were scrambling over her, salvaging her parts, saving them for other ships. In the days that followed, piece after piece was stripped from the plane, and when only the carcass was left, it was pulled back beneath the trees. As we moved past her, the fellows looked at her thoughtfully.

There were already graves in the little fenced area, dating from the first day the infantry had landed. We saw the grave and the box on the far side, and walked toward it. The chaplain spoke to the men who waited there, and to the tall thin boy with the bugle, the soldier who would blow taps. The boy nodded, turned his back reverently, wet his lips, and experimented with the lip piece. The chaplain looked at the fellows, and waited until the tractor had passed across the road and into the lagoon, and then he opened his Bible and began the service.

It is not pleasant to inter the young. It is not good to know your buds are buried on a flimsy little atoll where they never placed their feet, but it must be done. There is no burial in the sky.

The chaplain read clearly above the noise of the trucks and planes, voicing the heartful things that can be said. He asked God to take unto Him those who died in honor.

Though he did not say it, he was asking God to give security and peace to a kid who had never known it. What is there in youth anywhere that is secure, what is there that is made permanent before the muscles and the mind are formed? What could he have had? A great deal, a very great deal. He could have had hope, and the knowledge of things gained, he could have had the joy of plans realized, of work accomplished. He could have had the future. He could have had more than a few hours in the sky and a grave near the shattered, alien trees. The boy with the bandage on his head knew that. He had told us so.

In the early morning, while we sat on the ground eating the hot hash, he had told us, "He was a swell guy. Come from someplace in Maine. It must have been nice on that farm up there, quiet. I used to see farms, bummin' round." Now the kid, who wanted to scratch his itching, wounded head, stood rigidly at attention because they were playing taps for the tail gunner from Maine.

If there is anything that caresses the dead, it is the gentle notes of taps. Heard in the bright sun, in the clear Pacific morning, they seemed to say the things we could not. The notes lifted, unhurried, into the air above us. They took with them all that we felt for the tail gunner. He was alone now in the quietness where the spirit waits. The burial fields are bound and seasonal, but the heavens are exultant and fit for the brave. We gave our young and dead to the skies; the skies will keep them.

WE WALKED back to the truck and climbed in. The boy with the bugle came over and called, "Can I ride up with you?"

"Sure. Hop in."

He laid the golden bugle on the damp floor of the truck, and pulled himself up beside us. When the truck got onto the road and began to roll, he leaned over and asked quietly, "How did I do? Did it sound all right?"

We nodded. "Sure. It sounded fine."

The sun waited in the morning sky.

"I sure wanted it to sound good," he said. It was almost noon when the crowded bomber roared down the mat, rose slowly,

gaining only a few feet before she left the mat, and passed out across the water. But she didn't turn directly south to her base. She stayed out there, gaining altitude, and then she came back toward the atoll, riding fast. Suddenly she went into a dive, buzzing the ground where the boy had been buried, telling him good-bye. After she had passed, a little twister of dust rushed around and around inside the fenced plot, and finally climbed into the air, catching in the glistening sun.

We could see the pattern taking shape, the pattern of our landing and setting up. Our forces were gathering; soon they would be striking west of us. Even now, in the quiet times, we heard planes, based on islands to the east, passing high above on their way west. The young kid who had kept the red braid on his hat had a resurgence of life, as if there was something he wanted to say. The boys at the hospital thought he was going to rally and tell them the thing he muttered endlessly, but the effort was valiant like the braid on his hat. The braid belongs to another unit, the field artillery; the words did not relate to this life. We buried him, and the young officer, beside the boy from Maire, and we went ahead with our work. It is appalling how quickly you no longer miss the dead.

THE mosquitoes, and flies, the dysentery and dengue, ate at all of us. In the mornings, fellows struggled up the road to sick call. We worked whatever hours were demanded. We dug wells and hoisted oil drums for showers, and when we soaped ourselves our hands slid over bones that seemed suddenly to have risen to the surface of our skins. Most of us lost a sixth of our weight, and we talked of the good things we would eat when we got back.

The heavy-set blond guy from Pennsylvania who drove the ambulance backed it carefully between the trees near the adjutant's tent, laid some palm fronds across the top, and came over.

"How's the GI's?"

"Still here."

"I brought you some medicine."

The warm water made it even harder to swallow the large white pills. They went down slowly, but we would have taken pills the size of biscuits if they would have done any good.

"How's Bud?"

"He walks around. He's shaky. The major tries to find something for him to do."

"Air raid!" the kid at the switchboard yelled. While he telephoned the medics and the officers' section, warning them, we sounded the siren. When the long rising and falling alarm had been sounded, and we could hear its cry moving up the island, we cut across the back swamp and dived into our bomb shelter. It was seven-fifteen, the time the snipers had always come in on the infantry boys, plugging away with the knee mortar. We were getting it now. We could hear that strangely split sound of the double-engine bomber. He had come in above our fighters, and now they had to wait for him out to the west of us. The heavy artillery opened up. We hunched against the earth, feeling it dribble down our necks.

We no longer went outside to watch. Something had happened to us. We were shaky and careful. It was the loss of energy and vitality, we knew. The dengue fever not only sapped our strength, but it did something to our minds. We became cautious, and it was harder not to think that this time it would be ours. The roaring of the engines caused us to huddle closely, hearing our own breaths. It wasn't terror and fear as we had known it before, but a sort of fatalistic apathy, a feeling that our number was close to the surface. There was nothing to explain it but the sickness and the hard work and the endless raids.

(Continued on Page 101)



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OLD LACE

OLD MASTER

CASCADE

LOUIS XIV



TOWLE Sterling

(Continued from Page 99)

"Oh, that — — —," we breathed, hoping our artillery would knock him into a thousand flaming pieces.

And then his motors came on, loud and close. And even before they began to squeal in their climb, we heard the bomb. Our skins crawled with its thin, rushed, intermittent whistling. We felt that this was it.

We tried to think of all the things that would be left; the ones who would miss us. But halfway through each remembrance, the loud, broken whistling ripped the thought, and we clutched the wet earth, hoping we would never know the moment it exploded.

It was diminishing. It had passed us. Our prayers changed quickly: *Don't let it fall in the mess area, not in the subdepot area. They're too crowded in there! No, don't let it fall in there!*

There was just a moment of silence. The explosion rocked the earth, and sand dribbled down between the logs. Another came, and a third. The whole island seemed to shake.

We lay there, silenced by the knowledge that they hadn't missed this time. They had laid them on the island, one close to us and two down near the runway.

When the all-clear sounded we crawled out and took off our raincoats. Our bodies were drenched with sweat. We opened our fatigues to dry the sweat as we walked across to the headquarters to see if we were needed.

The ambulance driver and the boy from the switchboard were trying to decide how far down the islands they had hit. We began to relax. No calls had come through the switchboard reporting damage in the bivouac areas. We began to think they had landed back in the woods, away from the tents.

A jeep came roaring up, and a young officer leaped out and ran toward us. "Where's the chaplain? Quick, where's the chaplain?"

We started for the chaplain's tent, and then we saw the father running toward us.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"In the infantry area, the new fellows who just came in," the lieutenant said. "I've got a jeep."

"Get the ambulance."

THE blond heavy-set boy began pulling the camouflage fronds from the top of the ambulance. "Come with me."

We started down the pale road, our eyes held on the taillight of the jeep.

"Take my mosquito net down." The driver nodded to the back of the ambulance. He had placed his mosquito net over the litter in which he slept at night. "The plasma, is it back there?"

"Yeah."

"I can't see a thing. Get on the running board and help me. I can't see a thing."

We crawled through the ruts, between the trees. Ahead we could see a faintly lighted circle and a group of men, sprawled and kneeling and standing.

We grabbed a litter and pushed our way through. Around the area a dozen men lay, their clothing torn, their bodies bloody, their heads rolling from side to side in pain and shock and terror. The doctor was examining them as quickly as he could, but it was the chaplain who moved quickest, kneeling, the rosary held in his left hand, his free hand searching the stunned soldier's neck quickly for the dog tag. In the dim light his broad shoulders bent over a dark-faced Italian boy. His hand found the chain, pulled the dog tag up and into the dim light so the name would be said carefully to the Lord the way it should be. He moved from one to another, hardly straightening, whispering prayers, hearing mumbled, incoherent confessions, saying last rites.

"FATHER!" they called. "Father!" There was no one else they trusted now. They had been struck senseless, shocked and betrayed. All that remained rational was their prayers to God.

The chaplain passed among them in the troubled light. He moved among them, bending quiet ear to trembling lips, laying a hand and a rosary against the drained faces. He talked quickly, for the words he said were the words God meant men to know on earth.

When the doctor marked two of them to be moved, we carried them to the ambulance and started carefully toward the road. The boy in the bottom litter was quiet. He did not move or talk or open his eyes. The Italian boy's eyes were glazed with terror. The doctor had said that his back was hurt and he moaned softly, staring.

"Oh, it came so close, it came so close," he mumbled.

We would soon be there, we assured him, and he could have the cold water he wanted so badly. His fatigue shirt was ripped and torn, and his belt had been broken by the concussion. Sand and bits of coral were embedded in his skin, but only his eyes moved. He asked for the father and for water, and he said they had come so close.

There was a little sign marked "Surgical" beside the tent, and we carried him between the heavy black oil drums filled with sand, and placed the litter on the table. In a moment the doctor came in. He wore only his blue-striped pajama trousers, and went straight to the soldier.

"Now, sonny, where do you hurt? I'm the doctor. We'll get you fixed up all right."

The boy looked at him and said nothing. He just rolled his head with his eyes wide open. Even when the father hurried in, the boy would not talk. He looked as if never again would he trust anyone.

The doctor's sensitive hands passed over the sandy body, but they could find nothing.

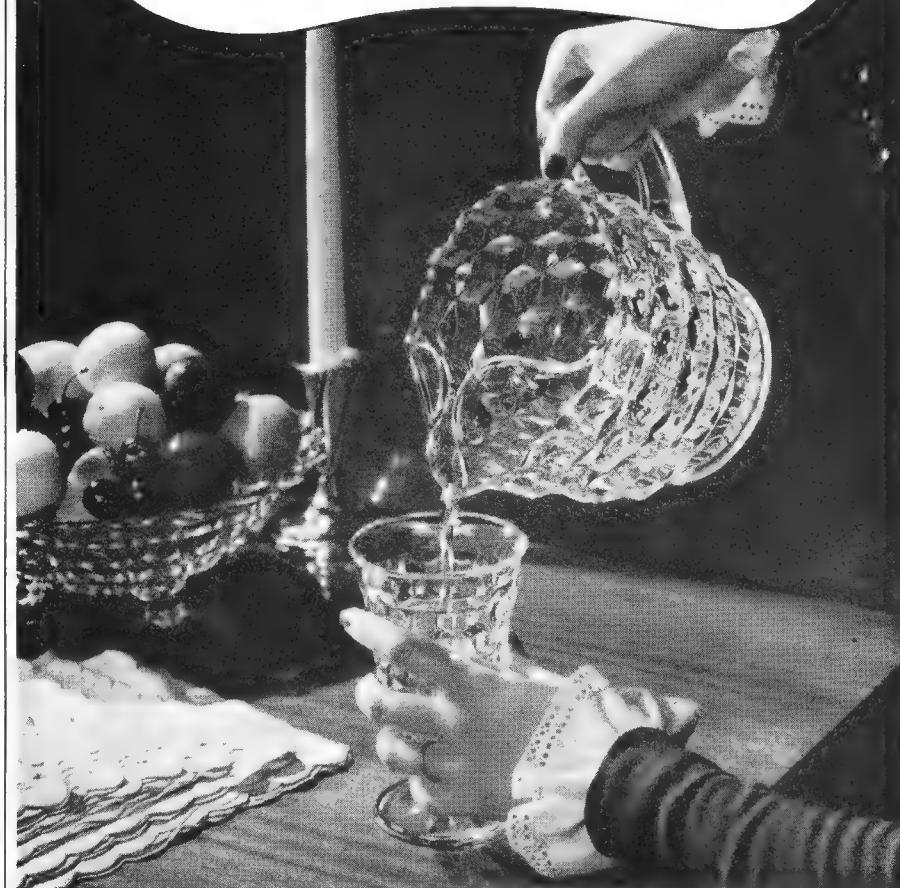
"My back," the boy said finally.

Slowly and carefully the tattered clothing was slipped from his body. There was no wound on him. He trembled from shock and concussion, and he opened and closed his lips, meaning he wanted a cigarette.

When they put a warm blanket around him, the boys from the medical section carried him into another tent, and the next casualty was placed on the table.

(Continued on Page 103)

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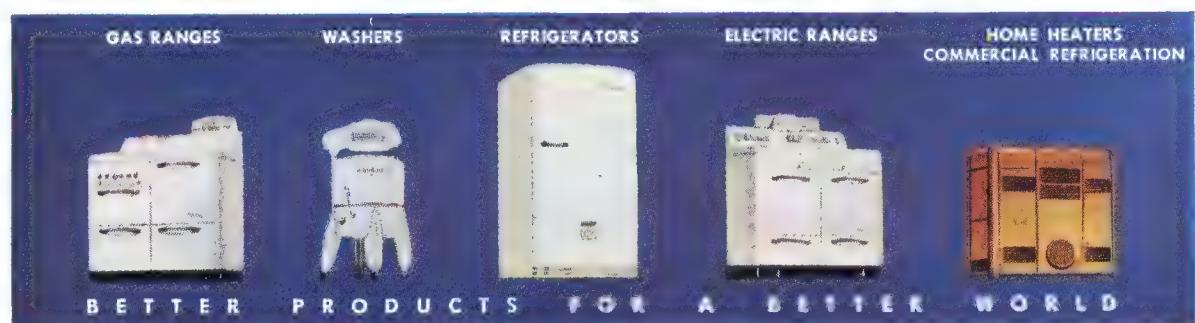
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HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES



(Continued from Page 101)

Inside the dispensary tent, the medics were patching up some of the fellows who had surface wounds; fellows who had been scratched and punctured by a collapsing bomb shelter. It had hit close to one shelter, pounding those men with concussion and shock, and collapsing the shelters near by.

We sat outside, and smoked and waited. It was a dark night now, with the stars high and golden, and the lights inside the tents seemed very yellow. The smell of medicine and disinfectant moved in the air, and the fishy wet odor of the sea mingled with it. We talked of the raid and the way shock could dislocate the reason of one man, and leave another with his reason but no control over his nervous system.

The medical officer came out and thanked us, and said they were making coffee for us. "Can I do anything else for you?" he asked.

"Yes, give us a GI shot."

He poured the paregoric into a small glass, mixed some sulpha powder with it, and we drank the bitter stuff. Outside, we could smell the coffee. It tasted warm and good.

We left the hospital, and drove slowly down the road. The lights caught against the gray trunks of the trees, and the palms rattled above us. It was wind, and we hoped there was rain in it, rain that would keep the bombers away.

"Tomorrow is the day before Christmas," someone said. "Boy, who would believe it?"

We crawled beneath our mosquito nets and into our cots.

"I feel like I been hit with a steam shovel."

"They must be getting ready for Christmas back home. Cooking and shopping. Let's see; five hours—no, it's about four o'clock in the morning. My girl's in bed!"

"Oh, man!"

After a little while, we went to sleep.

It was five o'clock at home when the next raid came. We crawled into the shelter and hunched in our places, but this time it was dark, and rain clouds were floating across the island. The bombs fell harmlessly in the lagoon. We stumbled back to bed, keeping our flashlight on only long enough to kill the mosquitoes inside our nets. And then we fell back and back, as if we were going downward in deep, restful pits.

We were hardly asleep when the siren ripped into the night again. We were stunned and exhausted. We grabbed our coats and helmets, thinking that all this was going to build up to something. They were hitting us and hitting us, and pretty soon they'd throw something at us.

When we came out of the shelter, scratching and tired and aching, daylight was coming up on the northeast corner of the island.

"Maybe they got some coffee at the mess hall. The cooks go on at four o'clock."

THE corporal laid his book down. "No, bud, we couldn't start the fires until the all-clear," he said. His round, tired face broke with a grin. "What you want, egg in your beer?" He looked again at the copy of Shakespeare, and then flipped open the stove.

"What's that?"

"Correspondence school, college credits. Hey, Greek!" he yelled. "Bring in the batter!"

We walked back to the area and washed our faces. Then we sat down by the well we had dug, and talked in broken, unfinished sentences.

"Wonder who those jerks are who are always yapping about soldiers not knowing what they're fighting for."

"Beats me."

"Tell 'em to blow it out their barracks bag! I think I'll write and ask them if they know what they're working for. If they're working."

"I'd like to know what we're not fighting for."

It was sunrise, brilliant and clear. The dark clouds had moved off and the birds flew out, squawking in the trees above us. We remembered all the things we had felt and known in the moments when the bombs were creasing our hair, in the times when we carried our stunned and senseless fellow men to the hospital. We remembered the Christmas that was coming. We remembered the fellows who were already off for another plane and another mission.

Most of what we are fighting for is here with us, along with our pain and weariness and hunger and fear and fight, along with the things men feel when their lives are stripped to essentials. Those things are with us and will come back with us, and we know now that that is what we are fighting for as much as anything. We are fighting to gain a world in which we can live with all the qualities born in us expressed and freed.

HEAVINESS held to our bodies and sleeplessness tingled around our eyes. We went about our work in an indulgent stupor, dragging, hardly speaking. The loneliness, made vivid by the holiday season, waited in our weariness, like a beguiling enemy.

The sun came up slowly, behind milky clouds, hardly brightening the skies. We wanted to write letters home, but knew it would be weeks before they were delivered. The things we felt now, the things we wanted our loved ones to know, would be belated and out of proportion in the quiet times of January and February. We shoved the stationery from us; after Christmas we would write, after the loneliness had passed.

It was almost ten o'clock when we heard the loud roaring. We walked out on the road and looked at the sky far down the treeless path. Above the misty horizon clouds, a flight of planes approached.

They were flying in tight v's, as clean and even as arrows. They came on, steady and sure and confident. They were our heavy bombers, going to blast the enemy. His runways and fuel and planes would be bombed. He wouldn't be able to hit us back on Christmas. There would be no peace on earth and very little good will, but it would be quiet. Somebody was seeing to it that we had as good a Christmas as possible.

Approaching us, they disappeared into the mist. We could hear their engines, loud and driving, and suddenly they broke from the clouds, almost directly over us. We watched them driving off to the west, breaking the horizon with their swift passage. We prayed quietly that they would all return.

We went back to our work, and the loneliness we had felt was not so heavy in us. We were learning the pattern of things about us. In the Pacific atolls there would always be but few brief days and hours when men would fight side by side, when they would know the fellow who fought along with them. They would be the infantrymen and the marines who established the beachheads and drove across the thin islands, destroying the fanatical enemy. For all the rest of us, our fellow soldiers would remain unknown. In the day and in the night, they would pass in the sky above us. Slipping across the exploding Pacific, and beneath it. Fighting from planes and ships and submarines, they would strike at the enemy. Sometimes we would see them, but most of the time we would not. Even the men in the fighters and bombers would not always know one another. As they drove down over a target, the planes of another squadron would be roaring out of their run, already headed home. They would pass in the violent air, but they would never know one another. Then, at a decided time, when the design was almost completed, ships would spill marines and infantrymen across the reefs. Another atoll would be ours, threatened only during the brief time of digging in, as we were knowing it now.

As we walked across from evening chow, the Special Services officer stopped us. One

A Bright New Holiday Dinner

WITH ALL THE *Finest* TRIMMINGS

M-M-M-MERRY XMAS RECIPE

Even Santa Claus would have to admit that the finest Christmas Turkey, bursting with your favorite dressing, becomes a delightful, new experience —when you add—

Whole Apricots Noel

Drain No. 2 1/4 Can Stokely's Finest Whole Apricots; boil juice until reduced to 1/4 cup. Add apricots, heat thoroughly and serve with roast turkey, duck, chicken, ham, roasts or chops. And remember, they're prize-winners, those apricots . . . grown in the finest, selected orchards . . . picked at the peak of their luscious perfection and canned immediately. Like all Stokely Finest Fruits they say "Merry Christmas" in the very Finest way.

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To really ring the bell with any dinner, appetites must be eager and ready for it. Here's the *finest* way to wake-up appetites. Just pour chilled Stokely's Finest Grapefruit Juice into your prettiest, party glasses . . . add a pinch of salt . . . and there you have the very *finest*, light appetite-temper. So tangy, so pure, so fresh-tasting, so good for you . . . when it's Stokely's Finest Grapefruit Juice.

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HAND-WROUGHT CRYSTAL

**THERE I WAS—
UP A (CHRISTMAS) TREE**

until Van Heusen solved my shopping problems

1. X marked the spots where gifts for the Men in my Life were eventually going to be displayed. But how can a gal be sure she's getting (a) what guys want (b) what will last (c) what looks smart? Me, I asked questions.

2. The answer was simple—look for the Van Heusen label! So I did all my shopping in one hour flat . . . bought shirts for Uncle Ned, pajamas for Dad, sport shirts for Brother Bill, neckties for everybody else.

3. Such popularity must be deserved! Of course Van Heusen contributed the smart styling and the wonderful colors, but I got the credit (and the kisses). Am I glad my Christmas carol was, "I'm choosin' Van Heusen!"

It's Van Heusen for everything . . . and everybody! Just remember that name and you're sure to get the smartest in men's wear. And remember, too, that Van Heusen white shirts have the famous Van Heusen collar attached—the collar that always looks neat and trim, yet needs no starch to keep it that way. Set it off with a Van Heusen necktie and you really have a combination!

Ask for Van Heusen merchandise at any good store . . . soon. And a very, very merry Christmas to you, madam! Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1.

Give his neck a break...with
Van Heusen Shirts

NECKTIES
COLLARS

PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR



of the fellows had painted a nostalgic scene. A farm home sat on the edge of a snow-covered knoll, smoke steaming up from the chimney. The pines hung heavy and soft with snow, and in the valley below the home he had painted a small church, with a huge star high above the steeple. The windows of the home and the church and the shape of the star in the blue heavens had been cut from the canvas, and a light in back of the painting spread its warmth out through the openings. Before the large painting, he had built a window frame, so that, looking at it, we felt we were looking out a window at home, and down on the Christmas Eve that spread silently across the night.

The guy who had made the picture, a thin, sandy-haired fellow with a soft voice, tried to joke at it, feeling perhaps that he must apologize for the apparent sentimentalism, but he soon stopped. We thought it was beautiful.

"Men," the officer said, "I have a da-yam good surprise for you."

We followed him into the back of the tent. He was young and enthusiastic, and his hands moved quickly, pointing out some large wooden boxes. We stared at them, dumfounded, while he explained that the people of the state of California had donated enough Christmas packages for servicemen overseas to fill an entire ship. The ship had carried them to Pearl Harbor, and Special Service had distributed them among the different units, trying to give the majority of the packages to men who were most likely to miss out on Christmas mail: men whose outfits had been moved "down under," fellows whose APO numbers had been changed recently, men in the combat areas where mail deliveries are slow and sporadic.

"If you want to have a Christmas party tonight, I'll give you some of the packages. There aren't enough for all the men, but you can have a da-yam good time."

The evening wind rustled in the palms. The air was warm and filled with the heavy, sweet odor of the night-blooming tauri. We sat facing the tent. Inside it, the soft-spoken artist had strung a light, its pale glow directed through the makeshift window and onto the nostalgic Christmas panorama. We looked at the picture of the village church and the rolling hills we had not seen in a long, long time, and were quiet.

We had dressed one of the fellows in what we hoped would look like a Santa Claus outfit. The Special Service office of the Hawaiian Department had donated a theatrical make-up kit to our unit before we left. We unpacked it and smeared the soldier's face with red paint, making his cheeks and nose warmly flushed. Somewhere the chaplain had found a red hunting vest. It didn't look much like Santa Claus, but it was pretty and red, so we put that over his green fatigues. White crepe paper, slit quickly with scissors, made a passable beard, and a sheet of it was roughly shaped into a hat. He still didn't look much like Santa Claus, but he looked even less like a soldier. We stuffed the packages in a blue barracks bag, and now, as the chaplain finished wishing us all a merry Christmas, Santa Claus came out of the back of the tent. Since there weren't enough packages to go around, he played truth and consequences, with little regard for truth, and none for consequences.

FROM the mail sergeant, he had learned who had received Christmas presents and who had not, and he tried to give packages to those who were gnawed by the feeling that maybe someone had forgotten. When we were called into the opening of the tent to perform some antic, bawdy or confusing, we went quickly. It was a good game to play, and those packages, wrapped and donated by someone who cared, were nice to have.

No one opened them immediately, but each held them tightly, looking pleased and awkward, and after a while we began singing.

We sang Christmas songs as the soft tropical moon came up. The thin fellow who used to sing in the honky-tonk bars around Chicago sang in a clear, high tenor:

"—holy night, all is calm, all is bright —"

We all joined in, listening to our own voices, for we were saying through the song and into the night things we felt for home and the season of Christianity. Our voices were made deep and soft by the memory of Christmas mornings around a twinkling tree, of an unending desire to give happiness, of the trembling hope that this was the one present she would want, the last thing she had expected. We remembered warm eyes and warm arms, and the rushing, unending knowledge that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

WE WALKED slowly back to our tents, understanding that they were more lonely than we, for they were in homes filled with our absence. Nothing they could do would re-create us there beside them. We knew the anguish and loneliness they felt, the uncertainty. We were troubled, knowing the things that happen in the heart at a time like that, and we hoped the day would pass quickly for them.

We went into our tent and laid our flashlight on the top of an empty cartridge box, the beam turned downward onto the brown coconut mats beside our cots. In the yellow circle of light we laid our Christmas packages. Some of us had packages from those we knew and loved, some had gifts sent by strangers. Next to our packages we laid the few Christmas cards that had come in the mail the day before. We read the greetings and then laid them beside us.

The packages all conformed to weight and measures. They were so long and so wide and the prescribed weight, and they held in them things men can use in the combat zone. But they held a great deal more. They held something that cannot be weighed or measured or destroyed in shipment. It was in the way a ribbon was tied around the small bar of soap, a peculiar twist to a bow we had seen since childhood. It was in the sprig of balsam dried and broken in the bottom of the package. It was in the little card with the jolly Santa Claus on one end and the two words written in the white space at the right end of the card: "With love."

We showed one another our presents. Shaving lotion and talcum we put on our faces at once, smelling it. Pieces of homemade candy we shared, for our stomachs would not take much of it. We displayed handkerchiefs, and all of us looked at ourselves in the metal mirror. The corporal from Kansas City was proud of it. He hung it on the edge of his cot, and in the dim light he sat making faces into it.

"It'll be swell for shaving," we said.

"And now I know what I look like!" He stared into the silver mirror and then fell back screaming in mock horror.

When we had finished, we laid our presents on the foot lockers we had made from packing cases, and crawled reluctantly into our cots, tightening the nets around the edges.

"At home, we always opened our packages the night before Christmas."

"We had Christmas in the morning." The boy from Kansas City was quiet a while, remembering. "The whole family came to mother's, and we always had one kid who believed in Santa Claus. Every time one grew up, my brother or sister had another one. Gee, it was nice, having kids around."

Tonight we'd be decorating the tree. Pop would have some Polish wine on the kitchen table. You know, people would stop in. Mom and me would decorate the tree. She'd save the things from one year to the next," the guy from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, said. "Boy, how she liked to save them things." He got up on his elbow, speaking clearly through the net. "In Beth-



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MUSTEROLE

lehem, they decorate the whole town, Christmas. It's pretty. It's really pretty, fellows." Then he lay down on his back and looked up at the net, knowing he could never describe for us the way it had been in Bethlehem with the streets decorated and the good Polish wine to toast the season and his mother bringing the old and treasured tinsel down from the attic again.

"Gee fuzz," the sergeant from down on the Cache River began, his voice made vibrant with strong memory. "The grub we had on Christmas! I'm tellin' you, we had turkey and dressing, real dressing, and gravy and vinegar pie. You ain't eat nothin' until you eat vinegar pie. Gee fuzz," he finished, and we knew how it had been on the farm on Christmas evenings beside the slow-flowing Cache.

"I'll bet they miss us as much as we miss them."

"Yes, it's tougher on them."

"It'll soon be daylight in Bethlehem. My mother'll be going to church."

"That's nice. Going to church on Christmas."

"They worry about us so much."

"I don't know." The Kansas voice was sharp and positive. "It could be worse. It could be worse."

"It's tough on the people getting them telegrams. You know, guys who died at Tarawa and Salerno and every place."

We lay quietly, the moonlight caught on the bronze nets, making them oblong and box-shaped and insubstantial. We thought of the guys who were gone. It seemed that they must be most alone of all. It seemed that they had endured life and endured death, and now they moved in some place where the spirit waits. And yet they would not know time and age and change as we knew them. They held a certainty none of us knew. We hoped it was sweet and eternal and filled with rest. We hoped it was all things held in the holy night.

WE HAD turkey for Christmas dinner, turkey and dressing and all the trimmings. Piled high on our mess kits, the food looked like an amazing feast. We were grateful to the high and distant command; someone had seen that trains and planes and boats and trucks had brought us an American Christmas dinner on the twenty-fifth day of December, over a distance of more than seven thousand miles. We did our best to gorge, but our stomachs were too unstable.

There was nothing to mark the coming of the New Year; nothing marked its going. The days fell into regular patterns of weeks, their end emphasized by the appearance of the chaplain in his beautiful vestments. We gathered, in the early mornings, on the rough benches and discarded bomb racks beneath the coconut trees in thoughtful meditation. We listened to the eternal words of faith, and went back to work.

Our duties were set up and running smoothly. We had a job in the war, a place in the fight, and we did not forget it. We knew that soon the battle would leave us. Most of the Jap bombers had been knocked from the sky, wrecked on their own fields. The fight was going west, moving with the quickness of a summer's vacation.

We worked always to keep the planes going. We serviced and fueled and repaired them, carried the bombs down to be fitted into their vast stomachs. We housed and fed the transient crews. They became a part of us. We wondered how it was for them.

The morning we got to go out, the mat glimmered in the dawn from the night-long rain. We stumbled out of the smoky mess hall and piled into the trucks. The sleepy drivers pulled around the revetments and along in front of the heavy bombers, stopping briefly while crews hopped out and walked to their ships.

The ground crew had the big ship ready. Word came to delay the take-off until daylight; it would be easier to rendezvous in the cloud-filled sky.

We moved impatiently around inside the ship, waiting for the light to seep in along

(Continued on Page 107)



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(Continued from Page 105)

the edge of the water. When it came, pale and lifeless, the bomb-bay doors squealed shut, the hatches were closed. The world and all it held was locked outside, and we roared down the runway, gathering speed. The tall, slightly bent engineer from Iowa knelt between the pilot and copilot, his eyes moving constantly, watching, checking, making sure they did not forget anything. It was an extra precaution, for the huge bomb-loaded ships can be lost as easily in take-offs and landings as when they are over the target.

The air caught insecurely under the wings. The tail rose slowly. One wheel lifted, the other spun quickly free of the earth, and then caught like a wheel of chance as the brake took hold. Almost before we had cleared the trees, the landing gear was retracted.

The atoll dropped into the water beneath us, long, narrow and quiet. Bands of aquamarine, pale green and blue spread around it, crowding against the shore in a ruching of white. It did not seem that so much could have happened in such a small area.

Our wingmen closed in, flying a tight formation. We watched them driving, easily and gracefully, their huge noses slightly upturned, their bodies proud and purposeful. The waist gunners looked out the side windows of the other ships, waving to us. The misty rain closed in, and for a long while we lost contact. When we drove through the streamers of rain and out the far side, they were still riding close to our wings.

We passed above mile after mile of changeless white clouds. A feeble sun glistened on them, and once in a while we could look down through them at an expanse of blue water. It seemed as if the whole sky had been reversed, and that we looked down on it, through the clouds and into the blue heavens.

Something was happening in the plane. You could sense it. The engineer was shifting gas, the pilot and copilot were settling down for the long haul, the navigator had his charts spread on the minute desk. Back in the body of the ship, the four gunners slipped into their pale blue electrically heated suits and lay down to read, intercom phones to their ears. Everyone seemed to be settling down, and yet they were more alive and joined than they had been during the concentrated minutes of their foreboding briefing. They were isolated from the world, bent on a single purpose, and every one of them was aware of every other one.

We hit our first front. It was black and heavy and threatening. The pilot ran his hand up in the air and then downward. We climbed above it, our wingmen following. Far off to the east we could see the other flights moving in. Rain hit on the windshield, the fine, lucid drops moving back slowly as if they floated, buoyant and light, across the atmosphere toward us. Their dreamlike movement took away the feeling of speed; so did the huge, oval rudders which moved evenly down the sky as if they ran along invisible tracks.

Over the front, through another one and a third, the ship moved on at better than one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

WE CAME out into the cold sun. On the clouds beneath us, a circular rainbow raced along, holding the silhouette shadow of the ship within its beautiful ring. The gunners moved to their places and began testing. When he had finished, the tail gunner from Montana picked up the empty cartridges from his crowded coop and tossed them into the wind and the clouds.

The hours passed slowly. Shortly after noon the men went to their positions, the bombardier bending over his sights, the nose gunner straddling his guns above him. In the belly of the ship, the short boy from Cleveland lowered his turret and climbed into it. He hung there, suspended in the transparent pouch, circling and turning, throwing his turret forward and back, making sure that it functioned in all directions. The waist gunners struggled into their heavy flak jackets. They opened the side windows, allowing the cold, wet air to lash inward.

Suddenly the clouds closed in. Even the wing tips could not be seen.

"We're going down. Be on the alert. Be on the alert." The pilot's voice, metallic and urgent in the intercom, spread backward through the ship. The tail gunner adjusted his earphones and squeezed the little microphone disks on his throat, making them snug. "Target should be below us. Be alert!"

We looked down, staring into the milky, tumbling, chilly clouds. It was down there somewhere; maybe they were waiting for us.

Off to the west we saw eleven planes, no larger than flies, break quickly from a knoll of clouds.

"Planes at three o'clock. Planes at three o'clock. Eleven of them!"

We watched them slowly increase in size, guns ready, thumbs ready, and then we recognized them. They were another flight of our bombers heading home.

"That damned island must be around here someplace," the pilot said, his Southern voice slow and tense. "We'll go down."

The ship turned slowly, dropped down a thousand feet, another thousand, another.

"Target at eleven o'clock!"

Through a narrow, uneven break in the clouds, we saw a strip of atoll shore line rush by. The navigator tried to check as we rode back and forth looking for the hole again. The clouds had closed in, concealing it. The

"Hold her!"

The heavy bombs went down, in the crashing roar of the guns, down through the flak, seemingly miles from the target, but just after we passed above the dump they hit; flame and a roaring explosion rocked the air.

The ship was driving hard now, pulling away, getting out. The tail gunner let go with long bursts, for luck.

Even after we got in the cloud bank, everyone remained alert and tense; fighters might be lying in wait. After a long while the tension slackened. The waist gunners pulled in their fifty-calibers and closed the side hatches, the tail gunner tossed his empty cartridge shells into the receding heavens, the nose gunner climbed down onto the bombardier's deck. It was then the terrible, long cry came through the intercom.

"The bombardier," he said finally, "he's dead. A piece of flak went through his neck." After a while, he added quietly, "Just one damned piece of flak."

It was the only hole in the ship; a single, uneven hole in the incandescent floor where the bombardier had knelt and died.

All the way back we sweated the gas, for they wanted to make their own base. They wanted to bury him where he had lived for a little while. They wanted to inter him by the gunner from Maine and the kid with the cowboy hat, and all the others.

IT WAS dark. The rain held the clouds almost on the surface of the water. They had the beacons out for us, but we couldn't find them. The huge yellow beams hit the clouds somewhere beneath us, and bent as if they were made of nebulous metal. Unable to find a guide, we rode back and forth, an impatient hearse, anxious to get down to the earth.

The engineer knelt between the pilot and copilot, ready to help with the landing. We rode across and back the sky, lowering slowly, down and down, until we were barely above the height of the trees. Suddenly it broke before us. Far down to the east, the two huge beams stood in the dark rainy night like columns of security, their tops bending quickly along the undersides of the clouds. As we came toward them, riding urgently in their center, the two long lanes of field lights came on. They were like jeweled strings running from the brilliant pure columns off into the dark distance.

The pilot and copilot leaned forward, strained and tense, alert to cross winds that might flip the giant ship sideways as she reached for the ground. It would be only a little while, just seconds, and we would be done, safe, another mission over. The wheels screamed against the mat, the mat we had helped to lay, and the plane held securely.

We had been in the air fourteen hours, never touching the earth, for a distance greater than it is possible to travel within the bounds of our own country. We had taken destruction to the enemy, and brought back one who could never return home. It was only one plane, of one mission, out of hundreds, but it was over.

Long after we had crawled, exhausted, into our damp cots, we heard the other planes circling and circling, trying to get down. We knew now how it was for those whom we keep flying.

We decided to skip evening chow. The mess sergeant, swearing that the outfit was fouled up, said that the fresh food was all gone. We were back on dry rations until another boat got in or we were shipped out. Supper would be either little emaciated sausages, canned chili and beans, or the old C-ration hash with vegetables. We decided to stay in swimming. The sun was going down far out to the south and west. In a little while the sky would burst with brilliant colors.

The last of the planes had moved west, taking the fight with them. The fellows we had seen going and coming in the violent Pacific air were no longer with us. They had gone toward Japan, where a new field had been cleared for them, where other men had spread out a mat beneath the glow of floodlights and in the brilliant afternoon sun.



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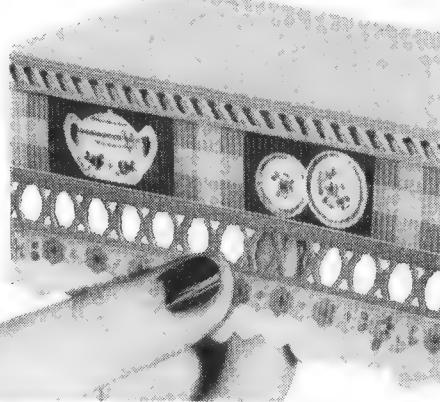
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We watched the sky, knowing that about this time the fellows we had kept flying would be dropping down from the heavens, and other guys would be shouting with relief and pride as they roared in.

Before long we would be moving out. We would be formed into another task force, flung farther to the west, closer and closer to Japan.

"Maybe we'll get P.I.," the guy from Bethlehem said, searching along the water's edge for shells to make his girl friend a necklace. "P.I. would be nice."

"China. Boy, I'd like to get to China."

"Tokyo! How about Tokyo?"

Maybe there would be another "deal" for us, perhaps two: we are soldiers, and soldiers do not know when the war will end. But getting back home was not so important now as it once had been. It was not so urgent, somehow. Whatever time is required for victory, we will gladly give.

We understood what America means now. We had known her rivers before, her towns and her slow-climbing mountains. We had learned the places where we could go and where we could not go, but after serving her, we knew, there was no place that was not ours, no part of America that was not ours. A little courage had earned us that right, because rights are not granted. No group of men can grant other men rights of any kind; they are achieved and acknowledged. We had achieved them because we recognized them in ourselves. There was nothing at home we wanted that we had not had here. There was no charity of mind, no freedom of thought, no denial of worship, no hunger unwillingly shared; there was no one who was abject in the face of duty. These things we knew we had gained, deeply and unendingly, as if they had been revealed in the blood of our veins. Someday we would again share them with those who were dear to us. That would be in a farther future, a quieter time among familiar things, when grass sprang from the earth as if it came from some boundless source. We would wait for it, knowing it would be ours, for as we had known the face of America, we now knew her heart and her spirit.

WE HAD found it here on an alien atoll. We had known death here, and fear, and now freedom, and we had known birth of a transcendent kind. We had known a revealing birth, its labor unforgettable.

In the afternoon when the last bombers had lifted from our mat, we watched them go with longing. We had ached to go with them, to rush forward with the fight. Yet we were not lonely as we sprawled on the beach and romped in the water. We thought, *We'll see you out there somewhere, guys; we'll have her ready for you to come down.*

When the last strip is cleated down, for all time, we will rush back across them to our homes.

"We'll be getting back home someday," the corporal from Kansas City said. He tossed his fatigues aside and unfolded a mattress cover. "That's what I'm sweatin' out. Man, they won't know me."

"What're you goin' to do when you get home?" It is a thing we think of a great deal.

"First I'm going to see my girl. Yeah, you heard me—and no cracks! Then I'm going to get tight, and then, you know what?" He paused, thinking it out. "I'm going down to see the city fathers. I'm going to walk right up to them and say, 'Sirs, one of your citizens reporting in.'"

"He wants to be a politician. Some stuff!"

"My tail end. I'm just not missing any formations. If you're not in place and sounding off, the whole works looks shabby. Everybody's got a place, and I'm going to get in line and sound off!"

Spreading the open end of the mattress cover between his arms, he raced far up the beach and back, catching the bag full of air until it ballooned, plump and white. He quickly tied the end, trapping the air inside, and tossed it onto the water.

Out on the waves, a dozen other guys shouted happily as they rode their buoyant, huge mattress covers, their bodies lying



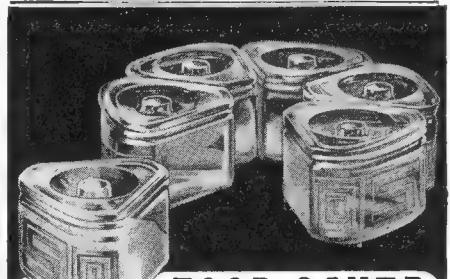
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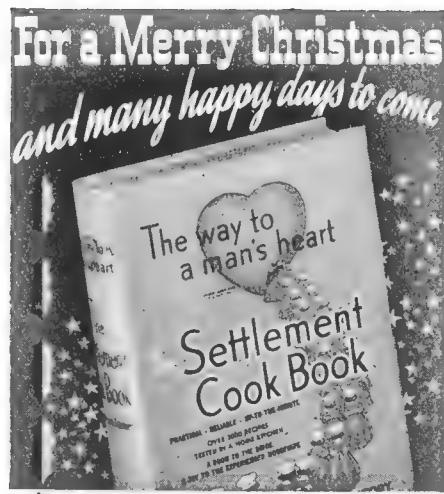
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PIE TAPES

PARCHMENT-KALAMAZOO 99-MICHIGAN

across the centers; either end of the cover like giant water wings at their sides. They rode on their stomachs, their faces close to the water, their naked bodies luxuriating in the giddy ride.

The sky at the far edge of the ocean turned a brilliant orange, changing to yellow and then blue. It colored the surface of the distant water, and when the beautiful shades went out of the sky the ocean became dark and unhurried. The surf rolled closer and closer to us, magnetized by the moon.

We thought of those who had been buried in the little plot that now had a white fence around it, the one with the graceful archway and the sign by the entrance: "Gate of Heaven Cemetery. American Men of Honor Rest Here." They were gone; no use weeping: the boy who dreamed of manhood along the furrows of Maine, the kid who someday hoped to have a proud horse that would go with him across the plains. And the bombardier whose incantations had given him death in an unreasonable sky; and the one grave we studied the most, the soldier who waited here as yet unidentified. All torsos look alike; it is not much to go on when you're burying a man.

It would not be simple leaving them, though we knew they were not here. They were not here, as there were no Americans in Tarawa or Tinian or Bougainville, in Attu and Salerno and Sidi-bu-Said, none anywhere in Guadalcanal, not even at Tenaru or sleeping on The Ridge. There were none at Kwajalein, none at Bataan, none in the cold Pacific, not any in the Atlantic. There were none beneath Hill 609, none at Bizerte, no dead fallen from the skies over Hamburg, over Oschersleben, above Bielefeld, none resting at Rendova, Kairouan, Roi. No

HAPPINESS

There are only two ways of being happy: either augment your means or diminish your wants.

—B. FRANKLIN.

The test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind.

—JEAN PAUL.

Americans stopped at Cassino or along the Lido Road, none haunt the Hukawng Valley. Who can say there are American idle at Ponape, Kusae, in the Bay of Empress Augusta? No, there are none at Eniwetok, Imphal, Paramushiru, San Angelo—there are no American lost. Terror and loss can never destroy us. All our men are out there, shouldering the sky.

They are not dispossessed, nor are we. This is our time of maturity, of reasoning, our time of forever coming into our own. We knew it here on the borrowed beach.

Freeing the air from our mattress covers, shivering in the soft night wind, we prepared to go back across the beach and into our tents to pack our things, to get ready for another going out, a leaving that is really a returning.

"If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing —"

It was the blond-headed kid, singing again.

"Hey, jerk, come on! We got to pack!"

We could see his hands laced beneath his head to keep the sand from his hair.

"A star in the sky, a bird on the wing —"

We stopped, listening to the clear young voice. It floated above the incessant waves, heartening and no longer lonely.

"He surely could have had it, for He was the king —"

We climbed down over the bunkers, moving slowly, for the coral cut our feet.

The sergeant from Illinois stopped and looked back. "He beats me," he said. "Did you ever see a guy like that?"

(THE END)



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CANDLEWICK**

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Christmas Table with Haviland's

KENMORE pattern against a rosy-red damask cloth.

The centerpiece — sprays of evergreen surmounted by a grouping of Christmas tree ornaments in red, blue, green, silver and gold.



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beautifully straight...*

carrying herself proudly...lithe and straight-limbed

and can hear others say, "There is a woman!"

This is my hope, my dream for her...

I WILL FULFILL THIS DREAM... I will do everything within my power

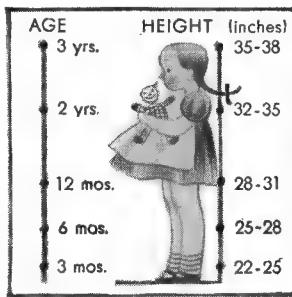
to help her build a well-shaped head,

a fine, full chest, a strong back and straight legs.

A CRITICAL ELEMENT NEEDED. To help your baby achieve the straight body that is your hope, give her a critical element she needs now. This element is Vitamin D. Given regularly, Squibb Cod Liver Oil supplies Vitamin D needed to help convert vital food minerals into sound bones and teeth. It also provides your baby with important Vitamin A. Start now with Squibb's.

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a name you can trust

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

if I want them, I may have two whole hours, not only this morning but also this afternoon and on four other mornings and afternoons this week. This unbelievable freedom has been attained so simply and with such amazing results that, for the first time in my life, I am imbued with a crusader's zeal! I want more mothers to know how to secure some time for themselves without neglecting their children.

I live on a rather quiet street on the edge of Chicago's near north side. But no street is safe enough for children to play in. And our street has no dearth of children. The resulting worries which have harassed some of the mothers for some time didn't really bother me much until spring, when my own child began to weep bitterly if not allowed to go outside with "my friends." Marcia is just two and a half, but large for her age and socially well advanced—the most gregarious child who ever lived! Obviously, I could not permit a two-and-a-half-year-old child to play unwatched. First, she might run away. Then, there is the ever present danger of the street and automobiles. And finally, not even a "quiet" street in a big city is free from the chance visit of a degenerate with his bribes of candy. I spent long boring hours sitting on the front steps while Marcia rode her tricycle and "played with my friends." Such a sad kind of playing! Running up and down the sidewalk, or digging in the dirt plot which we humorously call the parkway!

Things might have gone on that way indefinitely. We *have* to live in the city because my husband's work is here, and Marcia *has* to play out of doors, and she *has* to play with other children. So, on the front steps I sat—and sat—and sat!

One afternoon, cold and stiff from the apartment steps, I staggered to my feet and suggested to Marcia that we walk to the corner. Halfway down the street was the neighborhood's one big yard. As we approached it, Marcia ran ahead and flattened her nose on the high wire fence. It *did* look like a paradise—a paradise paved with tan bark! There was a sand pile, and a small teeter-totter on which were two small boys about Marcia's age.

Marcia looked and looked. The boys stopped teetering and looked back. At last, the older one, Morely, ran to the fence. "Doesn't the little girl want to come in?" he asked.

The little girl certainly did, and when Morely's mother came to the gate and seconded the invitation, Marcia scooted in. She and Morely and little Peter scampered off to the sand pile while "The Lady of the Yard" and I introduced ourselves. She had lived here for three years, I for two, yet we had never even met!

When I returned for Marcia, she was invited to come again. At that, I tentatively suggested, "I wonder—if you wouldn't mind if she comes now and then—I'd be happy to relieve you and watch the children occasionally."

The lady replied, "That is *exactly* what I have been *hoping* would happen! Would that more mothers felt that way!"

That was the beginning of what has proved our salvation. There were plenty of mothers who "felt that way." Later five of us met for tea, and the neighborhood play yard which has evolved as a result of five women's chatting over afternoon tea is proof that women *can* solve their problems! I'll admit we have had lots of help from the fathers; in fact, we owe our marvelous new play equipment solely to their combined enterprise. One even took part of his vacation to build a red, yellow and blue jungle gym.

The play yard is open every day, except Sunday, from 9:30 to 11:30 in the morning, and from 3:00 to 5:00 in the afternoon. The mothers take turns supervising. Most of us have two sessions a week—and believe me, those sessions really are work! Try taking care of fourteen wild Indians for two hours! You push the swings until your arms ache; you tie shoes, make many trips to the bathroom, dole out water, tell stories, arbitrate more disputes than the War Labor Board, play "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," comfort broken hearts, and bandage scratches—it's a job!

We have grown to a membership of nine families and fourteen children. All have contributed financially. The equipment,

so far, consists of the jungle gym, a twelve-foot sliding board, two swings, a new sand box, a larger teeter-totter, some puzzles to work, and beads to string. The amazing thing is that everything has been provided at a cost of only \$5.00 a family! We bought small plastic glasses, painted each child's name on the individual glass, and during the very hot weather gave the children a salt tablet and a drink of water during each play period. Our street has ceased to be just any street in Chicago and has become a neighborhood.

We mothers—and fathers, too—do not see our co-operative play yard as simply the answer to a busy woman's need for a little time for herself; nor yet, just as a way for our children to play safely. To us it is far more than that. We see the play yard as a cradle for democracy.

DOROTHY GRAHAM.

A Prayer of Thanks

Emmett, Idaho.

Dear Editor: Michael (my oldest, six years old) has started school. Being the first and only Japanese there, I was wondering what the reactions of the children would be like. I stood off in a shadow and watched them for a little while. Those children must have wonderful parents—all of them quickly offered to play with Michael or fussed over him like if he was already in their "bunch." I went home quietly and breathing a prayer of thanks to all those wonderful parents who has taught their children the equality of race and to be kind and happy with all the boys and girls.

I have met some of the children's parents and believe me, they are the one who deserve the credit. They are not in big defense factory working and etc., but what little they are doing on the home front counts more than anybody realizes.

MRS. SALLY MAFUNE.
(MRS. MAC.)

Yeoman's Year

WAVE Quarters "I," F2-23,
West Potomac Park,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor: Texas soil clinging stubbornly to my feet, carrying two large bursting suitcases, brimming with eagerness to release a man for active duty, and simmering in enthusiastic ignorance of the women's services, I arrived one year ago at the U. S. S. Hunter, WAVE boot camp. Today I am proud of the fact that my forty-eight hours are among the several million work-hours performed by Waves every week in naval installations all over the country. Our value lies not in the importance of individual jobs, but in the fact that we are doing jobs when, where and how they must be done within the limits imposed by war.

As an enlisted Wave, I have learned more, worked more, traveled more, seen more, felt more—lived more—in the past year than in any civilian year. The highlights: arrival at boot camp; the proud day when we went into uniform; feminine vanity that even lack of time to primp and take care of one's person in busy boot days could not dim; singing our way through camp in the rain and cold; shore liberty in New York; studying and playing at yeoman school in Oklahoma; the warm friendly Christmas we spent there; funeral services we held for John Lee Brown (the fictitious sailor whose service record we prepared in class), when he was finally discharged from the Navy and from our lives; assignment to duty in Washington, D. C.; quartered in barracks on the Potomac.

This is an enlisted woman's answer to the question civilian women so often ask us: "Are you glad you joined?"

Sincerely yours,
EVELYN F. YATES, Y3/c, USNR.

Moscow Tour

Moscow.

Dear Editors: One of the things you notice on a tour of Moscow is the crowd that always gathers at the Square of the Revolution before the board on which is tacked the day's newspapers. It is very difficult to get these here, because the paper shortage is acute, so people get their news in the street and from public loudspeakers.

(Continued on Page 112)

FIRST CALL FOR DINNER

... you don't think a little man like me would come to dinner? Say, listen, I'm no different from anybody else when it comes to enjoying good food . . . didn't I get my start in life on Karo Syrup? So when you serve a Karo dinner like this, who can resist it?

the KARO KID

P. S. Mom says it's easy to fix, too . . . and costs very little. Why not try it, Ladies?



IMPORTANT TO YOUNG MOTHERS
Pure, safe, inexpensive, Karo Syrup is prescribed by many doctors for infant feeding.

Karo is rich in dextrose
... food-energy sugar



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GLAZED HAM SLICE and SPICED PEACHES

1 center-cut slice ham (1" thick) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Red Label Karo
6 canned peach halves $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
12 whole cloves 1 stick cinnamon

Place ham in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 1 hour. Meanwhile insert 2 cloves in each peach half and mix Karo and spices. When ham is brown and tender, pour off drippings into fat salvage can. Arrange peaches around ham in baking dish, pour spiced Karo mixture over ham and peaches. Return to oven for 15 minutes. When serving, spoon a little of the syrup over each portion.

SWEET POTATO MOUNDS with KARO BUTTER

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Blue Label Karo 2 cups cooked mashed
2 tablespoons butter or margarine sweet potatoes

Heat Karo and butter slowly in saucepan. Drop hot, mashed sweet potatoes from the end of a tablespoon onto a lightly greased baking sheet. With the tip of a tablespoon make a depression in the center of each mound, and fill with hot Karo and butter mixture. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) about 15 minutes or until the potato mounds are a light brown; or just before serving, brown quickly under the broiler. Makes 6 servings.

KARO PLUM PUDDING

$\frac{2}{3}$ cups seedless raisins	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound lemon peel	1 cup sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound orange peel	1 teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound suet, ground	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound chopped nuts
1 cup bread crumbs	1 cup Blue Label Karo
1 cup all-purpose flour	5 eggs slightly beaten
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup cider or brandy	

Place first ten ingredients in a large mixing bowl; mix thoroughly, then add remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into a greased mold; cover tightly, and place mold on a wire rack in a kettle. Pour in boiling water to half the depth of the mold; cover, and steam 3 hours. If necessary, add water to keep at original level. Makes about 12 servings.

KARO EGG NOG SAUCE

1 cup Blue Label Karo	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg
2 eggs, separated	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Heat Karo. Beat egg yolks slightly; add nutmeg, vanilla and salt. Slowly add one-half the hot Karo, beating continually. Whip egg whites until they stand in moist peaks; slowly add remaining hot Karo, beating constantly. Fold egg whites into yolks. Makes 2 cups sauce. Serve sauce with Plum Pudding, Suet Pudding, Fig Pudding, or any other steamed pudding.	
1 teaspoon vanilla	



A terrifying cough shatters the stillness of the night. After school a youngster drags home with a cold. A man sneezes. Suddenly a nose gets stuffed up, a throat becomes hoarse. And at such trying times the first thought of increasing millions of people is "Vicks".

They have learned to trust that fine, old name—to accept it as the guide to home-remedies they can put faith in.

That is why over 94 million Vicks packages are used yearly—used when colds are in the air and spreading misery.

Through the years to come, this great swing to "Vicks" should continue. Because the one and only job of Vicks scientists and medical advisers will always be to keep "Vicks" famous home-remedies as modern as today—modern products of modern therapeutic knowledge.

LET THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS BE YOUR GUIDE

Helps Prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Just put a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze or warning sign of a cold. A specialized medication to be used as directed in folder. **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**



Relieves Miseries of developed colds. Rubbed on the throat, chest and back, VapoRub's famous double action starts at once to bring relief. The best-known home remedy for relieving miseries of colds. **VICKS VAPORUB**

A small jar of Vicks VapoRub ointment.

Eases Coughs, Huskiness due to colds. Results are so very good because this cough drop is medicated with throat soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub plus other cough-easing medications. **VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS**



Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in seconds. A few whiffs of this handy Inhaler which is packed with really effective medication bring greater breathing comfort quickly. Handy. Use as often as needed. **VICKS INHALER**



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NOW OVER **53** MILLION VICKS PACKAGES USED YEARLY

(Continued from Page 110)

The Square is as large as the corner of Fifty-ninth and Fifth Avenue would be with everything removed from between the Plaza Hotel and the Sherry-Netherland. Just the other day when I was there, there was a large conglomeration of people before a big new department store, carrying many goods heretofore unobtainable, though at very high prices. It is the only such store in Moscow. Psychology here regarding money is unlike ours. As my secretary said, in explaining why she pays ten rubles tip for a four-ruble manicure, "Money is just something you spend and never think of keeping." One can save and give large sums to war loans. But generally, since everyone is certain there will always be work for everyone, and you can't be distinguished for what you possess, there is no point in not spending.

Another crowd was around an ice cream cart, selling plain vanilla, for thirty-five rubles, and Eskimo Pie, for twenty-five. This is the price of a very good three-course meal. Another crowd was outside the movie house showing "Sun Valley

"Serenade" and a travelog on Georgia. All movies here are crowded. You cannot just walk in, but must buy tickets, at seven rubles, beforehand.

Almost the most popular stores are the beauty parlors, where, though the dryers are old-fashioned, you can get a shampoo, finger wave, permanent, dye job, curling job, manicure or pedicure. My hotel charges twelve rubles for a shampoo and finger wave and four for a manicure. This is the price of half a reasonable meal.

The Metro (subway) is clean, spacious and beautifully designed. Every station is different in style; the ceilings often have mosaic paintings of Soviet scenes. There are no advertisements, just marble decorations. But crowds almost finish you off at all times of day and night. When I said, "Will I ever get out of here?" a man answered, "Lady, you'll pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle." And that's exactly what I did, amid roaring laughter. However, I must report there are special compartments for pregnant women, so at least the little futures won't be mauled.

ELLA WINTERS.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART

(Continued from Page 6)

I am compelled to believe that his emotional and instinctive education has not kept pace with his reason. He lives in two worlds: one full of light, and the other of darkness. He can control atoms, electrons, ether waves, chemical elements and all the forces of Nature except one. He cannot control himself. He cannot control, through and with himself, his fellow men. In a world where there is enough for all, he is as rapacious as were men in an age when dog-eat-dog had at least the justification of reality, for there was actually not enough that all should live in some degree of comfort and security, and some had to perish that others might live. He enslaves others, in an age when science has given mankind billions of slaves who neither bleed when you prick them nor revolt when you oppress them—the Middle Age dream of the "golem," the bloodless, emotionless, inhuman slave of the machine.

As man turns his face toward science and civilization, he turns his face from culture and art. Thus he becomes imprisoned and enshackled by his science. He refuses to bow before that human genius which translates life to the living; which, reaching half blindly into life, translates, as Van Gogh did, an insane asylum into a paradise of sun and beauty; which tears off, as Goya did, the mask from what is proud but necrophilic; which reveals, as Rembrandt did, the infinite pathos, tenderness and heroism in the life of the poor and the neglected; which affirms, as Rubens did, the eternal deliciousness and loveliness of woman; which exalts, as Beethoven did, the illimitable reaches and harmonies of the human soul. So modern man dissects art and the soul with the instruments of science, and seeks to explain everything in terms of techniques, and argues that what makes Van Gogh's sunflowers so wonderful is the beautifully "placed" and calculated spot of vermilion in the heart of a single flower—though Vincent, I am sure, had no rational idea of why he put it there, being blinded by the Medusa-beauty of sun and flowers and the intensity of life itself.

Now I come back to the education of children, and assert that our weakness is in the emotional education of the young. Religion, which should furnish the basis for this education, has become dogmatized and institutionalized to the point where it hardly produces a picture or a mass capable of sublimating the soul. In the great days of the Christian Church, when emperors bowed to it and feared it, as men "fear" God, it threw spires against the sky without any wealthy patrons to finance it; it covered walls with immortal pictures in praise of the grandeur and beauty of life; it pealed music upon the air whose very strains were capable of changing the expressions and demeanors of men. It asked all the real question: "Little child, why were you born?" It de-

manded of man that he give a reason for his existence, that he explain to himself whence he came and whither he was going—as an individual and as a race—and it was not enough for him to answer that he was going to an unknown destination—faster and more efficiently than any generation of men had gone before.

In the education of mankind, and specifically of the American child, the question has got to be asked again: "Why were you born and whither are you going? What is your purpose on this earth?" And American youth has got to know that it is no worthy purpose to live for himself and his own generation alone; nor to think that life is circumscribed by a job, a car, a comfortable apartment, a pension in his old age and a respectable funeral, but that life is the miracle which science can only serve.

In our age man has started worshiping himself—whether it is his own genius of intellect or his blood and instincts. But all life in its glory and beauty is a striving and a becoming, and a searching for what is beyond oneself, a lifting of the eyes unto the hills, and people can only create themselves in the picture of something beyond themselves.

This is the essence of the religious spirit—the sense of power, beauty, greatness, truth infinitely beyond one's own reach, but infinitely to be aspired to. It invests men with pride in a purpose and with humility in accomplishment. It is the source of true tolerance, for in its light men see other men as they see themselves, as being capable of being more than they are, and yet falling short, inevitably, of what they can imagine human possibilities to be. It is the supporter of human dignity and pride and the dissolver of vanity. And it is the very creator of the scientific spirit; for without the aspiration to understand and control the miracle of life, no man would have sweated in a laboratory or tortured his brain in the exquisite search after truth.

So we must give our children not only science, grammar and mathematics, but the sense of the wonder and dignity and holiness of life; music and art to refine the senses, poetry to sing to the heart, deportment to habituate to good manners, which are nothing except the outer forms of inner grace. People are free when they are whole persons, when the mind and emotions are integrated to a common purpose—to re-create themselves in an image of wisdom and virtue.

When men have rediscovered their souls again, we shall find that there is not conflict between reason and religion, science and morality, matter and spirit, but that all are part of a perfect wholeness. Then science will serve man and not conspire to destroy him, and man will serve God, the ultimate image of his own mental and spiritual perfectibility.

The school called him — "Here again — Gone again Tony"

Then Mrs. V. learned to fight germ-infection at home

1. **I used to think** Tony was *out* of school as much as he was *in*. Sniffle, cough, sore throat—always something! I thought "This is bound to happen when they go to school" . . . till my doctor told me how much sickness is passed around right at home.



2. "When he's well," he said, "help keep him well by cleaning regularly with Lysol. You disinfect everything in a sickroom with Lysol—dishes, bed clothes, furniture. Why not fight the germs *before* they cause sickness?" Sure enough, since I started to use Lysol disinfectant in my everyday cleaning, Tony doesn't seem to pick up nearly as many things as he used to. And now I could tell the *doctor* something . . .



Copyright, 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Disinfect . . . Deodorize . . . Clean with

Make this test. See how much less "elbow grease" cleaning takes when you add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to each gallon of water before you begin!

Try it on:

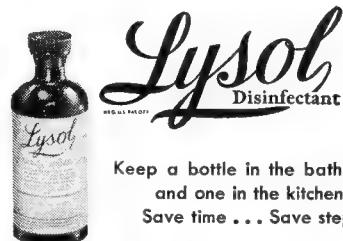
Sinks, tubs, toilets
 Woodwork, doorknobs, rails
 Closets and shelves
 Nursery and sickrooms
 Bathroom, kitchen floors
 Garbage pail



3. "Whadd'ya know!" I said first time I stirred 2½ tablespoons of Lysol into a gallon of cleaning water. "It's soapy!" It had never dawned on me Lysol would actually help *clean* as well as disinfect and deodorize. Bathtub, tile floor and woodwork all looked brighter when I added Lysol to the cleaning water. And such a grand "clean smell."

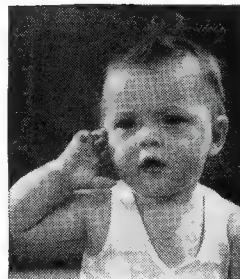


4. **Keep house** Mrs. V.'s healthful way. No extra trouble . . . just add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to each gallon of cleaning water. You *see* the dirt go—you *know* the germs go! Help keep your family off the sick list with Lysol. At all drug counters.



Keep a bottle in the bathroom and one in the kitchen. Save time . . . Save steps

If your baby was born
after November 1941—



please read this

In these first years of your baby's life, his diet is strictly limited.

He must depend on his cereal for many of the elements which grownups can get in other foods.

It's natural, therefore, that doctors consider cereal one of the most important foods a baby eats.

And they've devoted a lot of study and research to finding out what grains are the best sources of starch for en-

ergy and protein for tissue-building... which vitamins and minerals are most important... what is the best way of fortifying natural grains with extra nutrients.

So when the Clapp Company decided to make a special baby's cereal, they first consulted a group of leading doctors. And on the basis of medical recommendations, Clapp's Instant Cereal was developed—like this...

Doctors suggested this—

1. "Cereal should introduce a baby to the flavor of natural grains."

2. "Vitamin B₁ and iron may be inadequate in an infant's diet. Provide extra amounts of these nutrients in your cereal."

3. "Natural fortifying substances are preferable to pure chemicals, since they contain extra minerals, proteins, and still other as yet unknown nutrients."

4. "The texture of a baby's cereal should be a definite step in advance from a liquid diet. Make it coarse enough, but *not too coarse!*"

5. "Make a cereal that requires no lengthy preparation. Mothers are busy people!"

6. "Make the price moderate—so all mothers can afford it."

So Clapp's Instant Cereal is made like this—

1. Clapp's Instant Cereal is made of natural whole grains—fine-milled whole wheat, golden cornmeal.

2. In Clapp's Instant Cereal there's 2½ times as much Vitamin B₁, 3 times as much iron as in unfortified home-cooked cereals.

3. Important natural substances such as wheat germ, dry skim milk, and brewers' yeast are used to increase the vitamin and mineral content of Clapp's Instant Cereal.

4. The texture of Clapp's Instant Cereal is *granular*—easy for a baby's tongue to manage.

5. Clapp's Instant Cereal is *already* cooked. You just add formula or milk right in the serving dish.

6. Clapp's Instant Cereal costs just about a penny a serving!

CLAPP'S BABY CEREALS

Ask your doctor!

Every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives your baby:

Thiamin, 0.3 mg. Riboflavin, 0.18 mg.
Iron, 6 mg. Calcium, 96 mg.
Copper, 0.6 mg. Protein, 4.5 gm.
Carbohydrate, 20.2 gm. Fat, 0.3 gm.
Calories, 102 Ash, 1.1 gm.

Ask your doctor his opinion of Clapp's Instant Cereal. He'll tell you, we're sure, that you couldn't get a finer cereal for your baby!



Order directions by number, 5 cents for each article, from Journal Reference Library, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A hand-knitted sweater is one of the most attractive things a little boy or girl can wear. Knitted jumpers are gay and practical. A knitted coat lined with Scotch-plaid wool is something you couldn't buy. Small garments are quick to finish—and so rewarding in style, warmth and wearing quality, you'll want to make as many as your spare time will allow.

BY NORAH O'LEARY

Bathrobe in shell stitch, to crochet; pink or blue, braid ornaments. 2142.

Matching sweater and carriage robe, to knit; crossbar design. Sweater, 2143; carriage robe, 2144.



Carriage set: sweater, 2145; leggings with feet, 2146; hood and mittens, 2147.

Contrasting sweater and shorts, 2148; the sweater has a decorative border.

Brother-and-sister jumpers to knit, 2149; to wear with crisp white cotton blouses.

Knitted coat, double-breasted, belted back, lined with plaid wool; matching Scotch cap. 2151.



Rib-stitch sweater and shorts for little boys, 2150. Knit in sizes 6 months, 1 and 2 years.

Argyle sweaters for little brothers; shorts in the dark shade of design. 2152, in three sizes.



THE "Visiting Nurse" IS READY TO HELP
-TO GIVE YOUR BABY A GOOD START...



There are 25,000 Visiting and other Public Health Nurses throughout the United States. Last year they made over 4,000,000 maternity or mother-and-baby visits—as well as caring for millions of cases of illness in thousands of homes.

Free

IMPORTANT LEAFLET, "A Helping Hand for Mother" tells in detail how the Visiting or Public Health Nurse in your community can help you before and after your baby is born, or if any member of your family is ill. Especially timely because of the present nursing shortage. ALSO—32-page booklet "Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care." For your free copies of these booklets address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. C9, Chester, Pa.

Trademark "ScottTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SOFT, STRONG BATHROOM TISSUE FOR BABY AND FAMILY

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScottTissue has both these qualities . . . it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.



BABY won't remember when the Visiting Nurse brought trained nursing care and a skillful pair of hands to his new home just when he needed them most. But he will always benefit by the healthy start she gave his small, new life.

Call your Local Headquarters

When your doctor wants you or your family to have part-time nursing care at home—call the Visiting or Public Health Nurse in your community. She knows the latest methods of care. She can teach you the surest ways to keep your new baby or family well.

Beware "the other fellow's cold"

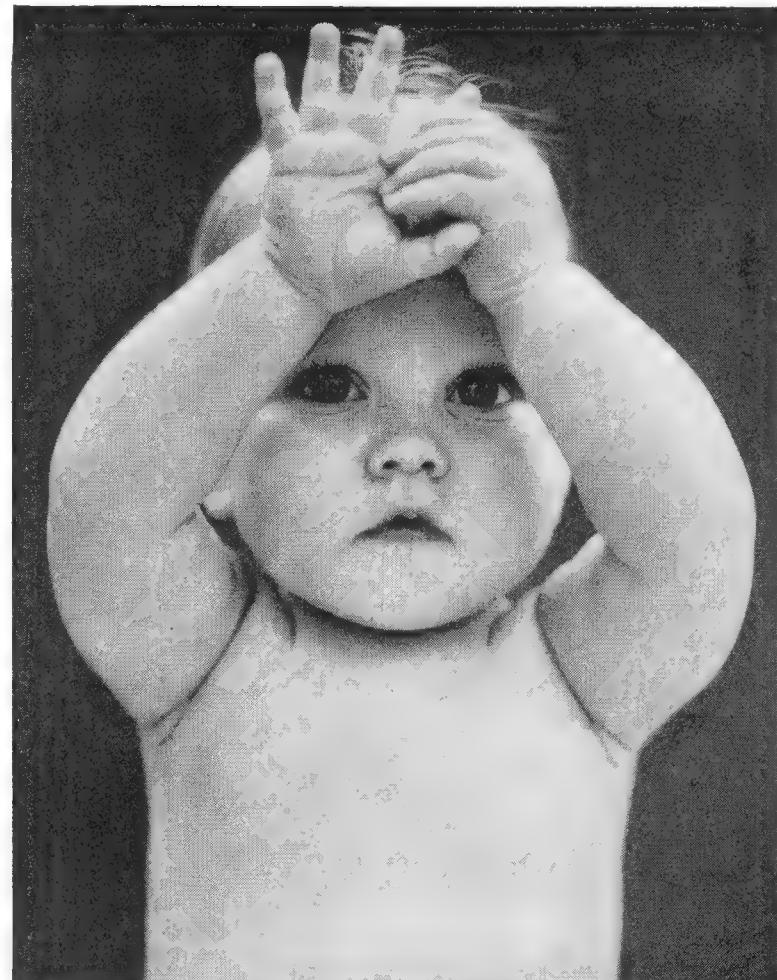
One important thing the Visiting Nurse may tell you is that a common cold can be the start of a serious illness for your little baby. Respiratory infections and their complications cause more fatalities among infants than any other sickness.

Reduce risk with a protective mask

Your baby's surest protection against the "other fellow's cold" is *never* to come in contact with it. But if you *can't* keep baby isolated from a person with a cold, safeguard him with a protective mask. Be sure to wear it, *if you have a cold*, whenever you are in the same room with baby, and see that anyone else with a cold does the same!

Simple to make—of tissue

If you don't have a supply of standard hospital masks available, you can make an emergency mask of tissue yourself. Just take two thicknesses of ScottTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and fasten at the back of your head with a pin. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScottTissue effectively trap germs . . . greatly lessen the danger of contagion. Remember—no other duty to your baby is more important than the prevention of respiratory infection.



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

He has only the sniffles now—but without precaution and treatment it may be more than a "harmless" cold.

*"Now I'll
be the mama!"*



BABY: Let's have some fun, Mom. Pretend you're my baby, and I'm taking care of you . . .

MOM: All right, punkin—but be careful! Remember, babies are delicate little items!

BABY: Precisely, Mom. So if you were my little girl, I'd see that you got plenty of wonderful smooth-overs with Johnson's Baby Oil . . . and lots of nice, soft dustings with Johnson's Baby Powder!

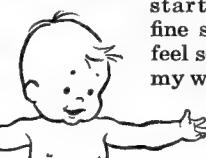
MOM: Whoa! You mean you need both?

BABY: All us babies do. Didn't you

hear my doctor say to use Johnson's pure, gentle oil on me *often*—to help protect me from the irritating effects of urine? Those were his very words! *And* Johnson's Powder, to help chase little chafes and prickles!

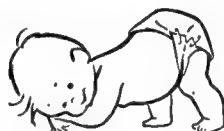
MOM: Goodness, honey—I haven't been such a good mother!

BABY: Well, I haven't been so good myself, Mom. But once my skin starts getting Johnson's fine smoother-uppers, I'll feel so perked up I can lick my weight in War Stamps!



Johnson's Baby Oil Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.



When Your Child Has a Cold

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

THE sulpha drugs have whipped many diseases and penicillin has conquered others, but the common cold still remains undefeated, although on the run. It seems practically certain that colds are caused by a virus, so small it easily passes through the openings in the finest porcelain filter. It is also known that many of the dangerous complications of colds come, not from this virus but from germs, such as the staphylococcus, the pneumococcus and the streptococcus. They are responsible for bronchitis, pneumonia and ear infections that can turn a "harmless" cold into a life-threatening disease.

Why do colds come at certain seasons and not at others? Why do some children have three or four colds a year and others never seem to get them? What effect do vitamins and sunshine have in preventing colds? All these and many other questions still are not completely answered.

Even though a great deal is known about colds, there is still no sure way known either of preventing or curing them. But the situation is not hopeless. There are a number of measures for the prevention and treatment of colds that the mother can carry out for the child, in addition to those things which the doctor will advise.

In the prevention of colds, the mother can: (1) keep anyone who is sick away from her baby; (2) avoid taking the baby into crowds; (3) put the baby to bed at the first sign of any illness and call the doctor; (4) take the baby's temperature so that she can report to the physician whether or not the baby has fever; (5) breast-feed her baby

during infancy; and (6) make sure the baby gets all the necessary vitamins and minerals, and plenty of sunshine. While the effect of vitamins in the prevention of colds has not yet been definitely determined, there

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, *a necessary supplement* to the monthly booklets, *OUR BABIES*, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, *A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER*, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



is much evidence to show that if the baby does not get enough vitamins A and D, the tendency to catch cold is greater.

What of vaccines for preventing colds? None has proved really successful thus far. It would appear from numerous studies that almost one out of ten people, particularly those who catch colds easily, are helped to some extent. The kind of vaccine that is injected under the skin seems to give the better results.

In the treatment of a cold, the mother should: (1) put the baby to bed and keep him as quiet as possible; (2) give him plenty of fluids, such as orange juice, tomato juice and water; (3) be careful, in bathing the baby, not to allow him to become chilled; and (4) reduce the baby's feedings for the time being until the doctor gives further orders.

The mother should not use any nose drops in the baby's nose unless the physician suggests it. The indiscriminate use of nose drops, particularly the oily variety, may lead to trouble.

As I have said, complications of colds arise, not because of the virus which causes colds but because other organisms, such as streptococci and staphylococci, invade the tissues. To prevent this invasion or overcome it, the physician may advise sulpha drugs, but, of course, these can be used only under his personal care and supervision. By no means do all babies with colds need sulpha drugs, for these medicines are not without their dangers.

IT IS known that most babies inherit some immunity to colds and that this immunity lasts for a varying period of time. But the mother cannot depend on this to protect her child against colds, because there is no way of knowing which children may develop colds and which ones will not get them.

Since colds are "catching" and are caused by a virus, they may be passed to the child through droplets of moisture which carry the virus and which are thrown into the air

when the mother sneezes or coughs, or even when she talks. Objects, such as eating utensils, may also become contaminated with the virus when the mother handles them. Thus, the mother must make sure that anything the baby is given to handle, such as a rattle or other toy, is washed clean with soap and water, and allowed to dry before the baby touches it. And, of course, anything that goes into the baby's mouth should be as free from germs as possible. The mother should, of course, carefully wash her own hands with soap and water before she handles the baby.

THERE is a great deal of question concerning the wearing of a face mask by anyone with a cold who is taking care of a baby. The wearing of a mask is advocated by some physicians and is said to be useless by others. If the mask is properly employed, a number of physicians think it may be of some help. Once the mask has been put on, the mother should not touch it or try to readjust it until she has finished nursing or caring for the baby. Of course, the mask should be washed and boiled after it has been used before it is employed again, and it should not be worn for more than thirty minutes at a time.

Should the mother with a cold continue to nurse her baby? By all means, unless she is so sick that it would be an undue strain on her. A cold can be quite severe, causing fever and prostration. In such instances, it would be better not to have the mother nurse the baby, but to have the breasts properly emptied by hand and the milk fed to the baby from a nursing bottle. If the cold is not a bad one, the mother should nurse her baby regularly, and follow the precautions suggested above, which may keep the infant from catching a cold.

A little cold in a big person, however, may lead to a big cold in a little person. That is the reason why every mother who is nursing a baby and develops a cold should take every possible precaution to keep her baby from developing the same illness.

SANTA'S FAVORITE GIFT FOR LITTLE BABIES—

Cuddle-Nest[†]

Santa knows that Cuddle-Nest is a "natural" for little babies. Of warmly quilted rayon satin in pastel shades, this charming new combination coverlet, pad and pillow has an easy-to-clean waterproof lining. Perfect for carriage and for carrying, Cuddle-Nest is as practical as it is pretty—the ideal baby gift.



AND TO HELP BABY GROW UP STRAIGHT AND STRONG— A KANTWET CRIB MATTRESS*



Doctors recommend firm, level sleeping support for baby—and that's just what Kantwet gives. Tight sealed-button tufting keeps extra center filling in place, prevents harmful humps and hollows. Smooth Glaskin covering easily wipes sweet and fresh. To get the advantages only Kantwet offers, be sure the name is on the label.

Kantwet products are sold by leading stores
ROSE-DERRY CO., Newton 58, Mass.

*Pat. Pending

*Pat. No. 2,106,065

CRIB MATTRESSES • CUDDLE-NEST • NURSERY FURNITURE PADS

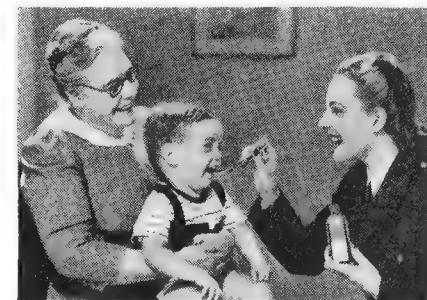
"I'm a passenger 'trainman'
who had a problem at home"



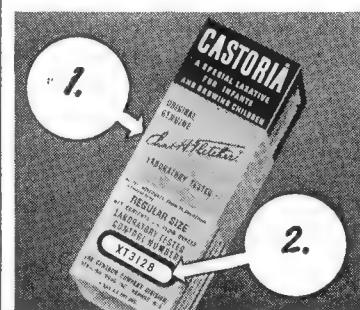
I'VE BEEN punching tickets on the railroad for almost a year now, and I love it. My mother has come to live with us, to help take care of our son, Bruce . . . because she realizes how important jobs like mine are to the war effort.



EVERYTHING'S worked out very well—except for the few times that Bruce causes trouble. That's when he needs a laxative. He puts up a terrible fuss at the "awful-tasting stuff," and upsets the whole family before he takes it. One day I found the answer.



SHE WASTED no time telling me. "Why, you shouldn't force bad-tasting laxatives on children!" she said. "Try Fletcher's Castoria—it's pleasant-tasting, so children like to take it. Gentle and effective, too, because it's made especially for children."



Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria package:

1. The green band around each package identifies the new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.
2. The Serial Control Number is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Char H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

The growing's great when you get all 3



How Oatmeal Leads All Natural Cereals in 3 Basic Elements

Great Strength Element!

Those wind-milling little arms and legs show baby needs good energy foods! Natural oatmeal leads every other cereal in Food-Energy.



Great growth Element!

Protein is a basic element for baby's normal growth, your stamina. Real oatmeal leads *all* cereals—wheat, corn, rice or any mixture of cereals—in Protein.



Great Energy Need!

No other natural cereal equals oatmeal in vitamin B₁. This is the Vitamin everyone needs for true vitality. The Vitamin baby must have, or irritability and constipation may develop.

No wonder so many doctors suggest natural oatmeal as baby's first cereal food. Quaker Oats brings your family more than 30 needed food elements in all!

Food Experts Vote for Hot Oatmeal!

In a recent survey among 2500 Dieticians, Nurses and Home Economists, 9 out of 10 recommended a hot breakfast for American families—and as their first choice of hot cereals they voted overwhelmingly in favor of natural whole-grain oatmeal, more than 2 to 1 over all other hot cereals combined! Start your family on delicious Quaker Oats tomorrow! Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee!



Yes, in everything there's Always One That's Best!

QUAKER OATS

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are the same



YOUTH IN WARTIME

(Continued from Page 39)

once." Many young people, however, have seen enough of widely prevalent drinking and gambling hazards to know that they would like their juke-and-jive without a "joint" atmosphere. Hopefully, they know what they want and are asking help from their communities to get it. Over 700 teenage canteens, most of them initiated and operated by boys and girls with a minimum of adult supervision, are already flourishing. A place to go, a place to have fun with other boys and girls, a place where they belong (with status-giving membership cards) and that belongs to them—the Kid Canteens, Tin Cans and Commando Clubs are filling with joyous uproar a hitherto gaping vacuum.

Where the young people have been allowed to choose their own director, they have chosen first a man or, second, a middle-aged, motherly woman. Unconsciously they were looking for prototypes of the mother or father who wasn't there when needed at home. The psychiatric implications are extremely significant. In all the canteens I visited, liquor—or a person smelling of it—is severely excluded.

Recreation, of course, is not the whole answer to youth's problems, but beyond its obvious importance the canteens offer all sorts of opportunity for development of individual leadership and skills and group self-government on a small scale.

THEY CAN TEACH US

These boys and girls have a great deal more to offer us than we realize or appreciate. We teach them civics in school, but too often the gap between classroom and practice stretches to the ballot age; during those years they lose interest and we lose their ideas.

Some few communities are beginning to use young people on important committees and councils to which youth problems are referred. The judge of the Juvenile Court in Phoenix, Arizona, realizing that the young are closer to the problems of the young than their elders, is using such a group to get reactions on delinquencies with which he deals daily.

The most frequent complaints against delinquent boys are those of serious property damage, acts of aggression and stealing of large amounts of money. In one "better-privileged" area, I heard in court the case of seven boys who had been arrested for extensive damage to persons and property. Their plea: there was nothing for them to do in that community, society had failed to plan for their leisure time and they were looking for excitement. For girls, the most frequent cases are of runaways, sexual promiscuity and late hours.

Another "national headache" is the problem of migrant youngsters in industry. In many cases, lured by big money, they falsify their ages and are aided and abetted by adults. Over 600 migrant sixteen-year-olds are employed in one Mississippi city, with no supervision in off hours, no provision for recreation, inadequate housing, and a feeling that nobody cares particularly what happens to them. (This, alas, is all too true.) In another city, character-building agencies were asked to accept a group of young migrant workers for recreation; their answer was that they did not want this "type" of youngster in their organization.

THE NEW TOM SAWYER

Truancy, on the increase throughout the country, no longer means that a child has just gone fishing. It is symptomatic of maladjustment which should be handled at the source, in schools or homes through personal counselors and visiting teachers. One city has worked out a rotation system for judges who hear truancy cases in schools and act on them informally. In other cities, schools have turned cases over to already overburdened courts. Many parents are unaware of the problem, and not enough are interested.

The students themselves have a great deal to say about the schools: that the curriculum is not suited to their abilities or to

Just imagine!

3 BEDS IN 1

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

KROLL

KROLL Triple Feature
SAFETY KRIB with
Adjusta-Matic Spring
T-I-L-T-I-N-G feature brings comfort to baby.



FREE FOLDER
Write KROLL BROS. CO., Chicago 16

Kroll

Quality

JUVENILE FURNITURE
and BABY CARRIAGES

the LIFETIME GIFT for NEW ARRIVALS!

DEE'S BLESSED-EVENT SCRAP BOOK

Dee's Blessed-Event Scrap Book is a new and different kind of book for saving newspaper stories on important world events that happen on day of baby's birth . . . a gift the new arrival will treasure a lifetime.

Embossed, washable cover. 32 colorful pages, 11 by 14 inches. Plenty of space for pasting in clippings of news, society, styles, movies, radio, cartoons, etc. . . all of historic value in years to come.

Sold by leading infants' wear departments.

GIVENS & CO. WESTERN SPRINGS ILLINOIS
Creators of the Popular DEE'S DRI-ETTES

Give
IDENTIFICATION **XMAS**

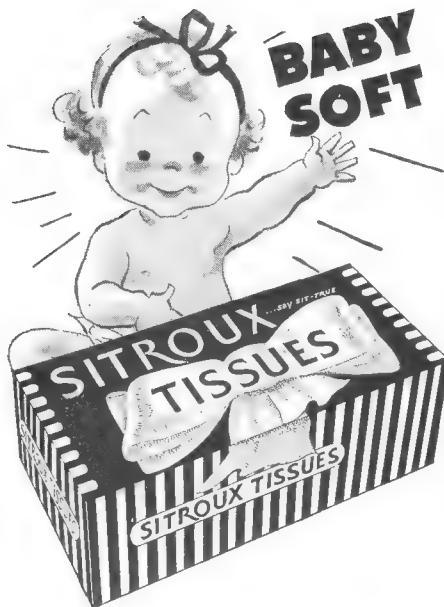
Positive identification is a safeguard wherever you are. Men and women of the armed forces, students and stay-at-homes alike must protect their clothing and belongings. Mark them all with Cash's WOVEN NAMES. Easy to attach to anything with NO-SO Cement. An ideal Xmas gift. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us.

TRIAL OFFER: Send us 15c for 1 doz. of your FIRST name.

CASH'S 74 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or
6227 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 44, Calif., or 54 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.
PRICES THREE DOZEN \$1.50 NINE DOZEN \$2.50
SIX DOZEN \$2.00 TWELVE DOZEN \$3.00

For Lovelier Hair

GERBER'S
OLIVE OIL
Shampoo



for family colds!

When a "cold wave" hits the family, keep plenty of Sitroux Tissues on hand. They're soft enough for tender tot . . . strong enough for robust pop . . . and absorbent enough for the most worrisome colds in the family. Keep those germs out of circulation with thrifty, sanitary Sitroux Tissues.

SITROUX SAY TISSUES

having a BABY?

Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula. Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

KEEP BABY SNUG AND SAFE WITH Ducky BLANKET FASTENERS . . .



MFD. BY FEDERAL TOOL CORP., CHICAGO 12, ILLINOIS

MATERNITY DRESSES Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street, or Afternoon. Also Maternity Bras & Lingerie. CRAWFORD'S Dept. A 1233 Balt. Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

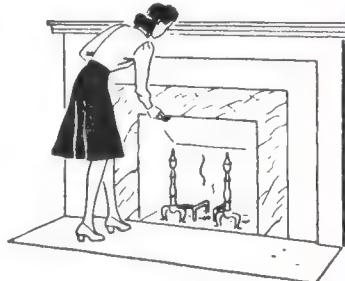
the situations which confront them in life; that teachers have no conception of the "whole child"; and that students don't get enough individual counseling and guidance. Teen-agers who have earned wartime salaries in adult surroundings during the summer are loath to return to a colorless school program in the fall, and find its regimentation irksome; witness the fact that they vote against having their canteens in school buildings.

TOO HOT OR TOO COLD

As they criticize home and school, they criticize the church and the social agencies. The church, they say, attempts to teach them how to live successfully in the next world rather than this. Often, moreover, church buildings are not open after school hours or in the evenings when they need them. One interesting exception is Grace Community Church, Denver, Colorado, a live center of activity.

Social agencies, youngsters tell me, make promises and never go through with them. I am afraid this is true in many cases. I still find many agencies quarreling among themselves as to who will take leadership, with the result that no one does. If, as someone suggested, an agency program could be as exciting as a honky-tonk, it might attract youth. In general, however, most of the programs are far too tame and are planned

Heat is lost through a fireplace if damper isn't closed when there is no fire.



WINS! Want the answers to hundreds of wartime housekeeping problems? Order the WARTIME HOMEMAKING MANUAL from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, No. 2007, 25 cents.

for young people, rather than *with* them. Many agencies are still catering to their boards and vested interests, unwilling to learn what the needs of their constituents are. Native Italians who were supposedly served by a settlement house told me that the house social workers didn't know their needs or care to, and had refused them representation on the board. Practically no agency is eager or able to deal with delinquents or predelinquents.

The most hopeful aspect of the youth scene is the protesting of young people against the chaotic decade which is almost the life span of most of them, and their hopeful planning for a better world. In their protests and confused questions lies the answer that as a society and as families we have met their need for bread with the stones of our own confusion and irresponsibility.

We must offer instead a genuine and informed interest in themselves, not only as citizens tomorrow but as persons today. We must get to know them as persons with problems as real as our own, armed with a youth-needs check list, reading as follows: individual counseling, sex education, ideals and standards, and guidance in marriage. We must offer a more vital program—in war or peace—for helping them to share in community life; better educational and recreational facilities; a society which has confidence in them; and finally, parents primarily concerned with their children and the homes in which they will grow to maturity.

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ONE QUART OF

GOLDEN GUERNSEY MILK

*Gives you the **First 1/4** of daily energy needs*

THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BOTTLE

(Continued from Page 28)

The week had rolled by on tumbrel wheels and she had heard no more of him.

On the other side of town Marjorie Newsome, who was as different from Miss Drew as two people can be and still inhabit the same sphere, struggled with a comparative problem. Marjorie Newsome had none of the dash and self-confidence of Laura. She was a small, childish-looking girl, with a pale, wistful face and fluffy brown hair. Her eyes were large, but they served only to heighten the wizened quality of her countenance. Her clothes were simply neat. She could not have accomplished much else on the salary she drew as salesgirl at the Owl Drugstore even if she had had the indefinable flair. As it was, she was indistinguishable from ten thousand other girls when she walked out on the street, going to or from her job. She was just a girl on the way to work or on the way home from work, and glad to have the work. But the horns of her dilemma were no less sharp pointed.

For four years Marjorie Newsome had cherished an unsatisfactory adoration for Fletcher Abernathy, a swarthy, vigorous young man with strong black hair and a discouraged soul. Fletcher had emerged into manhood when the depression was at its worst, and his confidence in himself and the rest of the world had been seriously blunted by his inability to get or keep any kind of job. He had been selling soap to the manager of the Owl Drugstore when Marjorie saw him first, and she had never completely recovered from the memory of his hand with the fine tracery of black hairs on its back and the blunt finger tips holding the bar of Lavenlawn. He had come in every week for a month or two and had eventually looked into her large eyes and engaged her in conversation. He had taken her to the movies a few times and then suddenly he didn't come in any more, and there was a small piece on the back page of the paper to

the effect that the Lavenlawn Soap Company had taken bankruptcy.

Marjorie grieved, since she had a strong maternal instinct—and, too, she feared she would never see him again. But he turned up at her house a few days later, and because he was bewildered and discouraged and she strove to comfort him, eventually they kissed. From that moment on, her love was the prop on which he leaned too heavily.

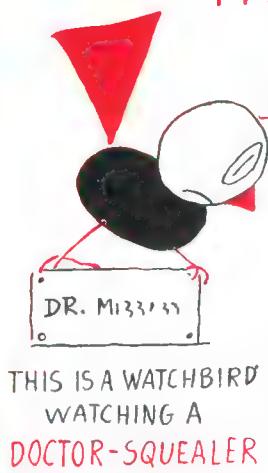
Fletcher had a theory that he was a born salesman, but in the early thirties there were so few people who could buy things that his talents went spectacularly to waste. His jobs were evanescent affairs, lasting at best a few weeks, and the intervals of time between them became longer and longer. Failure made him caustic and inactivity made him slothful. He did not have a kind word for anything or anybody, and he took Marjorie's devotion for granted. He got in the habit of playing cards at a small-time pool parlor instead of looking for a job, and now and then would bet two dollars on the races on a tip from the kind of tout who frequents such resorts. Sometimes he won. His clothes were shabby and his attitude matched.

He did not say anything to her about marriage. How could he? And anyway, it was obvious that she had eyes only for him.

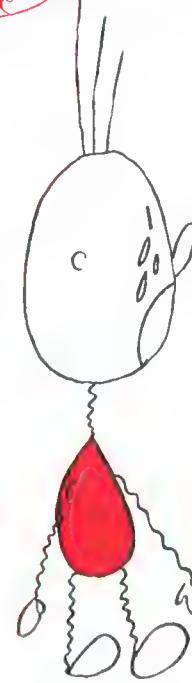
Matters had gone along in this vein for more than two years, and for the last six months of 1934 Fletcher had not had a job. He had managed to exist on race-track winnings and the proceeds of sleazy little card games, and he was on the fringe of genuine tramphood. He had grown unkempt in personal appearance, sometimes forgot to shave, and his voice had the incipient whine of a near mendicant.

Marjorie still loved him. But she was worried. She was a simple little thing with no special mental equipment, only an overlarge and undemanding heart, and while she would have loved him if he had been lashed

(Continued on Page 123)

THIS IS A
DOCTOR-SQUEALER

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING A
DOCTOR-SQUEALER



THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU

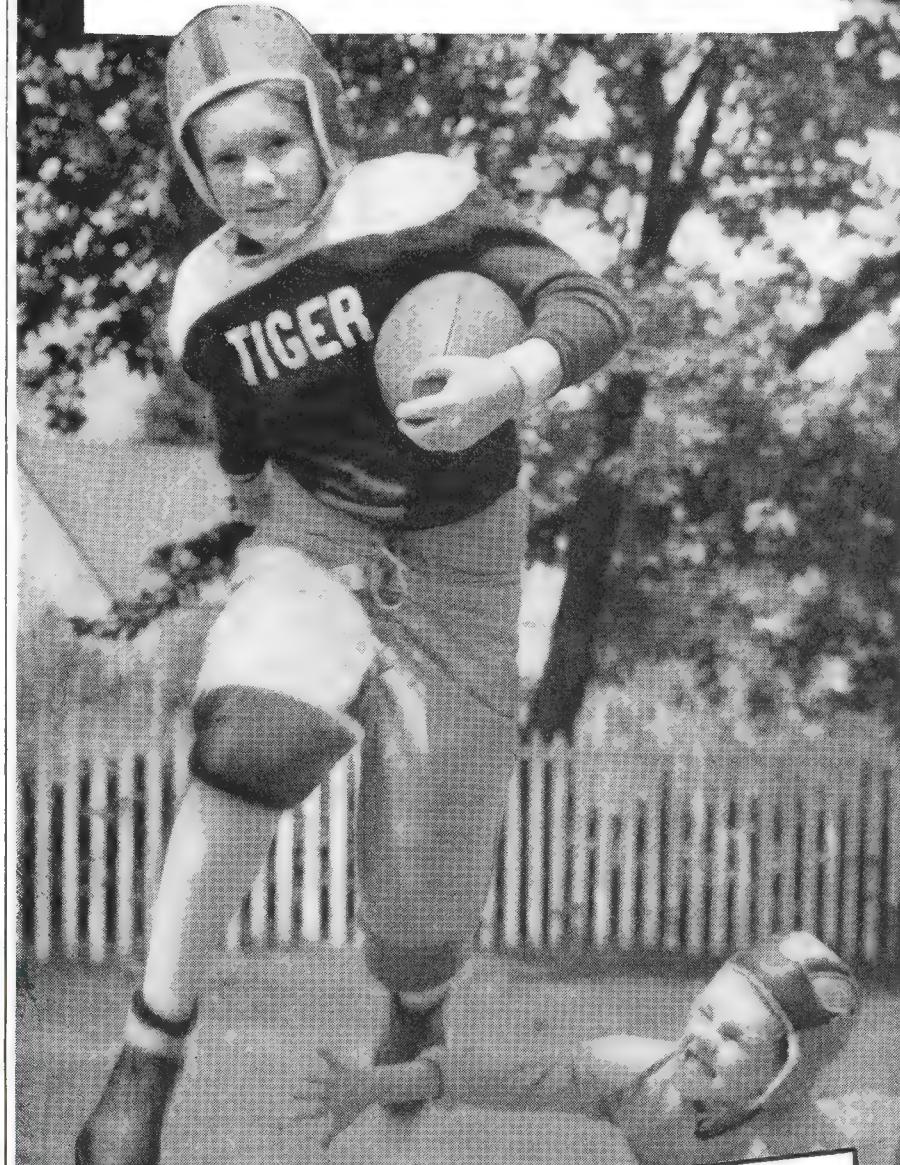
By Munro Leaf

THIS creature trembling from head to toe is a Doctor-Squealer. Every time it sees a doctor it squawks and acts as though it were going to be killed. It never seems to learn that doctors are people who help you when you are sick or hurt. A Doctor-Squealer doesn't have very much sense and doesn't even listen to what anybody says about doctors. When it sees one it just squeals like a pig.

WERE YOU A DOCTOR-SQUEALER THIS MONTH?



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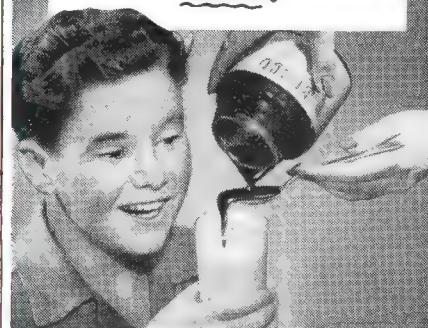
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ME TO DRINK MILK WITH
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How cold the wind blows!
And her coat's open wide...
But the wheat germ in Ralston
Protects from inside



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WHEAT GERM IS THE RICHEST CEREAL SOURCE OF PROTECTIVE B-VITAMINS
HOT RALSTON IS WHOLE WHEAT PLUS EXTRA AMOUNTS OF WHEAT GERM

(Continued from Page 121)

to the gallows for a confessed crime, she worried because she saw him disintegrating before her eyes. She thought about this while she wrapped up milk of magnesia and aspirin tablets and boxes of face powder and rang up sales on the cash register or dusted the stock. He was beginning to drink and eventually—because the world had treated him so coldly—he might conceivably begin to steal, and then what would become of them?

She had no thought of breaking off this dismal affair, even as she saw her young life running away in tributaries of waste and inanition. It was the farthest thing from her mind, though her people harped on nothing else. But she, of all the world, had remained faithful and her only thought was to help him. About a week before Christmas she thought she had found her chance.

The Effingham Printing Company, down the street from the store, staggering under an unexpected volume of Christmas business, required a messenger and general handy man. Here, at last, thought Marjorie, was a job for Fletcher with a good reliable firm. Something solid.

He usually drifted by the store to pick her up when she got off from work at seven o'clock. She could scarcely wait until time rolled round to this hour. Her face was pregnant with her surprise when she met him, and almost immediately she burst out:

"Fletch, I've found you a job—"

He was in a sullen mood—his horse had run out of the money—and he turned cold eyes on her. "Since when did I need a woman to look for a job for me?" he inquired belligerently.

She flinched almost as if he had struck her, but after a moment's silence she pushed on: "—at the Effingham Printing Company. You know—about a block down—that nice-looking place."

"Doing what?" he asked.

"Well—it's kind of a general-helper job. You might have to make some deliveries—"

"I'm a salesman," Fletch blazed. "Not a messenger boy."

"Fletch," she said, and her voice took on the hoarseness of despair, "you're out of work. You can't pick and choose. There are a hundred men who would jump at that job. It's a chance to pull yourself out of this hole."

"So I'm in a hole," he said. "So I'm a bum and you're ashamed to be seen with me. So after this you don't have to."

They stopped under a street light. Her face was almost as pale as the snowflake that melted against her cheek, but her big eyes burned. Her small body stiffened under the old camel's-hair coat, and into her mild face came the stubbornness of desperation.

"All right," she said. "I don't have to."

He seemed to weaken, but then he kicked at the soft snow on the curb. "It's up to you," he said.

"If you don't take that job," she said, "I don't want to see you again."

"I'm not taking orders from anybody," Fletch said. "This is a free country."

He walked off and she stood immobilized under the street light until a woman touched her arm and asked her if she were in trouble.

"Yes," Marjorie said. "Yes, I am."

SHE had been moving in a kind of daze since then. She was grateful for the increased work of Christmas week. While she handled the compacts and cigarette cases and the cosmetic sets in the Owl Drugstore, her thoughts ran around in crazy circles, wondering where he was, how he slept, what means he had for eating. She had been so preoccupied with him for four years that she did not know what else to think about. Although everybody who knew her, and her

own instincts, told her she was well rid of him, something in her flesh denied it. She wanted him back.

Apparently he did not want her back. Every night when she left the store she looked furtively around, hoping to see his lank figure slouching in the shadows. But it was not there. She came to the conclusion that he had never loved her. This was almost more disturbing than his absence. If he had loved her, he would have straightened himself out long before. But even that did not ease her longing. Because she was foolish and a woman, she would have been happy only to love him.

TIME ticked on its inexorable round and it got to be Christmas Eve.

Young Mr. Carlton, who had lost approximately eight pounds in the past seven days, threw himself with a fine frenzy into the dubious merriment of the office party. He began to drink when the office closed at one P.M., and by six-thirty the secretaries and file clerks and assistants and the mail girls and the office boys had all gone home and Mr. Carlton found himself alone and faintly maudlin. He had a good deal of Christmas spirit without being able to take his mind off Miss Laura Drew, whom he imagined at that moment, dressed in white tulle and her pearls, in the arms of Marc Gilbert. (As a matter of fact, Miss Drew was locked in her bathroom, sobbing because she felt convinced that Christmas was not going to bring her what she most desired.) After he had raged futilely at this mental picture for a while, he got up and into his overcoat, from whose pocket his white scarf depended rakishly, and putting on his hat only slightly awry, he weaved toward the elevator and went down and out of the building into the cold crisp air of the waning day. The snow made a hard crust under his feet and he moved carefully, carrying himself as if he might break.

He walked along way. The mist of alcohol lifted faintly and he saw that he was in a

strange part of town. He stood at a corner, wondering which direction to take and thinking of Laura, grateful that his mind for once did not conjure up the picture of Marc Gilbert beside her. He remembered that it was Christmas Eve.

He thought, *I ought to send her a present—just some little thing. A token of good will.*

He played with the idea for a few moments, muttering, "A token of good will," and adding sentimentally, "The last present." He rather liked it.

He looked around for a florist shop, but the only one in sight was shut tight, and so were all the other stores. Now he had decided to make the offering, he could not bear to be thwarted, at least in the state he found himself in, so he trudged on, striking up a side street, and eventually he came to the lighted doorway of the Owl Drugstore.

There was a girl behind the perfume counter and he sidled over and spoke to her.

"I would like to buy a present," he said carefully. "A Christmas present for a lady. A token of good will."

"A nice bottle of perfume?" Marjorie asked mechanically. She was tired and blue.

"Yep," he said. "A flowery fragrance. Very apt," he said, his lawyer's rhetoric soaring in inebriation. "Very apt for the last present." He looked at Marjorie sadly.

"What kind of perfume does she use?"

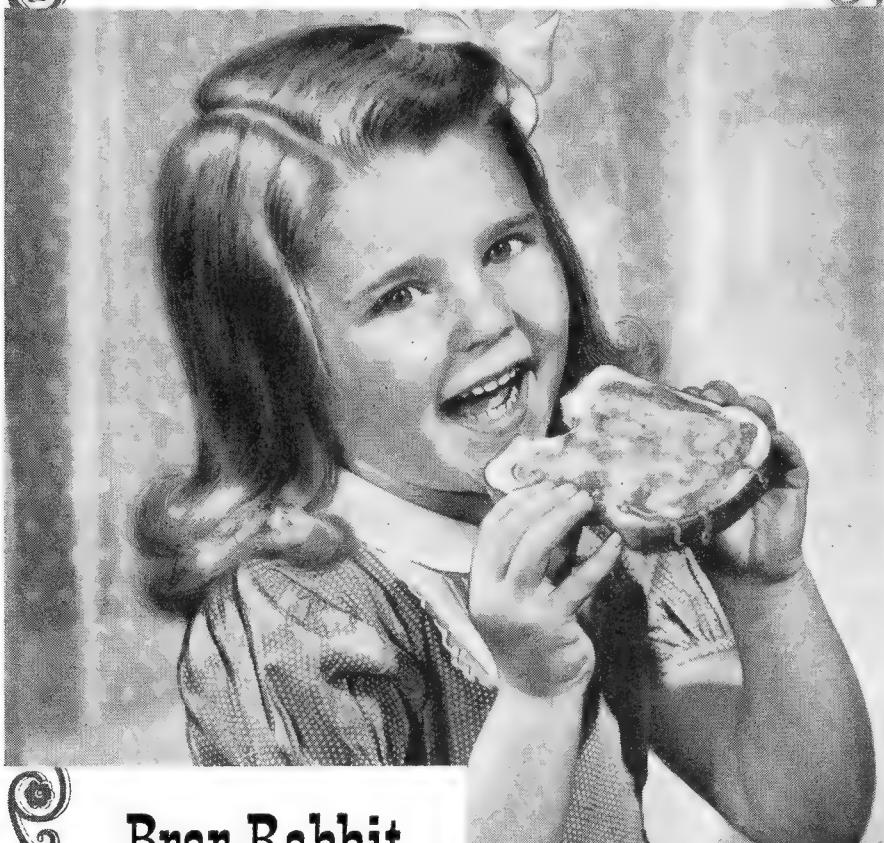
"Oh, it's beautiful. It's the most beautiful smell in the world."

Marjorie studied the customer. He was a creature from another world—a world that rarely found itself in the Owl Drugstore. He was handsome and not quite himself. He needed help.

She smiled naturally for the first time in days. "What kind of lady is she?"

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SWEET AND MILD . . . HAS THE FLAVOR CHILDREN LOVE!

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NET WEIGHT 16 OUNCES
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DINNER IN A JIFFY
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NET WEIGHT 8 OUNCES
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Spaghetti SAUCE
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ARMY NAVY

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Quality Foods, Inc., Milton, Pa., is proud to have received the Army-Navy "E" for excellence in producing foods for our fighting men all over the globe.

"Oh," said Arthur, "she's beautiful. You never saw such a beautiful woman."

Marjorie took out a small crystal bottle and set it on the counter. She waved the stopper in front of his nose and he inhaled the ghosts of many flowers.

"Haven't you got something *better*?" Arthur asked sadly.

"Yes," she said, "I have something wonderful. But it's expensive."

She thought of the fifty-dollar bottle, which had been queening it in the showcase for many months. Mr. Latham, the manager, had bought it in a moment of odd weakness which occasionally strikes the managers of drugstores when confronted with something extravagant, beautiful and not practical. He had long since mourned this fall from grace, since it was apparent that nobody who ever came into the Owl Drugstore could afford the fifty-dollar bottle. In fact, not a week before he had realized bleakly that this item was going to look bad for him in the January inventory.

"This is the last present I'll ever give her," Arthur reminded Marjorie.

"Why?" she asked softly. They were alone in the store, except for the prescription clerk in the back room.

"It's a long story," Arthur said and shook his head, which seemed to be rapidly clearing.

"This is the best we have," Marjorie said and took out the great crystal bottle. "This is the fifty-dollar bottle."

"That ought to do it," Arthur acquiesced.

"It certainly ought to," Marjorie said. "Any woman should love any man who gave her that bottle."

"Even me?" Mr. Carlton asked.

SHE grinned at him. "That might be easy," she said.

He straightened a little. "Wrap it up," he said. He took out his wallet and laid the bills on the counter. He whistled softly while he waited. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind about something.

When she came back he took the package, weighing it in his hand. Everything was clearer now.

"Look," he said hesitantly. "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question? You're a woman. You ought to know."

"Of course I don't mind," she said.

He thought, *What's the matter with me? Am I losing my grip? No privacy.* But you could say it better to a stranger. Aloud he blurted, "Suppose you were in love, but you had a quarrel. But you weren't mad—you weren't ever really mad. And you couldn't get along without this person. Not very well, I mean. But she was mad at you. What would you do?"

Marjorie leaned across the counter, her hands gripping the top of the glass until the nails looked faintly blue. Her eyes swam with tears. "I'd go tell her," she said. "I'd go tell her just that! And if I loved her I'd ask her to marry me."

"You would?" he said, slightly abashed at her passionate tears. "You would—even if there were a lot of obstacles in the way?"

"There are always a lot of obstacles," she said. "But who cares about them?"

"Thanks," he said absent-mindedly. "Thanks."

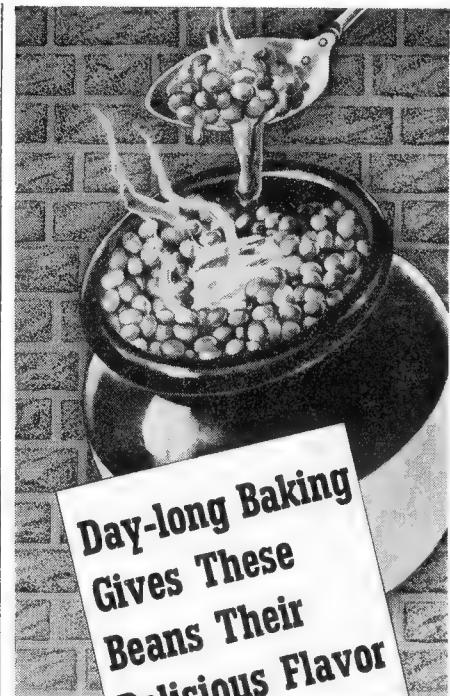
He went out and melted into the dark. Marjorie began to straighten the case preparatory to departure. The door reopened with a kind of jubilant clash and he was back at the counter. He looked at her and there was a kind of gentle wonder in his face. He didn't say anything and the silence hung between them for a quivering second.

"You're sweet," he said. "I want you to have this. A token of good will." He pushed the wrapped package containing the fifty-dollar bottle across the counter toward her.

"But I couldn't take it!" Marjorie gasped. "Mr. Latham, the boss—I mean, oh, you don't even know me! There's no reason why you should give me this. No. No!"

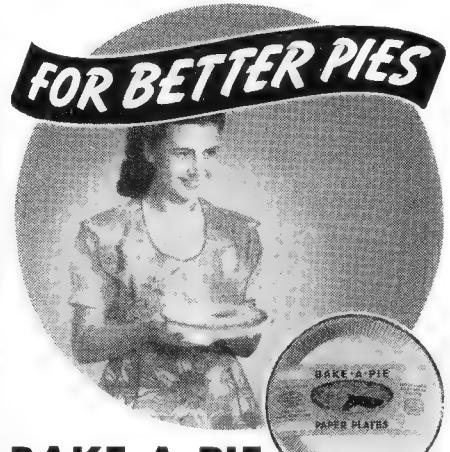
"Yes, there is," he said. "Besides, I've decided to give her something else." He hurtled through the door before she could open her mouth again and was gone forever.

She picked up the package. Fifty dollars! It made her skull freeze. She set it down



They're on sale again . . . delicious B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans . . . the genuine New England baked beans, baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you extra-tempting flavor. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that keeps us from hurrying more of these Down East favorites your way. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Me.

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BAKE-A-PIE . . . PAPER PLATES

These modern, metal-rimmed plates absorb excess grease and moisture—give you tender, delicious crusts every time! No greasing, washing, or scraping. Five 9-inch plates 10c. Look for them in paper specialty departments when manufacturing restrictions are lifted.



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KALAMAZOO 13D, MICHIGAN

carefully and, dazed, went to put on her hat and coat. She stopped to do her face over and brush out the fluff of her light brown hair, because she felt better somehow. More cheerful. That man had said she was sweet. He had given her the fifty-dollar bottle. It was a miracle; but then, this was Christmas. She thought, *Anything can happen now. Anything!*

She cradled the fifty-dollar bottle in her hand and called out good-by and stepped forth into the night. From the dark corner of the building a lank figure detached itself and her heart turned over.

"Fletch!" she cried.

"Hello," he said stiffly.

"I missed you," she said.

"Oh?"

They walked along in silence. She could not say anything.

"What have you got there?" he asked.

"Oh, that," she said. "It's a bottle of perfume."

"Looks like a quart."

She was embarrassed. "It's the fifty-dollar bottle."

He whistled. "Where'd you get it?"

She hesitated, and then her head went up and her chin made itself stubborn. "A man gave it to me."

"Oh," he said bitterly. "You didn't waste any time, did you?"

That broke her. "Fletch," she said, "I never saw him before. You won't believe it. Nobody will. But he came in and bought it and then he came back and shoved it across the counter and told me it was a token of good will."

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN

(Continued from Page 38)

On that thought she set out her silver coffee pot and her blue linen napkins.

There was another thought, of course, but she kept it resolutely out of her mind. The thought was James. James was her daughter Cecily's husband. James was somewhere in the Pacific. It was better not to think about James.

She heard Fred stirring about, and a while later Cecily's brisk step. Cecily wouldn't be down until last; she cleaned her rooms before she left for work. She never missed a morning. Caroline could hear the furniture being moved about, windows opened and closed, the whir of the vacuum cleaner. Cecily cleaned in a sort of pathetic desperation and her mother, listening, tried not to succumb to the dull unhappiness the sound provoked. Cecily's unhappiness caught at her own heartstrings, and they were taut and discordant when Fred reached the dining room.

"Good morning, beautiful!" He kissed the top of her head. He had not really looked at her. He was just pleasantly aware of the blue of her house coat matching her eyes, of the red flower pinned in her hair. He had always called her "beautiful." She had never been anything but pretty, but she was still that.

Fred pulled out his chair and settled his long, gaunt figure before his place at the table, widening the space between his knife and fork as though he needed more room. He took his orange juice, a large chilled glass of it, and remarked, as he did every morning, on how good it was. He started to say something further, but the harsh sound of a vacuum cleaner being run over the bare floor just above his head caused him to stop and frown.

"Does she have to do that?" he asked.

"I guess she does," Caroline answered gently, her eyes pleading with him not to be impatient.

The plea went unheeded. Fred Dorman was overworked and worried, shouldering the responsibilities of the three men whose jobs he was doing.

He said, "Why couldn't she have put her stuff in storage? What was the use of jamming it all into our two spare bedrooms? It's nonsense. This is her home; she's always been welcome."

"He'll be back," Fletch said. "For more good will." She could tell that he was angry—that he was angry in a new way, not the old slinking, backbiting, failure's way. "But he'd better not let me catch him hanging around. Do you understand?"

Her throat went dry and her heart fluttered. They were the most passionate words of love he had ever spoken.

"I've got a job," he said.

"Fletch, that's wonderful!"

"At the Effingham Printing Company," he went on grimly.

She couldn't speak.

"After the first of the year, they're going to make me a junior salesman."

"Oh, Fletch, I'm so proud. I'm so happy."

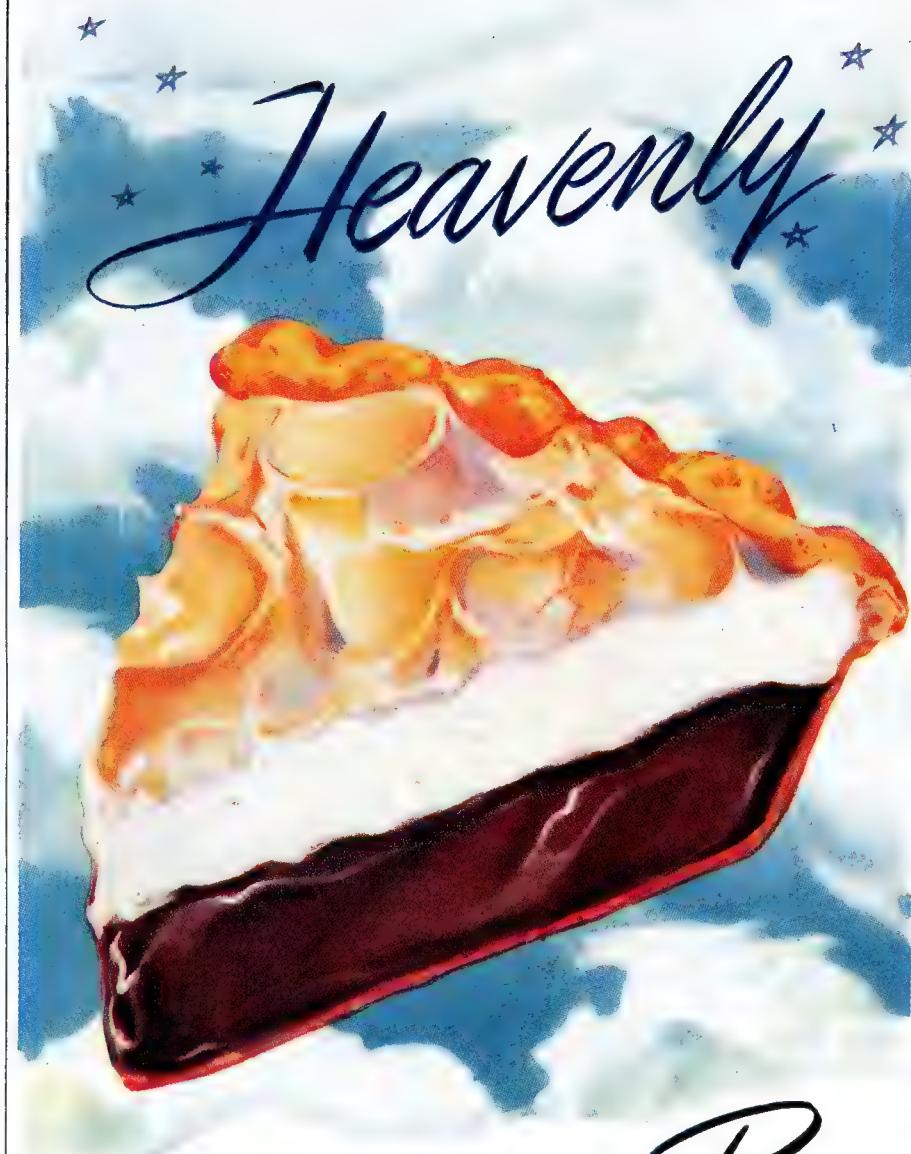
"I'll make thirty-five dollars a week and commission."

"Darling, I always knew ——"

"Will you marry me?" he asked brokenly. "I love you. I was going to wait—but now ——"

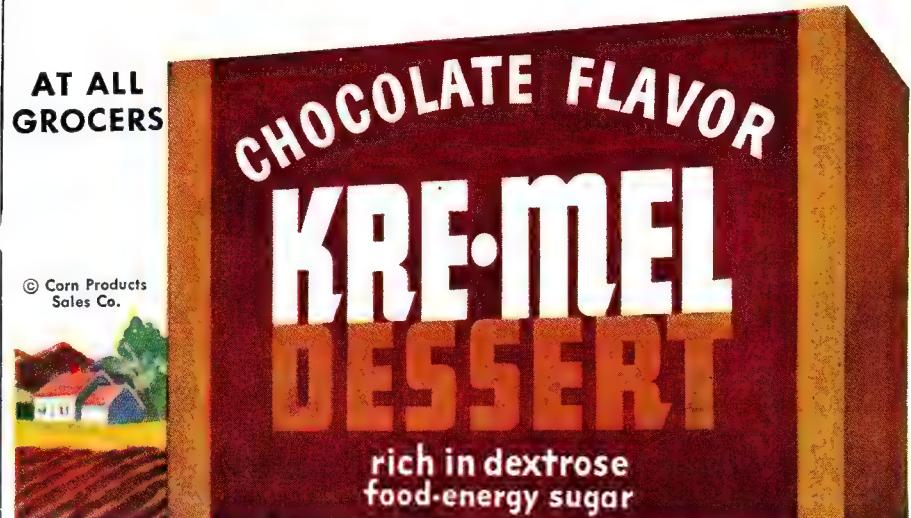
The package slipped out of her nerveless hands and crashed against the curb with a fine tinkle of shattering glass. The precious contents gurgled out into the gutter, staining the dirty snow, and the air was permeated with an exquisite fragrance—frankincense or myrrh—as if some giant censer had swung down from heaven to sweeten the Christmas earth.

But this did not seem strange or even important to the two small, wistful figures clinging together in the deserted business street. They took it strictly as a matter of course.



Heavenly Chocolate Pie

This "divine" Kre-mel Chocolate Pie is a favorite dessert everywhere. Easy and economical to make, it has a smooth "chocolaty" flavor. Rich in dextrose, it is rich in food energy. The recipe is on every package of Chocolate Flavor Kre-mel Dessert.





"Taking it" on the chin? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Delicious Food, Slimmer Figure! With the Ry-Krisp plan any normal overweight person can cut calories, have meals like this: Chicken, two vegetables, Ry-Krisp, plus salad, dessert. Start now. Eat sensibly. Enjoy delicious 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread each meal.



FREE MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

Now that eggs are plentiful

try
this
supper
dish!

Recipe

Shirred Eggs—Alsation-Style

● PARBOIL $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. liver. Chop fine. Brown in 3 tbs. bacon fat with 1 small onion, minced. Break 6 eggs into greased shallow baking dish. Cook 2 min. over low fire. On each egg pour a dash of Heinz "57-Sauce." Pour liver-onion mixture over eggs. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) till eggs are set but not hard.

Heinz "57-Sauce"

FOR FISH, FOWL, MEAT AND ECONOMY WARTIME MEALS



57

Cecily sat down and began her breakfast. She didn't eat very much. "Anything new?" she asked.

Caroline hurried her answer. "Tomorrow's my day at the canteen, so today is the day I cook. I'm making a new casserole dish with macaroni. I think the boys must get beans wherever they go. Of course they eat them because they're hungry and they haven't any money. If they did, they wouldn't come in." She thought, *Why can't I get on some other subject? I'm like a bicyclist riding into a rock on the road. And Cecily's eyes are getting that look in them of Tarawa, Guadalcanal and Bataan.* Her mind spun about desperately for a safer topic; it seized upon Saturday night. "Then Saturday," she said beamingly, "Saturday is the Fortnightly."

"Is it?" Fred put his paper down. "I thought we played last Saturday night." The Fortnightly was their evening bridge club. They both enjoyed it; Fred played a very good game. "Are you sure it's this Saturday?" he asked again.

"Positive," his wife insisted, "and furthermore, it's here this time. It's our turn."

"Why don't you just give it up?" Cecily suggested. She turned to her mother. "Isn't it too much to do on top of everything else? It's one of those useless prewar things really. Four couples getting together and playing bridge." She looked at her father. "It's so meaningless—now."

"Cecily," he said, not unkindly but with a certain firmness, "the Fortnightly people are our friends. Friends are never meaningless. We enjoy them, I trust they enjoy us."

"Of course they do, daddy," Cecily interrupted, humoring him. "I wasn't criticizing you. Now I've got to run. Oh, here's this." She opened her purse and set an envelope beside him. Then she kissed him gently and was gone.

FRED DORMAN ignored the kiss. He sat looking at the folded paper. Another War Bond. "The rent," he said bitterly. "A slap in the face," he added.

"No, dear, no," Caroline pleaded again, "just youth and pride."

"There's nothing young about her," he said. "She's hard and bitter. This is her home; she's welcome to it, all that's in it, everything I've got. She always has been, but—all she cares about is two rooms full of furniture and the mail. When did she hear last?"

"Eight weeks ago," Caroline started to say, but in the midst of it she crumpled and bent her head behind the silver coffeepot and wept.

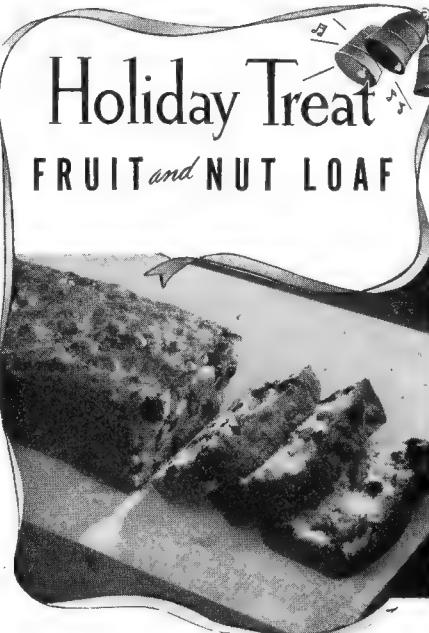
He came over to her; he took his handkerchief and tried to dry her tears. "Beautiful, don't do that," he said gently.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, "but it eats into me somehow. She's never been young and starry-eyed and soft. She's just worked and waited for James, for his chance, for his right to work for her. You mustn't blame James because he never wanted to be beholden to us, or Cecily either." She waited for him to speak. She had pleaded James' cause so often, so uselessly. Fred was so generous, but relentless when his generosity was rejected. "They waited so long," Caroline tried again, "so long for that little apartment, for the privilege of living in it, working in it. And then the war. And now—now this dreadful waiting between letters. It's so unfair!"

"Yes, it is." Fred couldn't find anything more to say than that, nor could Caroline think of anything. Unfairness was no solution, no answer; it was just a blank wall. But she let the great love he had for her ease the tightness of her grief.

"We must bear it somehow," she said, "and never, never let her know." She found a wry smile. "Let's plan the Fortnightly meeting. I know it is prewar and foolish, but it's fun and we've been playing so many years. Do you know it's twenty years now?" "No!"

"Um-hum, it is. Let's see; we've been married twenty-eight—no, twenty-nine years next Monday. We came to this house twenty-one years ago and that was the fall



Holiday Treat
FRUIT and NUT LOAF

EASY DIRECTIONS: Make batter with DUFF'S HOT MUFFIN MIX. Add 1 1/2 cups chopped fruit and nuts. Bake at 350° about one hour. Serve along with the meal or as dessert.



Just
ADD WATER
—that's all!



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EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies

**SEEDLESS
GRAPE JAM**
A luscious jam that brings you all the arbor-fresh goodness of juicy purple Concord grapes. Surprisingly inexpensive. ...use it liberally.

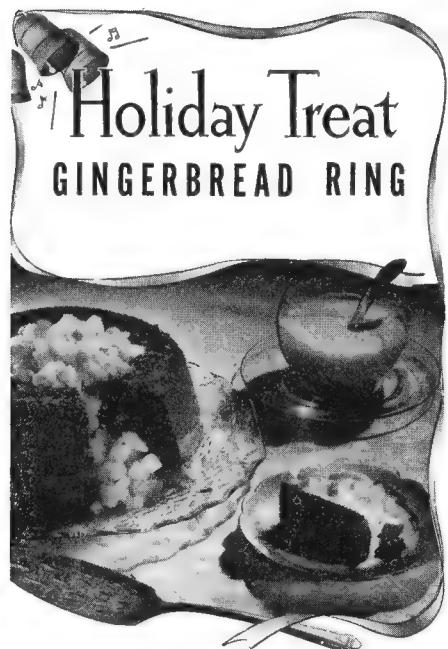
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THE WORLD'S FINEST
CUP OF COFFEE!

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Holiday Treat GINGERBREAD RING

EASY DIRECTIONS: Make batter with DUFF'S GINGERBREAD MIX. Bake in ring pan. Fill center with fruit salad. Serve generous portions with lemon hard sauce topping.

JUST
ADD WATER
—that's all!

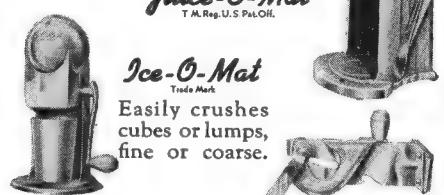


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Dream Kitchens always include these familiar favorites.

The Juicer that gets ALL the juice, without rind-oil, pulp or seeds.

Juice-O-Mat
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Opens cans of all shapes and sizes, leaving smooth beveled edges.

Ice-O-Mat
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Easily crushes cubes or lumps, fine or coarse.



Can-O-Mat
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For steaks, chops, fish or fowl. Only electric adjustable broiler made.

Broil-O-Mat
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FIRST with an Electric Adjustable Broiler

the club started. Only we played every Saturday night then."

"Well, look here"—Fred had thought of something—"we'll do a little celebrating. We'll have supper for the club; you can get Emma in for one evening, can't you?"

"Yes," Caroline said dubiously, then more quickly, "of course."

"And we'll go to New York; we'll take the midnight train. We can come back Monday night. And, beautiful, I want you to have some new clothes. Get the works now—and a blue dress," he added.

She caught his mood and she smiled at him tenderly as she said good-by. "Whoever heard of celebrating a twenty-ninth anniversary?" she asked.

The work went quickly that morning. The casseroles were cooling on the kitchen table by eleven o'clock, and she'd started on the first of the three cakes she would bake.

Fred called her at noon. "I've got the tickets," he told her. "Did you get your shopping done?"

"Goodness, no"—it was her old laugh that came rippling forth with the exclamation—"I haven't even planned the Fortnightly yet."

"Well, hurry up."

"Maybe I'd better not shop. I have—"

"Maybe nothing. You haven't bought anything in months and I want you to look pretty. Get the works."

"All right," she said, but she hung up the receiver doubtfully.

There was a reason why she hadn't bought anything new. It was Cecily. Cecily's words would be, "Oh, that's pretty, mother; blue is

Winding Road

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

I love best
An old road
with burrs in
its hair
that winds off
to no place
and doesn't
much care!

your color." But Cecily had worn the same tailored suit, she'd washed and ironed the same two or three blouses, the same good black dress had hung and hung in her closet. It had hung out of shape, her mother noticed; the skirt had stretched unevenly and the shoulder pads in the sleeves didn't seem right. It didn't matter; Cecily never wore it.

Was there, Caroline wondered, any new approach to the problem, something she hadn't thought of yet? Could she, perhaps, suggest that Cecily widen her interests a little more, so that when James came home — No, that wouldn't do. During the long years she had waited for James, Cecily had saved most of her clothes allowance for the furnishing of the apartment she and James were going to have.

A woman owes it to herself, Caroline thought. But that, too, was a blind alley. The only self that Cecily knew existed for James, and James wasn't here.

Caroline drove downtown in the early afternoon. She had to drive or she wouldn't get back in time to call the club members before she started dinner. Nor did she want to meet Cecily downtown. Cecily never touched the car except for essentials, and there was nothing essential about shopping for clothes you didn't really need. She was doing everything today that Cecily just wouldn't do. Only it was spring, she and Fred had been married for twenty-nine years. He loved her and he wanted to see her look pretty. He wanted the club members to see how pretty she looked, he wanted someone to mention it. Someone would, and then all evening long Fred's pleasant homely face would glow with pleasure. And

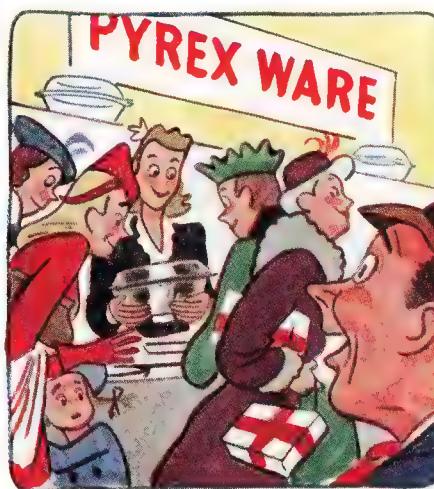
It's the day before Christmas!!



1. It's the day before Christmas
And all through the shops,
Poppa is running
With starts and with stops.



2. What to give Momma?
What to give sister?
What to give grandma?
(It bothers the mister!)



3. When just as he's ready
To give up in despair,
What does he see
But a sign "PYREX WARE"!



4. He knows that his wife
And his Aunt and his Cousin
Could use one or two,
Or maybe a dozen.



POPPA LOVE MOMMA? This Pyrex Double-Duty Casserole makes a dozen different dishes. The cover is an extra pie plate! 3 sizes. 2 qt. size. **75¢**



GLAMOUR GIFT! This gleaming Pyrex Cake Dish is just made for chops, layer cakes, desserts. Bakes food $\frac{1}{2}$ faster. A pair makes a lovely gift. Each, only **35¢**



SHE'LL BE PROUD of her pies in this smart, transparent Pyrex Pie Plate! Sticky foods wash off its smooth sides like magic. Three sizes. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ size. only **25¢**



"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

IDEA FOR POPPA: Put all the four dishes shown here together and see what a wonderful Gift Set you have for only

\$185

"Nescafé certainly makes a grand cup of coffee" . . . makes it every time. You'll want a second cup and can have it so-easily.

*A teaspoonful in a cup
Add hot water it's ready*



A quick cup of FULL FLAVORED COFFEE —that's Nescafé

FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, all the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

And Nescafé is so easy to prepare... a coffee extract, powdered for your convenience, it saves so much time and work. There's no coffee maker to get ready or to clean, no grounds to dispose of. Each cup is made to individual taste, always delicious, always the same.

Nescafé is economical, too, especially so as you make only the amount you want... you get all the advantages of Nescafé for about 1¢ per cup.



NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

whenever she looked at him she would be glad she was pretty, pretty and cherished.

She knew the sort of blue dress he meant. She'd had one when he first knew her; the blue matched her eyes. Every so often that shade of blue came in vogue again. It had various names, but it was always her shade of blue and she got a dress of it. She didn't expect to find it this afternoon, not in just an hour or two. But she did. It cost twice as much as it ever had before, and now that her hair was turning it was twice as becoming.

"You stay so slender," murmured the salesgirl, "though you're not skin and bones the way some are. How's your daughter these days? She never comes in any more."

"Just fine, thank you," Caroline murmured uncomfortably. "I'll take these things with me. I have the car," she added apologetically.

While she waited for the boxes she looked about at the things on display, at the people buying them. Surely they weren't all wicked. But she felt wicked, just the same. She felt worse than that when the package was actually in her hands and she hurried away. She drove home quickly. She wanted to get the car in the garage; she wanted to unwrap the packages, she wanted the clothes to be hanging up as though they'd been there for a long time. She didn't want to feel the way she did right now.

She found a satin-padded hanger for the blue dress; she thrust it on the rod beside the dark blue suit and the frilly blouse with the little dark bow at the neck. They were good things, well chosen. She'd look smart, Fred would be pleased. She'd wear the blue to the Fortnightly and then change to the suit before they caught the midnight train. Now for the telephone.

Talking with Marge, and Flo, and Mary Bascom, she was almost her prewar self. "Can you come at seven instead of eight o'clock? My dear, it's an occasion; didn't you realize it? . . . Um-hum, we've been playing for twenty years. . . . Yes sirree." Her voice was light and sparkling; she jumped from the celebrating of the club to her own shopping and to her trip.

SHE was describing the suit and blouse when Cecily came in, and she thought of Cecily's clothes. The joy shriveled out of her voice as she said good-by.

"Hello, Cecily," she said quickly, brightly. "I'm going to be late with dinner; I've been on the telephone for two whole hours."

"I'll help," Cecily offered matter-of-factly. She was fingering the one or two circulars that were lying on the hall table. Her eyes, when she looked up at her mother, had an odd little-girl trust in them, as though her mother were still that infallible being who could make things come right for her. "Is there any mail?" she asked.

"No—no, there's not." The trust receded; Cecily went into the dining room and began to set the table.

Caroline was glad that Friday was a day of work at the canteen. She didn't have much time to think. Cecily didn't know about the party yet, she didn't know about the new clothes, about the trip to New York, about the train reservations. She would have to know, of course. She would have to know Saturday afternoon. On Saturday afternoons Cecily washed and set her hair, mended her clothes, and on Saturday evenings she worked at the hospital. She would leave before the other members of the Fortnightly arrived, but she could hardly miss the preparations and she would think, "Jim is in the Pacific. I haven't heard from him in eight weeks. And they are having a party."

Suddenly Caroline was Cecily and she saw the things that Cecily would see. Suppose James was dying on one of those islands, or captured, or drowned; suppose he was any of those things: he'd be doing it for them, for those at home, so they could live in freedom and dignity. He wouldn't be doing it for a group of silly middle-aged people who were celebrating their silly middle-agedness in food, new clothes and trips. That's what Cecily would see, and, seeing it, she would be patient with them because they were her parents. But she would keep on growing old and joyless before their eyes.

CAROLINE tried to tell Fred that on Saturday morning just before he left. She got as far as "Perhaps it isn't right," when he took the fingers that had been working at his coat lapels, held them tightly and said:

"Mrs. Dorman, I love you. We're almost old. Is it Cecily?"

"No, oh, no," Caroline said, sensing how quick he would be to resent Cecily.

He looked into her eyes and her own fell. He looked stern and displeased, and he had never been stern and displeased with her.

When Cecily came in at noon to get some lunch she stopped to consider the fresh flowers, the dining-room table laid with the best linen and silver, the broad back of Emma condescending to come in for the day and help out. She looked at all these things as though they were strange and she had never seen them before.

"Is it," she asked, her voice little and lost, "is it a party?"

"Fortnightly," Caroline answered, trying to still the absurd beating of her heart.

"But I thought the Fortnightly was just a little get-together. I mean —"

"This is special," Caroline said lightly.

Cecily didn't ask why. She just said, "Oh," without actually saying it and went to the icebox. She took out a slice of meat, put it between butterless bread and poured herself a glass of milk. She sat eating without any pleasure, her eyes drifting about the kitchen to the rolls Emma was kneading and the peas her mother was shelling. She looked as she had looked years ago watching preparations for a grown-up party that was not for her.

Caroline followed the look. "I'm having broilers," she said, trying to interest her. "There have been so many baked-bean supper parties."

"Broilers will be nice," Cecily said politely. Then, after a second, "The table looks lovely. Daddy send the flowers?"

"Um-hum."

"Is there anything you want me to do?"

Some little thing, Caroline thought, anything to give her a part in it all, anything that wouldn't tighten the hard little shell she had built around herself. Rearrange the flowers, perhaps; wrap up the prizes. Only Cecily's voice asking her was so still, her eyes so stark, it would be like asking someone to dig his own grave.

"I can't think of anything," Caroline said, failing.

(Continued on Page 130)



MEAT

measures up to
every protein need



6 Savory Styles in Pure Pork Sausage

How often do you enjoy their fine flavor?

You might try the big husky links for a hearty supper
—patties or country style for a regular "farm-hand" breakfast
—the smoked type for a change in flavor
—sausage meat in casserole dishes
—and the jolly little links for a party lunch.

They're all fine foods, rich in thiamine (vitamin B₁) so abundant in pork, in food energy, in minerals—iron, copper, phosphorus. The tender, spicy bits of fine lean pork—like all meat—give you the right kind of proteins for growth and tissue repair.

Meat has, in its complete highest-quality proteins, a rightful claim as "a yardstick of protein foods."

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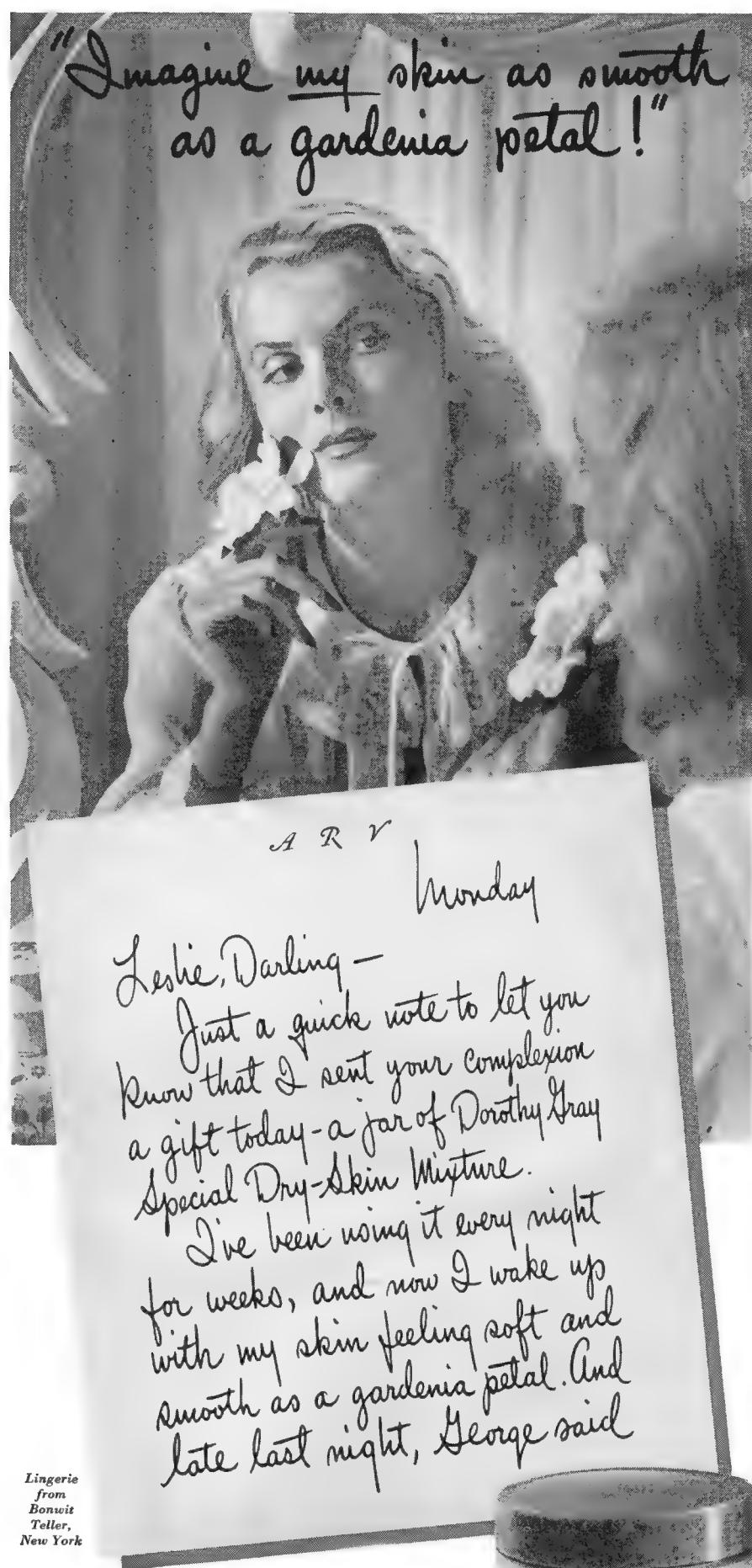


Whether you like your eggs sunny side up or over, you'll like them better with a row of crisp pork sausage links lined up beside them. "A stack of wheats" calls for well-browned pork sausage patties to match them, bite for bite. And the patty style is, of course, a "must" with buckwheats.



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

LETTER FROM A LADY ON A VISIT TO NEW YORK



• Famous Dorothy Gray night cream for dry skin! Richly lubricating, this Special Dry-Skin Mixture smooths away roughness, helps against tiny lines. Gives your skin a look of fresh pliancy! Jar, \$2.25, plus tax

FROM THE FIFTH AVENUE SALON OF

Dorothy Gray

AND AT THE BEST COSMETIC COUNTERS

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Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

(Continued from Page 128)

"Then I'll do my hair." Cecily's voice was futile and flat. She didn't finish her lunch.

Caroline kept on shelling the peas. She thought of James, the way he had sat and talked with her on jobless afternoons, saying things to her that perhaps he didn't even say to Cecily. Like, "When you're out of a job you feel as though you haven't a right to anything, not even the sunlight. That's the way I felt this morning, it's why I came over to see you for a while."

"You're working at the hardest job there is, right this minute," she had told him. "You're working at keeping your sense of values, you're working at being strong."

"Maybe I am," he said. "One thing about this: after this, nothing can be too terribly tough."

She thought about him now, of the way he'd fought through that fight. Pigheaded, Fred had called him, but Caroline had understood him and been proud of him. Remembering him, she went up and knocked on Cecily's door.

Cecily was setting her hair. "Hi," she said, but she didn't turn from the dressing table. There was something pathetic in her thin childish arms, in her long fingers as they twisted the dark hair in sodden ringlets and pinned them tightly to her head.

Never starry-eyed and soft, Caroline thought wistfully, but I love her better than life itself. If I could only hand her youth and happiness like a new dress, and say, "Here, try it on. It becomes you."

"I was wondering," she said hesitantly, "why don't you come to the party tonight?"

Cecily turned. "The Fortnightly!" she exclaimed.

"Darling, you don't do anything. It—it isn't right. Everyone's got to have some fun. And they're all our good friends, so interested in you. You play a nice game of bridge, too, dear."

"It isn't the bridge," Cecily said disinterestedly.

"What is it, then?"

CECILY had pinned up the last curl. She took the leftover hairpins and shut them carefully in a little box. "It's the people," she said flatly. "Something about them makes me want to scream."

"Well, scream, then," her mother said lightly, "but come to the party."

"I'm not the screaming kind," Cecily said evenly.

"But they don't do anything," Caroline began.

"That's just it." Cecily sighed softly and explained, "Have you ever really listened to them? Mrs. Norton goes on about having no servants; she sits there and tells about how she bungles the meals, as though she were a bride of eighteen. And Mr. Bascom plans the postwar world."

"But the postwar world is important."

Cecily pitied her with a look. "Not Mr. Bascom's, mother. He'll be dead when it arrives, anyhow. Besides, he doesn't know what he's talking about. Every time I hear him say, 'When we write the peace,' I could shake him. I can just see the armistice with Stalin and Churchill handing a pen to Mr. Bascom."

"He's just theorizing," said Caroline tolerantly. "We don't really listen, anyway. But don't let that spoil your evening. Come along and join us; it's a special occasion."

"What's the occasion?"

Suddenly she wanted to tell Cecily. She wanted to share it with her: the new blue dress, the trip, the anniversary. She wanted the thrill of it to reach from her voice and her eyes to Cecily's, to the place that must be somewhere in Cecily's heart.

"You know," she said, and her voice was young and confidential—it was boarding-school-after-a-prom, it was lovable—"you know, Cecily, there are two things to celebrate. First there's the club—this is our twentieth year. This meeting tonight marks it."

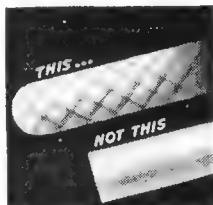
Cecily stood up. She looked like a wraith in her faded pink slip, her plastered wet

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hair. "Twenty years of playing bridge," she said, "and nothing ever happened to any of you."

She didn't ask what the other celebration was, and Caroline didn't tell her. She went downstairs to get out the cards and find sharpened pencils. Cecily was right. Nothing much had ever happened to any of them. Even the last war hadn't touched them a great deal. Only one of them, Phil Bascom, had ever gone overseas and then not into actual combat. They'd had the successful twenties with enough left over for at least a safe trip through the thirties. *No, thought Caroline, nothing has ever happened to me, except this. Except Cecily and James.*

Cecily left for the hospital earlier than usual. "Have a nice time," she said to her mother. She waited, expecting, Caroline knew, her light answer.

"Oh, thank you, dear," she managed, "we will, you know." But she didn't look up. She didn't want to see Cecily's eyes moving so quietly over this festive scene. She heard the door close quietly.

Fred came home just in time to wash up. Caroline was already down in the kitchen, so he didn't see her until the guests arrived. Then she avoided his eyes. She was wearing her last season's gray dress, there were deep circles under her eyes, and when Phil Bascom held up his glass and said, "Here's to the peace," she whispered to Fred, "I can't do it, I can't go away. It isn't right."

He turned toward her. She saw his face changing from its usual kindness to disapproval, to anger, to hostility. She had seen the beginning of that look this morning. It had its being in anything or anyone she put before him in her thoughts, even Cecily. His voice when he answered her was a dull monotone. "Don't, then," he said.

She set down her glass, her eyes misted. She had hurt him, this man who had lived his life just to buy her pretty clothes and to keep her happy. All he asked now was to keep on doing that. Why had she hurt him? Was it worse than hurting Cecily? Why, why, why was it wrong to be happy?

Emma announced dinner. It was not a nice evening. Dinner passed off well enough. But afterward, Caroline was too bright, Fred was silent and bent the cards when he played them. Phil Bascom talked authoritatively about the peace, except once when he analyzed Caroline's play and showed her what she should have done. He was talking about the peace at a quarter to eleven when Cecily came in. She stood quietly in the hall listening to him, and when he paused for breath she said quickly, "Good evening, everyone," and hurried up the stairs.

They said something about going then. Caroline protested. There was lots of time, it was early. But she was going to New York, she had told them, she would be taking the train. Her eyes flew to Fred. He started to speak, but the telephone jangled the special way it did when it was long distance.

THERE was a phone in the upstairs hall too. Cecily was there, her voice was shrill and clear. The Fortnightly listened. "Yes. . . . Yes, speaking. . . . Hello, Mother Williams. . . . When? . . . Oh, yes, I'll get there. I'll stand up, but I'll get there. Is—it much?"

Caroline's eyes flew to Marge's, to Mary Bascom's and Flo's. Their looks held their apprehension, and a certain knowledge of Cecily. Cecily was strong, she was steady, and some of her steadiness and strength went over the telephone to the woman who needed it so, James' mother. A picture of Mrs. Williams flashed through Caroline's mind: a plain woman who had worked too hard.

"Don't cry, dear." Yes, Cecily's voice could be gentle, very gentle. "Don't, dear, I'm coming."

No one spoke as the receiver clicked into place. In the silence they avoided one another's eyes. It was not their war. They were middle-aged, silly, perhaps, all the things Cecily had said they were, but Caroline was glad they were there. She wasn't a tight, silent person like Cecily and Fred; she needed her friends.

Then Cecily was in the living-room doorway, her voice low and throbbing. "Mother and daddy, it's Jim. He's in the hospital; I've got to get the train."

Caroline's love for her burst its bonds, it flung bits of itself into her eyes, into her voice. "Oh, you'll see him, darling, you'll be with him. I'll help you pack. Fred, Fred, the train, the tickets—you know."

SHE ran up the stairs after Cecily. Cecily found a small suitcase, she began flinging things into it. Caroline found things, too, wrong things, silly things, but her hands met Cecily's and Cecily whispered:

"Mother, he's alive. He's mine now; they won't want him without his arm. But I do. I can take care of him, I can help him work through it. I'm really going to see him again, to touch him. Oh, mother"—her fingers touched her throat—"mother, happiness is awful. It hurts."

"Sometimes," Caroline said achingly, "but not when you get used to it."

Cecily turned to the dressing table, she picked up her brush, she saw herself in the mirror and she bit her lip. "Oh, I wish I were pretty," she said brokenly. "It's been so long, and I'm not pretty at all."

"Oh, here"—Caroline took the comb; now she was safe, now she knew what to do—"here, we'll just comb this this way. There, like that. See, it's a softer line. And goodness, that old suit. I've got a new one for you. I was going to surprise you. Um-hum, and a blouse."

Cecily looked up at her; her big gray eyes were gentle, her firm young mouth soft and wondering.

Caroline dashed out to her own room where her traveling bag lay open on the bed. She came bustling back with it. "Here, darling, you'd better carry my bag. Now wear

your old suit until you get there, and you'd better take my small fur. Your hat's good." She moved the hat to a better angle, she touched the fur on the girl's shoulder. "Wear it with an air," she whispered hurriedly. "And remember, when you get where you can unpack, be careful; there's a blue dress—"

"Blue." Cecily's eyes widened. "How did you know that Jim loves blue?"

They snapped the bag shut and ran down the stairs. Cecily's eyes flew to her father's.

"Don't leave your party, daddy. I'll just—"

"You'll just ride right along with me," Fred said proudly. "I've got your ticket as far as New York, and Phil here is going to burn up the telephone wires getting connections for you."

"Oh." She looked about at them, the safe little group of them, her mother's and father's friends, who had no thought in this moment except for her. "Oh, thank you," she said quietly.

Perhaps she was still plain and thin and not so pretty as her mother; perhaps it was the softer line of her hair, or the angle of her hat, or the fur piece worn with an air, but Cecily Williams was unforgettable lovely in that moment. And something more than that. Her fight was still ahead of her, a long hard fight, but there was a strength in Cecily that would brook nothing but victory.

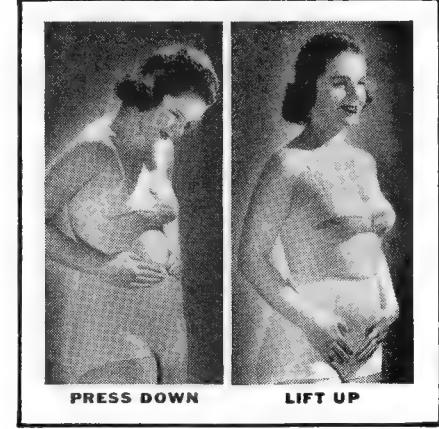
"Good-by, mother; good-by, everyone." Fred took her bag. Cecily turned in the doorway. "And Mr. Bascom," she said, "hang on tight to that postwar world of yours. And please, whatever you do, don't forget to write the peace."

Look closely and you'll see I'm three people!

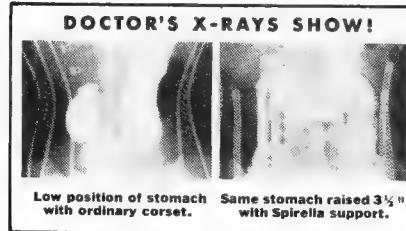
1 Yes, I'm a Nurse's Aid—and I'm a mother and a housewife, too. Three hard jobs! But, a year ago just beginning a housewife was enough to keep me a physical wreck all the time. I was tired by 10:30 in the morning...



2 One day I noticed a Spirella ad that said lack of energy was often due to the wrong kind of girdle. I tried the Press and Lift test (Why don't you try it, too?) and pressed down on my stomach. It felt just like my old garment. Then I lowered my hands and lifted up. So that was Spirella's natural support!



3 I called in the Spirella corsetiere, who measured my figure supported with the patented Modeling Garment. I could tell right away I'd feel and look like a new woman in my individually-designed Spirella.



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unteering for full-time war work, but I help hundreds do their jobs better with Spirella figure supports. Last month I made \$137 from my business—and dozens of new friends." Why don't you mail coupon today?

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IS IT LEGAL?

(Continued from Page 66)

mitted to use the short cut solely as a matter of the owner's favor.

What are the rights of a finder of property?

"Finder's keeper" against the claim of everybody but the true owner.

Explanation: The person seeking to deprive the finder of what he has found must show a better title in himself than in the finder. Nobody but the true owner can do that.

If someone steals something from you, have you the right to promise the thief not to complain to the authorities if he returns the stolen property?

No. To do so constitutes the crime known as compounding a felony.

Explanation: The authorities are interested in bringing the thief to justice, and the person from whom something is stolen may not promise to conceal the theft if the thief will return what was stolen. Were this permitted, thefts might not be brought to the attention of the authorities, so that adequate steps to protect the public against the recurrence thereof could be taken.

Has a hospital the right to hold a baby as security for the payment of the bill incurred by the mother in connection with the birth of the baby?

Certainly not! No individual may ever be held as security for the payment of a debt.

If someone signs a note as joint maker, or endorses it as guarantor, does the bankruptcy of the original maker release the joint maker or the endorser?

No.

Explanation: The guaranty or endorsement continues in effect until the obligation is paid. Bankruptcy of the person primarily liable does not constitute payment and the guarantor or endorser is therefore not released.

Do you need the services of a lawyer to assist you in obtaining a copyright?

You do not. Instructions as to how to obtain a copyright may be obtained by

(Continued on Page 134)

TIMESAVING QUIZ

HOW MANY TIMESAVERS DO YOU USE?

Add up Yes answers and multiply by 5.

If the total is:

70 to 100—you're good! Hope you're spending all your extra time doing Red Cross work.

40 to 70—you're on the right track.

Below 40—you'd better try these savers; they'll help.

DO YOU?

Yes No

Yes No

1. Have a mat or foot scraper at the door for the unwelcome outdoor dirt?
2. Use the speedy salt-and-soda silver-cleaning method when especially rushed (1 teaspoonful salt and soda per quart boiling water)?
3. Tote cleaning supplies with you in basket or on wheels to save steps?
4. Treat clothes to warm, gentle sprinkling for best ironing? To cut on sprinkling time, do you roll garments when they reach damp-dry state on clothesline?
5. Divide silver, cutlery drawers and pot-lid, piepan, muffin-tin cupboards in separate partitions for easy-to-reach storage?
6. Store holiday equipment up high, so it doesn't board on daily-use territory?
7. Let a memo pad remember "what's needed" and a bulletin board call Bill's attention to fixing the loose cellar step?
8. Wheel the meal to the table on a tea cart or carry tray-style? Let family pitch in at table-clearing time—one trip for each instead of several for you?
9. Dunk egg beaters in a cold rinse after use and give milk and egg dishes a cold soak for easier washing?
10. Give children a "home" for toys, low hooks for clothes, towels and washcloths?
11. Shift yesterday's milk to the front refrigerator line when today's supply moves in?
12. Keep in office practice with trim filing system of recipes, quick meals, equipment instructions, spot-removal directions, and so on?
13. Include windows in dusting session, putting off weekly washing need?
14. Borrow Billy's wagon on washday to cart clothes to line?
15. Fold dish towels, sheets, underwear, overalls and pajamas at wash line—no ironing needed?
16. Plan meals and ration-coupon spending ahead—saving your time and coupons too?
17. Have a list of measurements for windows, chairs, beds, tables and family clothing sizes in your purse so you'll be prepared for unexpected bargains?
18. Stack dishes in like sizes to save lifting up to reach what's underneath?
19. Give mysterious boxes and garment bags a label to avoid frantic searching?
20. Keep equipment clean, oiled and in slick shape for good performance?



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Rare orchids, lush as the tropics, corsage your bath in jungle beauty when you hang Textron's newest orchid "Shower." Life-size flowers . . . in five exotic color combinations . . . are splashed on finest white Textron rayon taffeta. "Showers" of extravagant loveliness . . . Textron*-tailored with the infinite precision used in turning out the fabric necessities of war—the waterproof mountain tent, the feather-weight, steel-strong parachute.

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"MOUNTAINS OF LATHER"... In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that quickly and efficiently cleanse the hair and scalp.

A TRUE BEAUTY SHAMPOO... Leaves no dull "soap film" on the hair because it's double-filtered. Brings out those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT... Goes into action when the rinse water is applied. This special ingredient prevents the forming of "soap curd" on the hair and scalp. No special after-rinse is required and the damp hair combs out easily, without troublesome snarling.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT... You'll like the clean, delicate scent of this clear liquid shampoo and the way it leaves your hair sweetly fragrant. It is antiseptic—yet has no "antiseptic" odor.

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(Continued from Page 132)
writing to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. A pamphlet containing complete instructions will be forwarded to you.

What are your obligations or duties toward merchandise which is sent to you to be purchased by you but without your having ordered it?

None whatever, provided you do not make any use of it.

Explanation: No one can be burdened with the duty of taking care of merchandise which he has not ordered.

If someone to whom you owe money employs a "collection agency" to collect the debt, what are the rights of the collection agency against you?

Exactly the same rights as had the original creditor.

Explanation: The "collection agency" obtains the claim against the debtor by assignment from the creditor. By this assignment the creditor puts the collection agency in his place and the agency then has no greater or different rights than the original creditor had.

Have you the right to adopt any fictitious name you wish?

Yes. If it is not used to defraud, delay or deceive.

Explanation: While it is perfectly legal to do this in most states without a court order, it is ill-advised not to have the changed name approved by the court so as to avoid, for instance, confusion in (a) obtaining a passport, (b) following the title to real estate.

May you freely publish for profit any letter that has been written to you?

No, indeed.

Explanation: A letter remains the property of the writer even after it has been received by the addressee. It may not, therefore, be published for profit without the writer's consent.

What risks do you incur if you go into business with someone who agrees to divide profits and losses with you fifty-fifty?

You become a partner under the laws of New York and many other jurisdictions.

Explanation: An agreement to divide the profits and losses in an agreed proportion constitutes the parties to the arrangement partners under the laws of New York and many other states. And, of course, any partner has the right to pledge the credit of any other partner in connection with the business.

When you buy a secondhand automobile, what evidence is required to show that you paid for the car and that it is now yours?

A bill of sale from the seller, describing the car and containing a receipt showing payment.

How can you protect yourself against representations made by the seller of a secondhand automobile which subsequently you discover were false?

By having the seller include in the bill of sale all the representations which induced you to make the deal.

Why is it advisable to arrange for the formal, legal adoption of a child who comes to live with you permanently instead of leaving the matter in a purely informal state?

Because, if the child is adopted, its parents will have to renounce formally all further claims on the child.

Explanation: In the absence of such renunciation a parent may at any time demand his or her child, and the foster parents have no

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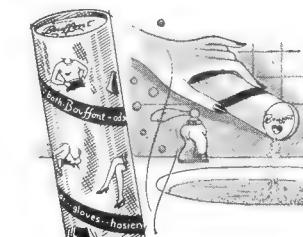
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standing at law to resist the claim of the true parent.

What are the requirements for obtaining United States citizenship (a) by an unmarried alien; (b) by an alien who has married a citizen?

The alien must (1) have entered the United States legally; (2) have taken out first papers not less than two years before final papers are applied for; (3) have resided in the United States for five years before final papers are applied for (except that where an alien marries an American citizen, final papers may be applied for after a residence of three instead of five years).

Explanation: While first papers may be taken out any time after lawful entry into the United States, they become void seven years after issuance unless final papers are applied for by the alien within that period. An alien marrying a citizen of the United States does not thereby acquire United States citizenship. Such alien must take out final papers in the same way that an unmarried alien must, except that no first papers are required of an alien who has married a citizen and the time for the application for final papers is reduced from five to three years.

Why is it ill-advised to settle a claim for damages caused by an automobile accident without getting medical advice?

Because the known injuries may later develop results more serious than are at first apparent.

In case of the death of a parent, who is entitled to the custody of minor children?

If the other parent survives, that parent is entitled to the custody of the persons of the children unless judicially declared unfit in a court proceeding.

Explanation: But, though the surviving parent may be entitled to the custody of the minor children, this relates only to the person of the child. The deceased parent may by his or her last will provide that the custody of the property of the child be in other hands.

Are the services of a lawyer required for the drawing and execution of a will?

Emphatically, yes!

Explanation: A will is a peculiar document. It is not effective until the man who drew it is dead and cannot explain what he intended. It is a device to enable a man, to quote an old writer about the common law, "To stretch his dead hand out of the grave to control his property after his death." But while providing that device, the law has hedged its use about with all kinds of technical provisions, and unless a man is familiar with these technicalities, he is

almost sure to do something which will either get his estate into trouble or, at least, result in its not being distributed in the manner that he intended.

If, in good faith, you purchase goods which have been stolen, what are your rights in the goods?

You have no right to the goods against the true owner, but you may retain them against the claims of everybody else, because no one but the true owner has a better right to them than you have. This rule does not apply to unregistered securities or unidentifiable money, title to which customarily passes by delivery.

Does marriage with a foreigner cause an American woman to lose her United States citizenship?

Marriage of an American woman to a foreigner has no effect on her citizenship, but it may give her the right to become a citizen of her husband's nation.

If a tenant vacates before the end of the term of his lease and pays no more rent, what are the landlord's rights against him?

The landlord is entitled to recover from the tenant the loss he suffers.

Explanation: If the premises are rented to another tenant for a rental which will aggregate as much for the remainder of the term as the vacating tenant agreed to pay, the landlord has no claim. If the landlord receives an aggregate rent less than the aggregate amount which the vacating tenant agreed to pay for the residue of the term, the landlord has a claim against the vacating tenant for that difference.

If a landlord agrees to make a number of improvements to induce a tenant to sign a lease of premises, and a written lease is entered into, mentioning some, but not all, of the improvements the landlord agreed to make, what can the tenant do to compel the landlord to make all the improvements he promised?

Nothing. The rule is that where a written instrument is prepared, purporting to embody the verbal agreement between parties, it is deemed to embody the *whole* agreement, and nothing omitted from the writing can be considered a part of the agreement.

Explanation: The rule is based on the assumption that, after parties have negotiated verbally, reached an agreement, and reduced that agreement to writing, any term omitted from the writing was intentionally omitted and was not intended to be included in the final agreement. The agreement, having been reduced to writing, is deemed to include *all* the terms which the parties felt were worth preserving.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1944.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Editors, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey.

Managing Editor, Laura Lou Brookman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock)

The Curtis Publishing Company,

Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Cary W. Bok, Ardmore, Pa.

Curtis Bok, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Philadelphia, Pa.
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Wakeman Griffin Gribbel, John Bancker Gribbel & The Real Estate Trust Company of Phila., Trustees u/d by John Gribbel, dated 2/14/27, c/o Real Estate Trust Company, Phila., Pa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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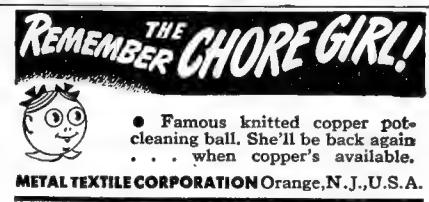
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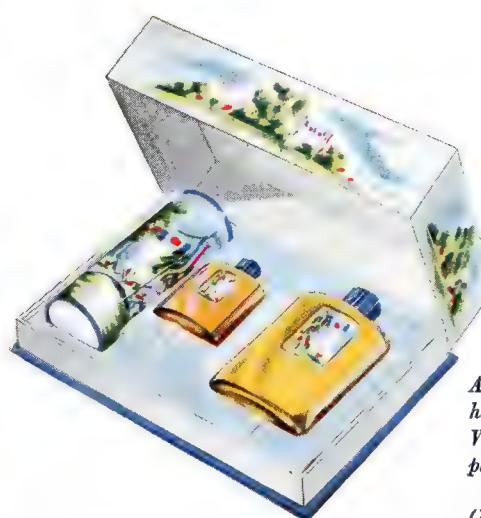
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PHOTO BY L. F. STOCKMEYER

Robin Roberts finds that a zing for life leads head-on to conflict when a girl's sixteen.

MEET A SUB-DEB

By Maureen Daly

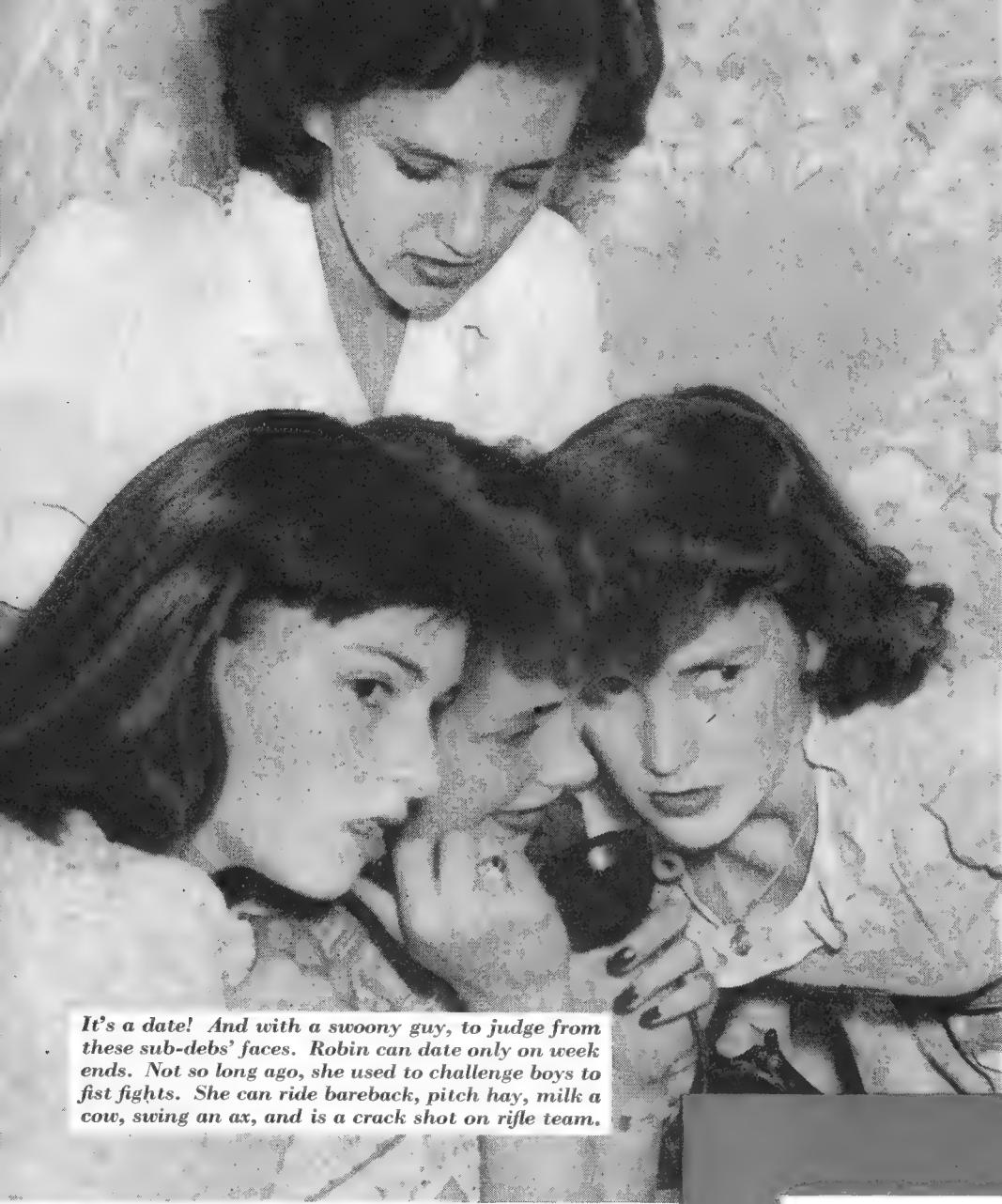
ROBIN ROBERTS is sixteen. The town is Nyack, New York, a small, one-theater village in the hilly wooded district overlooking the Hudson River. The steep hills are covered with thick underbrush and heavy trees in the summertime, chilled bare by winds from the river in the winter, a vigorous climatic background for a girl whose great love is Nature and who glows with health and energy like a ripe, red apple.

Robin's stepfather, Sgt. Louis Roberts, of the Army Medical Corps, is a Guadalcanal veteran now stationed at Camp Berkeley, Texas, and the girl and her mother live alone in a rambling thirteen-room house set high on the hillside outside Nyack. Vivacious, good-natured and startlingly pretty, Robin has difficulty trimming her weekly date schedule down to the Friday and Saturday nights her mother allows. Though friends may drop in whenever they like, roll up the rug in the wide front hall and drag out the Harry James albums, Robin must be home from all dates, except dances and special parties,

shortly after midnight. She and her mother talk over most of their plans together, but nevertheless there arise in the Roberts family, as in most teen-agers' households, frequent and difficult problems of discipline.

Robin's problems are those of the average sub-deb. Results of the recent JOURNAL questionnaire point out that difficulties between teen-agers and their parents most frequently arise over dating, hours and necking.

One night last spring the first major conflict in Robin's teen-age life occurred. Earlier in the evening she had gone to a girls' party at the home of a friend in Nyack. About twelve o'clock the friend's father drove Robin home and dropped her at the Roberts' front gate. It was a beautiful evening. There was a full moon shining on the Hudson, the wind was moving in the trees behind the house, fresh with the smell of spring. Still at the front gate, Robin hesitated. The rolling lawn was smooth in the moonlight, the hollows dark with shadows. Excited, yet not knowing what she meant to do, Robin walked



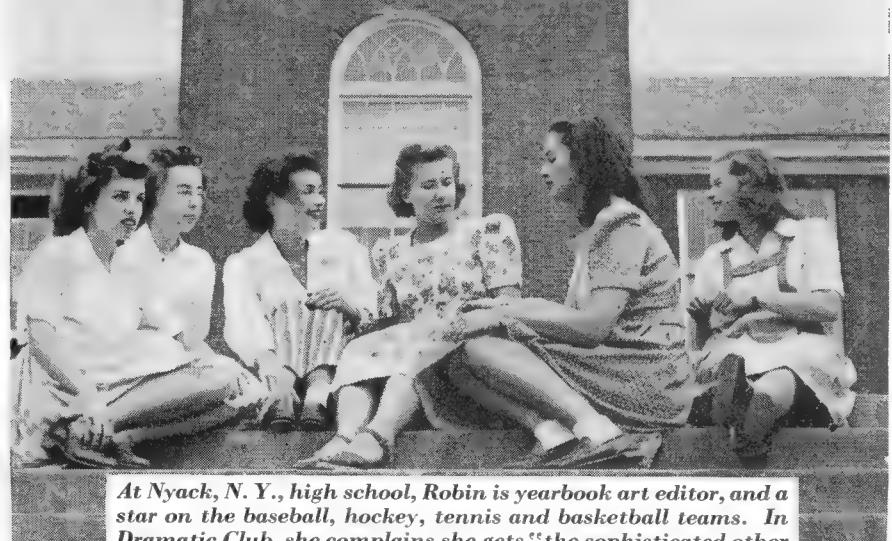
It's a date! And with a swoony guy, to judge from these sub-debs' faces. Robin can date only on week ends. Not so long ago, she used to challenge boys to fist fights. She can ride bareback, pitch hay, milk a cow, swing an ax, and is a crack shot on rifle team.



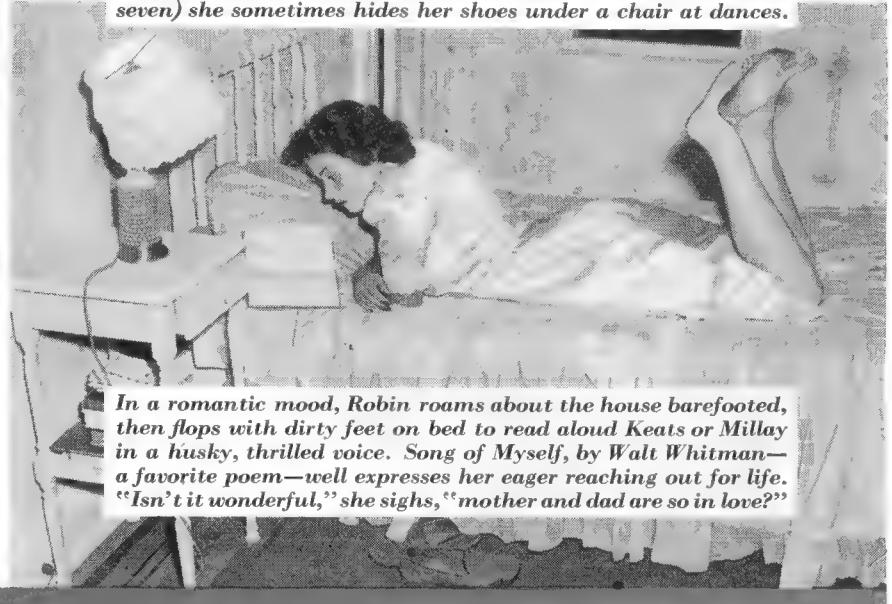
Wheedling mother—Robin is a past master at this. An only child, she lost her father when she was two. She was shuttled around the U. S. until she was ten, when her mother remarried. Her stepfather, a Guadalcanal veteran, is now stationed in Texas.



Robin wants to be "a foreign correspondent, or a Katharine Cornell"; hates math and housework. "Home Ec curdles me," she says. "I'll marry a man who can cook." She campaigned for Roosevelt and is now writing essay on how to prevent future wars.



At Nyack, N. Y., high school, Robin is yearbook art editor, and a star on the baseball, hockey, tennis and basketball teams. In Dramatic Club, she complains she gets "the sophisticated other woman" parts, wants to play Claudia. Because she is so tall (five seven) she sometimes hides her shoes under a chair at dances.



In a romantic mood, Robin roams about the house barefooted, then flops with dirty feet on bed to read aloud Keats or Millay in a husky, thrilled voice. Song of Myself, by Walt Whitman—a favorite poem—well expresses her eager reaching out for life. "Isn't it wonderful," she sighs, "mother and dad are so in love?"

Boys, sports and poetry are the "mad

softly up the drive to the house, looking for a light in her mother's bedroom. The windows were dark. Quickly she walked back to the gate and slipped out onto the highroad overlooking the Hudson.

She did not know where she was going and she did not know just how long she meant to be gone, but there was a kind of heady lure in this sense of freedom and in the darkness of the night that enticed her on. Robin was giddy with happiness. There was no motive in the walk except the thrill of the night and the strange satisfaction of being out alone. After an hour or two of wandering, Robin turned toward town, where she chanced to meet two boys from her class at school, returning from late dates. Sensing the excitement, they joined the girl. Hours later the three ambled in the Roberts' front gate and, sprawled on the front lawn, decided to wait together to watch the sun come up over the Hudson. It was then almost five-thirty in the morning.

Robin's mother, awake and frantic from a night of worry, heard the voices and rushed downstairs. There was no explanation to offer and Robin made no excuses. It was spring, she had gone walking and it had not occurred to her that that "feeling" would need an explanation.

In silence she listened to her mother's worried tirade and finally blurted out, "I suppose this means that now I can't go to the Senior Prom!" In her first relief that Robin was safe, Mrs. Roberts had had no thought of punishment, but realizing discipline was necessary here, she settled at once on this verdict. Robin was definitely not to be allowed to go to the Senior Prom.

But on the day of the dance, Robin slipped out for school, smuggling with her an evening dress and slippers and leaving a note for the colored maid. This note informed the household that she was attending the prom, according to her own plans, and that she meant to spend the night at the home of a girl friend in town. Her mother read the note and was grim. First she called the girl friend's house, but that home could not be

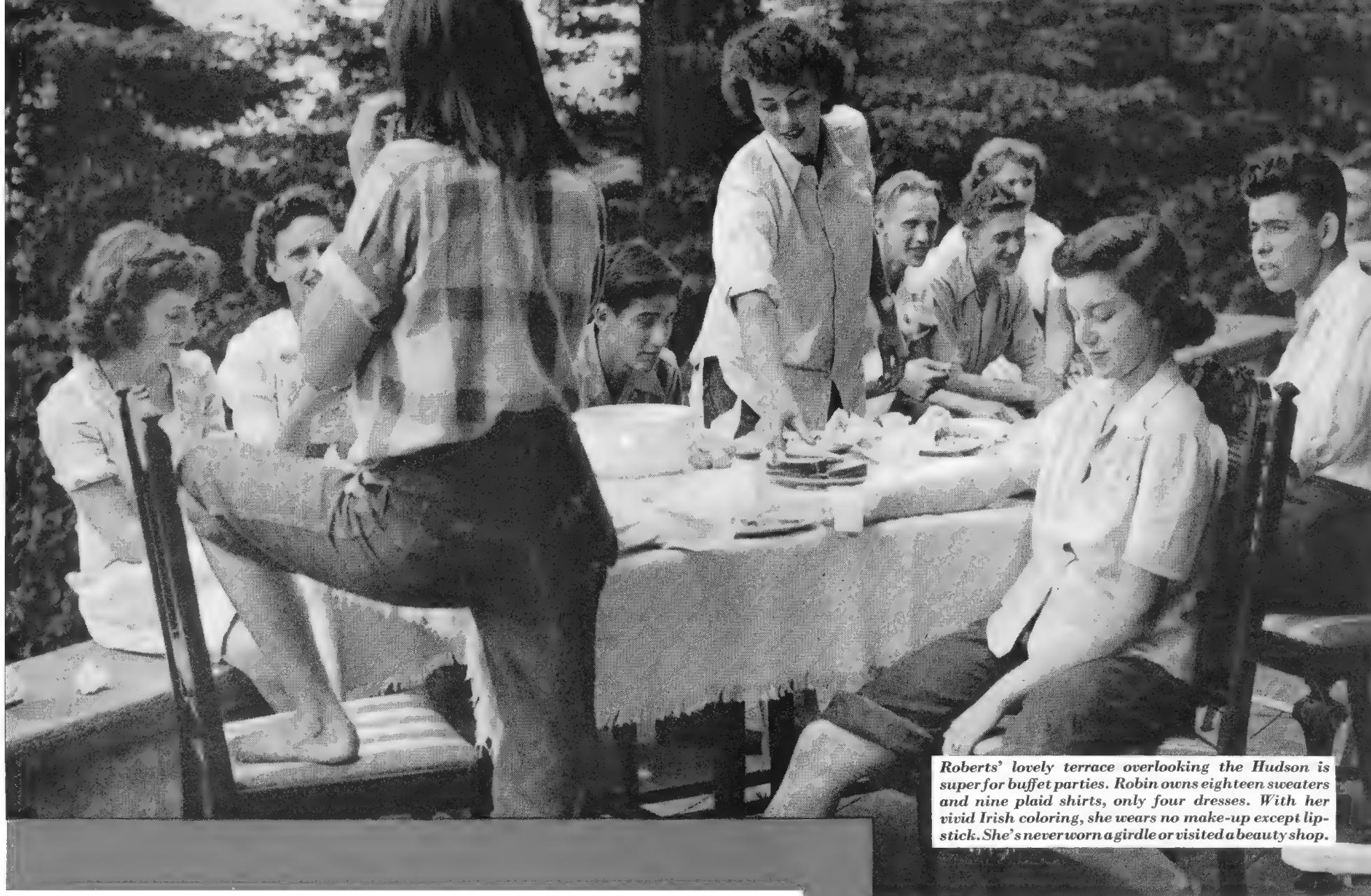
reached by phone. She waited till late afternoon and called her daughter's date for the evening at his home. She explained tersely that Robin had been forbidden permission to go to the dance and was to come home at once, and the boy, surprised and abashed, promised to relay the message. But the situation was tense. Such open rebellion had never occurred before and Mrs. Roberts was suddenly unsure what Robin might do.

A short time later Robin arrived, dress and slippers tucked under her arm. There was no sulking, no resentment, and the crisis broke. Robin understood clearly that such a thing was never to happen again. Mrs. Roberts, who cites the incident as "most effective," felt with relief that her position had been established; Robin, who remembers it as "most embarrassing," admitted reluctantly that her mother was right, and another important milestone had been passed.

Mrs. Roberts' way of punishing Robin is an example of methods used by most mothers of teen-age girls. Like other mothers, Mrs. Roberts takes away some of Robin's special privileges. A cut in privileges or in allowance and a sound lecture are disciplinary measures used most frequently by mothers of sub-debs.

During the past summer vacation, while her mother visited Sergeant Roberts in Texas, Robin spent two months at Camp High Valley, a coed work camp at the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains in North Carolina. As her share in the co-operative work plan, Robin was assigned the care of the camp's seven riding horses, herding them in the morning, feeding and watering, and cleaning the stables. With swimming, riding and long hikes to fill the afternoons and singing and dancing in the evening, the camp suited Robin's boundless energy and her enthusiasm for making new friends.

But one summer evening Robin, who has smoked secretly since she was fifteen, broke camp rules flagrantly by smoking in her sleeping cabin; then she made the second mistake of throwing the cigarette butt between the cracks in the split-log



Roberts' lovely terrace overlooking the Hudson is superb for buffet parties. Robin owns eighteen sweaters and nine plaid shirts, only four dresses. With her vivid Irish coloring, she wears no make-up except lipstick. She's never worn a girdle or visited a beauty shop.

passions" of Sub-Deb Robin Roberts

floor. The next morning she was called up before a meeting of the camp counselors. The girl readily admitted that it was she who had broken the rule, explaining candidly that she had wanted a cigarette and thought it better to smoke in the cabin than to sneak out into the woods. But the counselors were stern. The usual punishment for such an offense was dismissal from camp, and Robin was sent from the room while they discussed her case. In the meantime, her current swain, one of the leading boys in the camp, set precedent by asking if he might speak for her. Appearing before the counselors, he earnestly pointed out that Robin was important to the camp (important, also, to him!), she was one of the best workers, this offense was her first, and if it were overlooked he promised personally to guarantee her good conduct for the rest of the summer. The counselors were impressed by his plea and Robin was allowed to stay. "It was all very dramatic," Robin recalls happily, "having him come forward to plead for me that way, like a movie. We sort of paired off then and I was his girl for the rest of the summer."

Besides her job of tending the horses, Robin was assigned the more aesthetic task of leading the campers in Sunday-evening vespers services, held at sundown in the picturesque glen beside the camp swimming hole. On one occasion a minister was called in to preach to the campers. His sermon, based on an allegory about "crawling morning-glories and upright morning-glories," presented to Robin a botanical rather than a spiritual problem. As her own choice for spiritual guidance, Robin elected to read poetry aloud, picking out such pieces as Walt Whitman's Song of the Open Road, and Birches, by Robert Frost.

"They aren't exactly prayers," the girl explained somberly, "but poetry gives you something to think about. After that we'd sing a hymn together and then go up to the cabins to dance. It just made it feel more like Sunday."

Because her mother is not a religious woman, Robin has received no formal religious training. Im-

pressionable and profoundly curious, she is now fumbling with the idea of "some" God, earnestly believing that "even if it isn't tangible or even if I couldn't understand it, there must be something."

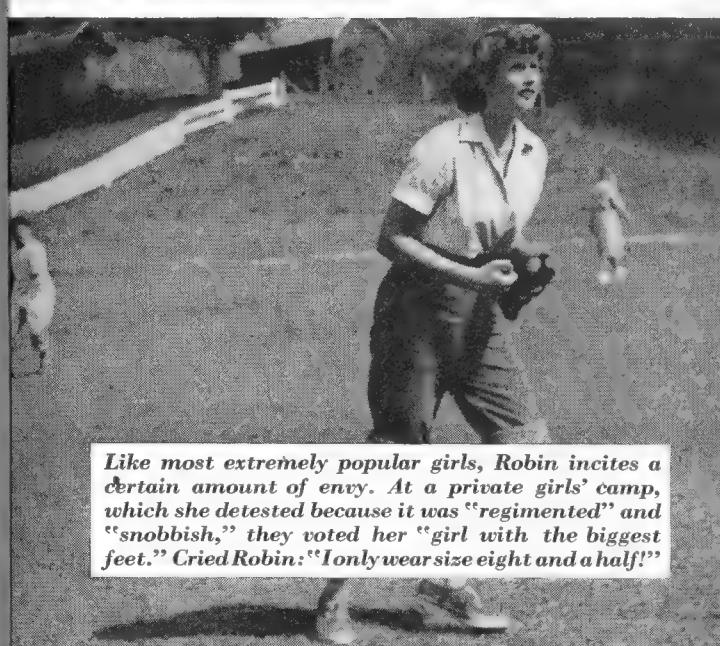
For Robin the summer was a success, but her mother was not so sure: though all other signs pointed toward healthy improvement, Robin now smokes openly, occasionally swears and has developed the rustic habit of going barefoot in the living room. Robin argues that most of her girl friends are allowed to smoke, even at home; and though Mrs. Roberts does not approve, neither does she forbid it.

About half of all sub-debs between the ages of sixteen and eighteen smoke. Others frankly do not enjoy smoking or consider it a cheap habit. According to the JOURNAL'S poll, a few parents of teenagers absolutely forbid smoking.

The taverns and roadhouses along the wooded roads outside Nyack are forbidden ground for Robin and most of the high-school crowd, but her mother believes that evening dates wind up there occasionally. Three times Robin has come home with a slight odor of liquor on her breath and has explained to her mother, who always stays awake until her daughter is safely at home, that she "just shared a glass of beer with one of the boys."

About a year ago, when her stepfather came home on leave after months at Guadalcanal, Robin made her first visit to a night club. Because it was a gala occasion her parents allowed her to have one drink to celebrate with them. Robin chose a rum and cola. It was her only visit to a night club and her first official drink. Though the night-club yen still lingers, Robin says she is not interested in drinking because none of the girls in her crowd does, and she "doesn't like the taste of it anyway."

Robin's reaction to drinking is typical of most teen-agers. Though most sub-debs do not enjoy drinking, the majority have had an experimental drink or two before reaching legal age. This may be partially explained by the fact that liquor is served in over half of the sub-deb homes.



Like most extremely popular girls, Robin incites a certain amount of envy. At a private girls' camp, which she detested because it was "regimented" and "snobbish," they voted her "girl with the biggest feet." Cried Robin: "I only wear size eight and a half!"



"Mother is the nonathletic type, but we have neat times going to the theater, and the Museum of Modern Art, and hashing over politics." Although she sometimes eats three different desserts for dinner, Robin's strenuous life keeps her as lithe as a cat.

Teen-Age Toppers

The one-two-three favorites scored by Sub-Debs
in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL nation-wide survey.

RECREATIONS

Boys
Swimming
Dancing
Football
Girls
Swimming
Dancing
Skating

MUSIC MAKERS

Harry James
Tommy Dorsey
Glenn Miller

CROON CATS

Bing Crosby
Frank Sinatra
Dinah Shore

ACTORS

Van Johnson
Gary Cooper
Lon McAllister

MUSIC MAKERS

Bette Davis
Greer Garson
Ingrid Bergman

RADIO STARS

Bob Hope
Red Skelton
Fibber McGee

SPORTS STARS

Tom Harmon
Joe Louis
Lou Gehrig

WAR HEROES

General MacArthur
Colin P. Kelly
General Eisenhower

MAGAZINES

Ladies' Home Journal
Calling All Girls
Reader's Digest

BOOKS

Gone With the Wind
Jane Eyre
Seventeenth Summer

FAVORITE FOODS

Steak (or Hamburger)
Fried Chicken
Ice Cream and Cake

one of her most trying subjects. Broiling a steak or roasting corn in the ashes of an outdoor fire might be fun, but the black-and-white study of food values through nutrition and menu planning holds no lure for Robin. In sewing class last year she picked a simple dress pattern and a length of blue print material as the basis of her project for the semester. But when the sleeves were too small for the sleeve holes, Robin trimmed the original design down to a sleeveless, bib-front jumper. The jumper later was converted into a straight skirt supported by cross straps of matching material. And the straight skirt was ultimately ripped apart and re-stitched as a tucked peasant skirt on a narrow waistband. Robin has not sewed since.

Most of her clothes are selected in New York when she and her mother make quarterly shopping trips for the classic sweaters, skirts and tweed suits that are the basis of her wardrobe. After school the girl promptly changes into an old shirt and blue jeans, rolled to the knees. The pride of Robin's wardrobe is her first evening dress, bought for a Christmas dance two years ago. Designed in matching taffeta and pink tulle with small cap sleeves, the dress is trimmed with sprays of silver spangles and small velvet bows; and when she wears it, Robin, who is tall and plumply statuesque, looks like a sturdy, cherubic chorus girl.

WITH her usual vibrant energy, Robin's cultural life outside of school is guided by enthusiasms. She has read Valley of Decision because a boy she happened to be dating was reading it; she read A Tree Grows in Brooklyn because everyone was reading it; and A Bell for Adano, The Curtain Rises and Gone With the Wind because these books were written about, talked about and available.

Her two-dollar weekly allowance does not allow a book budget, so selections are made from the school library and from books on the shelves in her home. Her record collection is spiced with several choice disks by Charlie Barnett and Harry James, but Robin has a more honest interest in her albums of American folk songs, with dusky Joshua White's collection of Southern ballads as her favorites. But her confessed "mad passion" is poetry, and next to a good date or a good baseball game, Robin prefers the poetic excitement of Keats or Browning, with Edna St. Vincent Millay to read in bed at night. She likes to read aloud to herself or to her friends, and her voice is naturally low and musical. With changing moods that switch from romantic to whimsical, Robin might eulogize a low moon over the Hudson with the well-chosen lines from Wordsworth, "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," or sum up the situation with a heavy sigh and the terse appreciation of a teenager with "That moon up there sure makes a neat night!"

Next year Robin will go on to college, preferably a large Midwestern university, where she would like to study for the stage, to write short stories or to be a foreign correspondent, depending on what she has been doing and thinking just ten minutes before. She has no burning ambitions, no profound concern with the future; for her each single day is too crowded with excitement to leave time for dreaming ahead. Mrs. Roberts believes that Robin can be trusted to plan her own life, for Robin carries her robust, physical wholesomeness into her thought and conduct; to her everyone is equally as good, fair and clean.

"School is all right and most of the kids are wonderful. If it weren't for the war and maybe a little intolerance," Robin says frankly, "I don't think there would be almost anything wrong with the world!"

Robin, of course, is sixteen.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★

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of a girl who, at twenty-three, is both
mother and widow, comes to you in

How America Lives

In the JANUARY JOURNAL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In Nyack the high-school crowd does most of its dating on week ends: an evening get-together at someone's home; a group ferry ride across the Hudson to Tarrytown; an early movie at the single theater; or, as a special big date, a drive to a wayside inn about three miles out of Nyack for "pizza pie," an Italian dish made of melted cheese, tomatoes and a thick, flaky crust, a succulent delicacy described by Robin as a "wonderfully drooly concoction." Then the evening might end with a drive through the wooded section of South Mountain. This always depends, explains Robin, on the boy, the girl and the night.

With wide-eyed candor and a blush that crept to her hair, Robin confessed that she has kissed five or six boys in her dating lifetime, the first when she was fourteen, and then added hastily that "they were *only* the boys I'd been in love with, just the ones I liked a lot. But I just don't see this business of necking for fun," she went on. "If a girl likes a boy, that's different, but kissing just anybody on a date the way some girls do — I don't have much trouble, because most of the boys I go out with are good guys. But if someone puts his arm around me in the car or in the movie when I don't want him to, I just sit up straight, look bored and say, 'Listen, don't you think you must be thinking of some other girl?' and it usually works. Otherwise, I just say I want to go home. That works too."

Robin speaks for most sub-debs today in her attitude toward necking. The great majority have also "kissed five or six boys" in their short dating lives, but few make it a practice to kiss any but the "special favorites."

Though Robin's life is punctuated with frequent crushes and she marks off her memories casually with "the time I was in love with Joe," or "that spring when I was in love with Allen," she insists that she has never really been in love, "not in the important, lasting way that counts." There was a time last summer, when she received a cable from a soldier stationed in Australia, a former Nyack classmate, which read "thinking of you always, darling," that she thought she had made up her mind.

"But it always happens that when I feel I'm in love with one fellow, I keep thinking about someone else away at school or in the Army, and then I can't be sure. If everyone were only here at one time," she sighed, "I'm sure I could make up my mind."

AS A FINAL preschool fling this year, Robin was allowed to invite fourteen fellow campers from Camp High Valley to spend the week end at her home in Nyack. Mrs. Roberts, with her usual motherly co-operation, bought a case of soft drinks, fresh garden corn and chickens for roasting, baked a chocolate cake and turned the house over to her daughter and her guests. On Saturday evening supper was served on the broad front porch—it was a warm fall night and the moon was low; later the guests amused themselves playing table tennis in the game room upstairs and dancing in the sun parlor. The evening was pleasant and subdued, and at twelve o'clock Mrs. Roberts, feeling the party had been a success, herded the group toward bed. The boys, deciding to have a last taste of summer, dragged out pillows and blankets to sleep on the front lawn. By twelve-thirty the girls had their hair in curlers, the lights were out and all was quiet.

At a quarter to one, four boys from Nyack, friends of Robin's, drove out to the Roberts home for some post-party crashing, and a struggle ensued on the front lawn as the local boys and the visiting seven wrestled it out on the grass. Later the groups joined forces and drifted into the house, turned on the radio, raided the kitchen and rearranged the sun-porch furniture, shouting and laughing. The girls wandered downstairs and Robin, elated by this new fun, bounced about in her bare feet, pajamas rolled to the knees.

Mrs. Roberts, in bathrobe and slippers, stood in the living room wishing desperately for her husband's firm voice and hand; again and again she ordered the visitors to go home at once and the guests to go back to bed. Finally, suspecting that the Nyack boys had been drinking, she threatened to call the police. But even then the party spirit lingered on, and it was nearly morning before the house was finally quiet. One more-thoughtful male guest rose early to put the furniture back in place, but in the morning Mrs. Roberts was tight-lipped and signs of the melee were still evident. In the confusion, her white quilted-chintz bedspread had been dragged out to the front lawn for sleeping comfort and was brought in, streaked and grass-stained. Before the week-end party a friend had remarked that she was indeed brave to attempt fourteen teen-aged guests at one time; Mrs. Roberts concludes that she was just naïve. Robin, she felt, had been chiefly at fault, for the girl had enjoyed the disturbance completely and therefore had failed to execute her duties as a charming but firm hostess.

Robin's mother is handicapped in disciplinary matters by the absence of Mr. Roberts from the home. In most teen-age homes the father establishes order on such occasions.

Robin is a senior at Nyack High School, and though her grades are above average, she never spends more than an hour and a half on her evening homework. Naturally alert and intelligent, she finds classes too confining and homework too demanding at an age when she would rather follow her own restless initiative. She is an inveterate athlete and the crack shot of the school rifle team; last year she was the only girl in the school to take the preflight course offered. In English and history, subjects which lend range to her imagination, she shows a vigorous interest, but her enthusiasm balks under the mental discipline of mathematics and science.

Because she is so phenomenally successful in almost everything she tries, Robin cannot believe there is any situation in which she cannot pull off top honors. Her defeats, therefore, have been especially painful. When a boy asked her to her first ball, she never considered the fact she had never danced. One just floated effortlessly about the room à la Rita Hayworth. Of course, the smoothest dancer there claimed the first dance; to her amazed chagrin, she stumbled horribly over his feet and he—with the callousness of the young—walked off and left her. In desperation, she hid her sharp-heeled slippers (size eight and a half) under a chair, where they were soon discovered with whoops and hollers and "Whose boats are these?" Robin feigned red-faced innocence until somebody tossed them out the window and she was forced to scramble after.

Because she lacks the play-house instincts of many young girls, Robin has always found home economics

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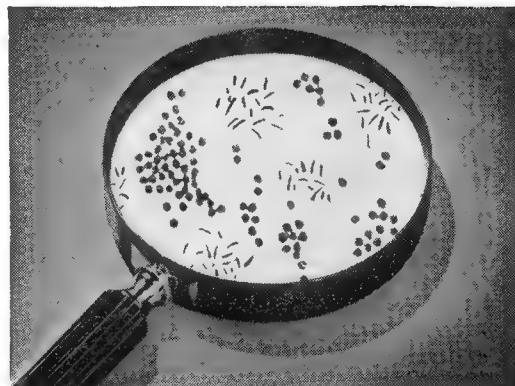


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IF YOUR CHILDREN CALL YOU OLD-FASHIONED

BY LT. COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.C., USNR

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

ROBIN ROBERTS has her mother pretty well convinced that parents are back numbers who no longer understand the ways of the world. For instance, the Nyack youngsters who come home on leave and date her sixteen-year-old daughter are a real source of worry to Mrs. Roberts. They want to prove their new sophistication, and of course Robin wants to appear grown up too. But Mrs. Roberts hesitates to ban all dates with boys in uniform, and Robin is quick to capitalize on her uncertainty.

"One doesn't want to be old-fashioned," says Mrs. Roberts waveringly, and then admits that she has reached the ripe old age of thirty-eight.

Teen-agers like Robin are actually between-agers. They emerge from childhood still holding to some of its attitudes and ways of thinking, and at the same time rapidly develop the desire for liberty and the privileges of adults. One of these childish attitudes is the overwhelming certainty that they know what is "right for them"—and the determination to put it through. This trait stays with them in most cases until they have gained enough sense of responsibility and maturity to heed experience and act accordingly. Until they actually gain these adult qualities themselves, they dismiss them as "stuffed shirt" and stodgy.

Robin, for instance, has little or no sense of responsibility toward the keeping of her lovely home. Her mother manages the spacious, thirteen-room house with the help of one maid of all work, and Robin's contribution is an occasional slapdash cleaning of her bedroom or bathroom. The essential feminine skills of cooking, sewing and house-cleaning she regards as something out of the Victorian age. As a lark, she occasionally hires out with a chum to wash dishes at some wealthy neighbor's home, but no inducements of pay can often persuade her to cut her own front lawn. Mrs. Roberts does not insist too hard, because she believes that Robin should be having "fun."

WHEN we look at the psychology of parents, we find that they are too deeply involved in the false American notion that youth is the most desirable time of life. The sudden realization that they are the parents of grown-up children is the symbol to many of them that the horrible dream of middle age has come true. Now the between-agers, with their disrespect for maturity and a sense of responsibility, have everything to gain by making use of this parental fear of age. They malignantly drive it home day after day in a patronizing and knowing way. They roll their eyes upward when parents speak of experience. According to youth, the world has changed completely in the past sixteen years.

If parents would look at themselves realistically, instead of through the eyes of their young ones who are trying to frighten them, they will see that they have lost little, if any, of the physical or emotional sides of sex. They are still capable of all the pleasures of youth except, perhaps, its foolish hilarity. The only difference between teenagers and themselves is the loss of the heedlessness of youth.

My first rule of advice to parents is: Don't be lulled into thinking you are old or old-fashioned and therefore incapable of understanding the teen-age world. Ask yourself if the rules of sex fidelity should be any differ-

ent than they were. Do late hours make early rising any easier for youth than for you? Has youth learned any better control under the influence of alcohol than you? Is it any easier to succeed in the world today without schooling and training and a sense of responsibility?

MY SECOND rule of advice is: Use your maturity to youth's advantage. It is my firm conviction that your training of your teenager up to the fifteenth or sixteenth year has given him all the fundamental character building that can be accomplished. I do not believe that you will be able, except in rare cases, to effect any further change for good or bad. But—and this is of great importance—a great deal of wise and experienced and patient guidance from you is needed. I would stress honesty above all else. Parents all too often preach the way they think they ought to, instead of giving advice out of their own real mistakes and unhappiness. The most important service parents can render youth is to see that his eyes are wide open for whatever experience he meets, that he does not go into life blindfolded by ignorance. On the other hand, a deceptive preaching attitude does real harm.

Let me illustrate by using Robin's smoking as an example. Mrs. Roberts cannot honestly believe, and neither does Robin, that smoking is going to damage Robin's health seriously when both see the whole adult population smoking. Mrs. Roberts could have legitimately said that she thought excessive smoking bad. Instead, she disapproved of all smoking, and lost the issue. Making a moral issue, and losing, is bad business for the teen-ager, for he is soon likely to try and win another, much bigger one.

Which brings us to the third rule: Carefully consider your issues, and work only on important ones. As a civilian and naval psychiatrist who sees the end results of mistakes in youth, I would put first the questions of work, school, career. It did not take a war to prove that the best jobs and the most important ones go to people who have had the best educational background. But the war did emphatically emphasize it again. No place is proper education more keenly important than in the armed forces. Yet I am continually shocked by the number of parents who allow seventeen-year-olds to quit high school or college to have more fun because they will soon be entering the Army or Navy. This additional year of schooling would not only prepare them for the future but would affect their military experience and usefulness.

The second important issue is the use of teen-agers' newly developed sex maturity. In advising on the problem of sex, you are in particular need of honest, firm thinking. I urge parents to consider carefully a fact of which they are often too dimly aware. The path of easy physical experience leads in the opposite direction from satisfactory monogamous marriage. Compromise with honesty leads to the pathway of dishonesty and not honesty. You cannot go wrong and hope to land in the direction of right. I believe you owe it to youth to admit that petting and necking and smooching are part of present-day customs. I know a group of parents who are convinced that petting exists, but that their own particular teen-agers don't do it. Now I know from talking to these youths that their parents are fooled. I

get the truth from them because I do not adopt the pseudorighteous attitude their parents do. I talk to them frankly and openly, saying I think they are making a bad mistake if they do not hold their physical urges within strict bounds.

The world will conspire to refuse a young woman the right to turn back, once she makes herself easily available for sex experience. More important, easy virtue becomes a habit and a need which cannot be readily overcome. I frankly confess that I do not think a girl can withhold slight favors in this day and age, but I urge that she keep physical expression at the minimum and learn to develop what is more important for the happiness of her future marriage—a skill of companionship and mutual interest with boys. I also think that parents should honestly tell the story of the dangers of conception and social disease, without threat or fear-producing statements, because only honest education can make sex cleaner.

Lastly, use your maturity to advise youth on methods of play. The cry of "old-fashioned" rises most frequently over late hours, alcohol and unsupervised parties. I know of no parents who do not disapprove of late hours. They know that not all fun after midnight is bad, but they also know that most bad fun is after midnight. There is no good reason why parties should not start at seven-thirty or eight instead of ten or

eleven, and there is enough reason why they should end early to allow for adequate sleep. Parents, if they developed a little more strength, would not be persuaded that "all the children are allowed to" and would gather together and agree that "none of the children is allowed to."

As for the supervising of parties, I see no possible reason why any good or proper behavior of youth would be "cramped" by the presence of a parent in the offing. On the other hand, I can see every reason why parents should "cramp" that kind of play which is undesirable.

Finally, the question of drinking. No intelligent person can possibly give any valid excuse for drinking at a time of life when clearheadedness is most needed. If you say, "I allow them to drink only at home," you admit that drinking is not undesirable for youth and they will soon be drinking elsewhere. I believe parents should resolutely set their faces against any alcoholic indulgence until they are convinced their teenagers have reached responsible adulthood.

Parents of teen-agers will have a less difficult job if they have faith in their own youthfulness, and the strength to present the problems of life with honesty and openness. They can make youth "see" through their mature experience, and insist that on important issues they still control the behavior of their between-agers.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New England Housewarming

BY NELL GILES

WAYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS, is a neat white town within living distance of Boston. Wayland is a clannish town. No one will tell you it was Paul Revere who made the church bell in the Unitarian steeple. You should have known. But even in this close-knit underbrush of suburbia there's a petrified forest of lonely adults who'd like to get acquainted with the neighbors, but don't know how. It may be so in your town too. In Wayland the citizens were not satisfied to let the petrified forest stand. The citizens bought the Junior Town House.

Hunched like a white elephant at the Wayland crossroads is an old house-and-barn. Too big for most war-shrunk families these days, but exactly right for a townful of children. Exactly right for a central clubhouse and roomy enough to hold Cubs, Brownies and secret orders.

So the citizens of Wayland bought this house-and-barn because a year ago it came to them that something should be done for the young folks. An idle brain is the devil's workshop, as a New Englander had once said. The Junior Town House would provide a workshop for busy brains.

From the beginning the idea was not to entertain the young, but to give them something to do, something to make with their hands. A floor to scrub, walls to paint and paper, curtains to sew. It's true that some color schemes turned out a bit wilder than Wayland's famous architect, Ned Goodell, would have chosen. So much the better. Best way in the world to get wildness out of your system is to paper the walls with it.

Any day at all you can find Wayland kids at work on the Junior Town House: at first a few, then friends of the few and then everybody. A towhead who'd never been a hero on the ice pond or in the swimming pool said, "Wish we knew how to take pictures with a camera." Somebody remembers a man down the street who likes what he can see in a camera lens. Yes, he'll be willing to come down one night a week and show the kids. But soon the one night a week will grow to classes in developing, enlarging, printing and mounting the pictures too.

Somebody says archery. The Junior Town House volunteer teacher will have the arch-

ers making as well as shooting the bows and arrows. A Wayland housewife was willing to teach rugmaking. She was one of the most "unacquainted" women in town. But now her private petrified forest is besieged by friendship, warmth, life—and neighbors.

In the mornings, Junior Town House is full of preschool children. "Chip" is the chief talent here, the core of the teaching staff recruited from Wayland mothers. "Chip" has four youngsters herself, but her talent with the preschoolers is as a trained professional. She taught, before her marriage, in a well-known progressive day nursery. Three-year-old artists, dramatists and block-busters in Wayland have more than a head start under her hand. Because they are learning what the whole community is taking to heart: a concentrated lesson in how to know and like your neighbors.

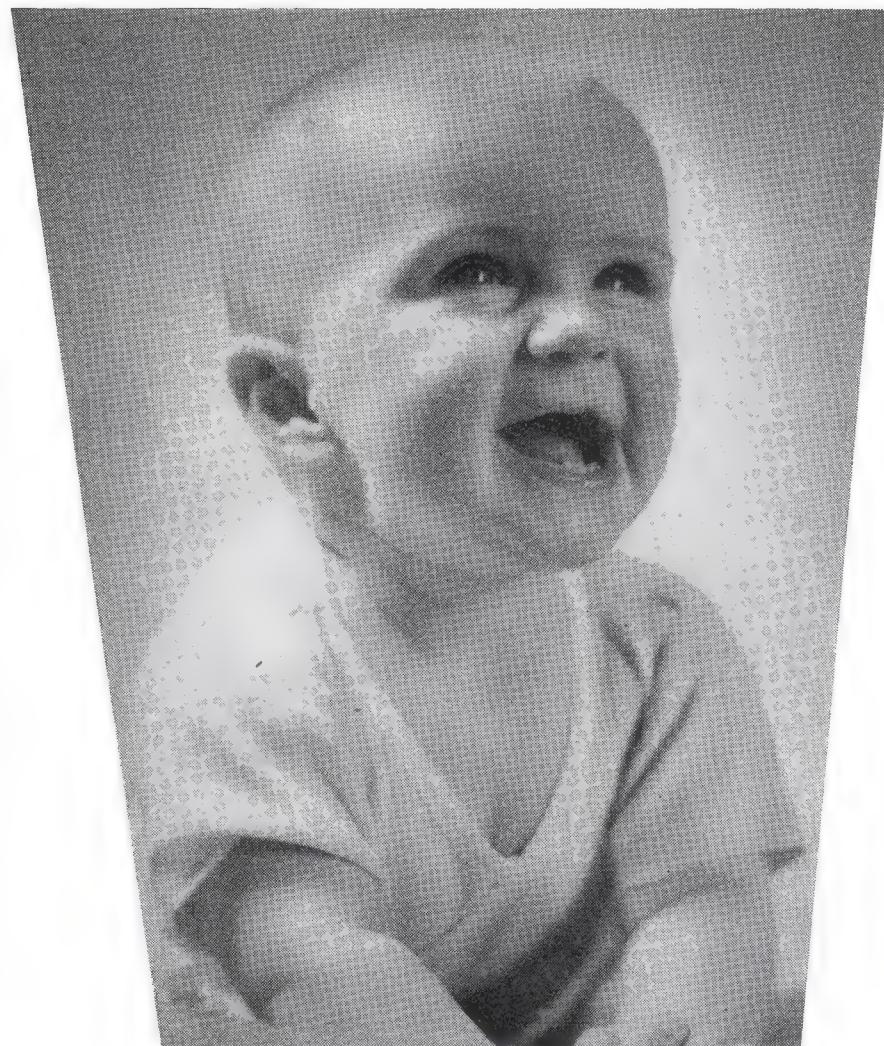
The end of any season is time to set up shop in the back room. Everybody brings the clothes he's outgrown or has tired of, and sells them to his neighbors. Ten per cent of the sales price goes to the seller, the remainder to Town House.

Next year's project will be the remodeling of the old barn. Mr. Goodell contributed the plan, and some of the labor will be professional. But most of it will be Wayland kids with their dads, pitching in to shingle the roof, help lay the floor, sheathe the walls in pine and build the campfire-size fireplace. There will be workshop and craft rooms upstairs, theater and game room down.

This is how the housewarming of Wayland began: the citizens bought a house for their children. Not a place to play, but a place to create. And the parents came from their obscure corners in the community life like cold people wanting to warm their hands at a fire. People with one homely talent they'd never shared found it caught on like pine kindling wood. More than eighty adults are active volunteers this year.

The new term opened in Wayland Public School with fourteen first-graders who'd had a year's preschool training in the Junior Town House. And for the first time in Wayland's first-grade history, there were no crybabies, no bullies, no non-cooperators.

A perfect setup for "adult education."



"Wot a Soap!"

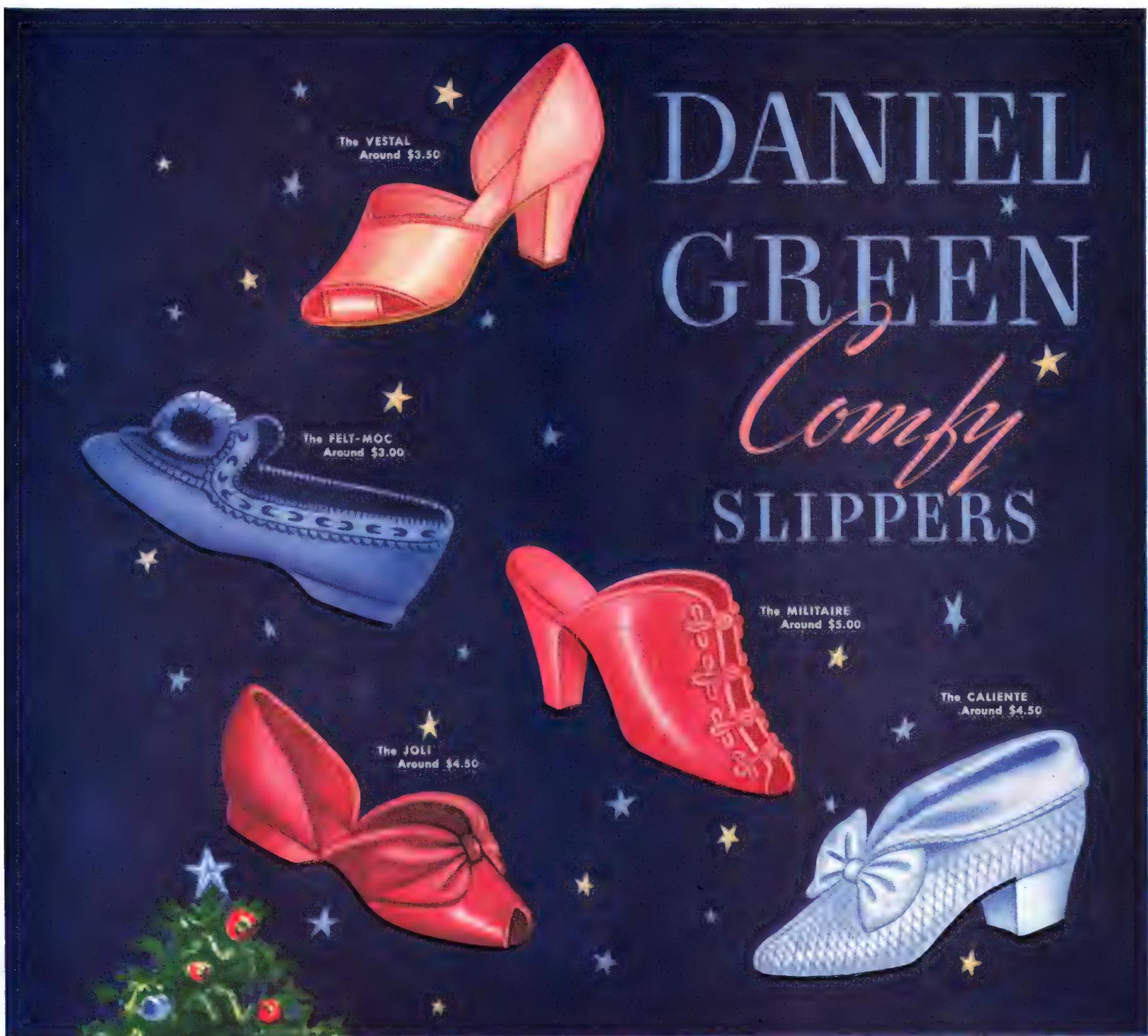
"Wot mildness... wot speed... it's soap-erative!"

Young man, you took the words right out of our mouth
—except that you didn't say, "It's Fels-Naptha!"

But that almost goes *without* saying, if letters from Fels-Naptha users are proof. These women tell us that golden Fels-Naptha is the best laundry soap they ever used. That it gives them whiter washes. With less hard work. In less time. That it saves wear and tear on fine fabrics.

N.B.—Since so many experienced housekeepers agree about Fels-Naptha Soap, why don't you try it yourself?



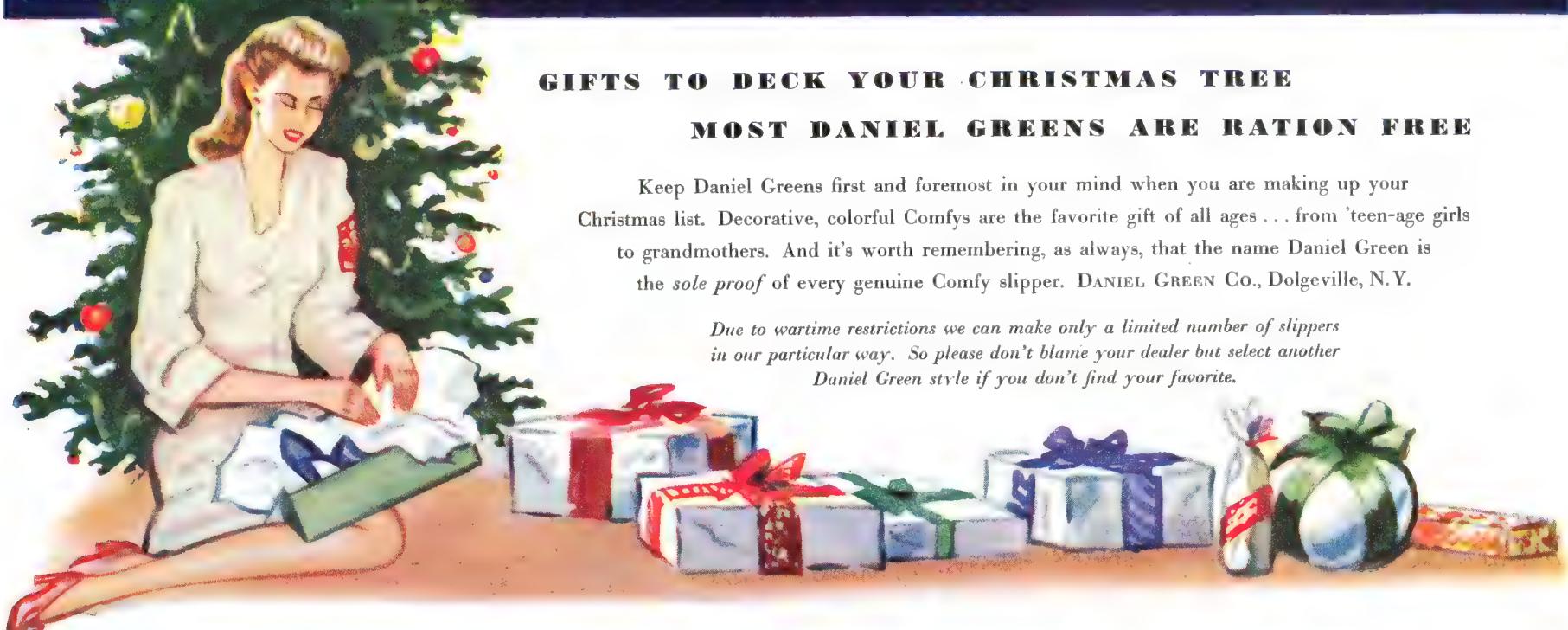


GIFTS TO DECK YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE

MOST DANIEL GREENS ARE RATION FREE

Keep Daniel Greens first and foremost in your mind when you are making up your Christmas list. Decorative, colorful Comfys are the favorite gift of all ages . . . from 'teen-age girls to grandmothers. And it's worth remembering, as always, that the name Daniel Green is the *sole proof* of every genuine Comfy slipper. DANIEL GREEN CO., Dolgeville, N.Y.

Due to wartime restrictions we can make only a limited number of slippers in our particular way. So please don't blame your dealer but select another Daniel Green style if you don't find your favorite.





For an afternoon, an evening at home or country week end: two-piece fireside fashion in bright red flannel, black wool, sequin border.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER



For school dances, holidays, parties: Robin chooses a demure dress with chiffon bodice, plaid taffeta skirt.

Accessory to crochet; No. 2106.

Round Robin Wardrobe

BY DAWN CROWELL

"My personality changes with the clothes I wear," says Robin Roberts, "and I'm *lost* at a dance if my dress isn't *comfortable*!" Robin is tall, with naturally curly hair and sparkling blue eyes, and looks as pretty in her skirts and blouses for school as she does in her little-girl evening gown. With an extra-long list of school and outside activities, she likes a number of daytime changes. A trim two-piece wool jersey, a wrap-around skirt with a bright plaid binding, a velveteen jumper with fresh white blouses are three contributions to an all-around wardrobe for an all-around girl. A bright bonnet-and-scarf set can be made for cold winter evenings; a matching calot, bag and bracelet can be bought at the nearest store. Robin's winter wardrobe is insured to grow rapidly with her interchangeable selections.



A splash of color for the rain: Plaid belted raincoat, water-resistant.

B is for basic: two-piece black wool jersey; skirt ties in a bow in front.



New look in school dress: wrap-around wool skirt, plaid binding.



Double-breasted—double duty: Shocking-pink jacket. Wear skirt with extra blouses.



Calot, bag and bracelet: black faille lined in color, multicolor sequins.

Knitted shoes, with ruffle; No. 2139.

Instructions for cap-and-scarf set and shoes can be ordered for 5 cents each, from JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



PHOTO BY STUART

A TALL DARK MAN IN YOUR LIFE? HERE'S HOW TO KEEP HIM THERE

SUPPOSE we really could look into the future: what would you like to see there waiting for you to come meet it? A husband—a home of your own—an exciting career? Most likely you hope for a happy blending of all three.

That's what Robin and her friends wished for, too, when we "told fortunes" with them one sunny Saturday at High Valley Camp. Everyone had a little pink dream of her very own home someday—completely equipped with very-own-husband, of course—a place where she could express her creative ideas of decoration, her private personal theories about entertaining.

"Especially," mused Robin, "when you see a movie like Claudia. It seemed like such fun—even though she was such a goon at coping with it."

That's what started us off speculating about what kind of wives they thought they'd make. Addledated and irritating, though lovable, like Claudia? No, they didn't think so. They thought it was dated, to be so out-of-this-world about anything that's such a real part of life and living. *They* were going to be good at it! And of course you are too.

About the career—you've probably already taken at least a few exploring steps in its direction. You may even—we wouldn't presume to pry into your really private life—have an eye on what you hope will be the future husband!

Let's talk about him for a minute, strictly without prying. Now beyond a doubt this dream man is going to marry you for your cute giggle, or because you love to go duck hunting, too, or because your mind steps right along with his, or some such perfectly good reason. But think what an extra dividend if he discovers that he's also married that pearl among girls, a good housekeeper! And consider how it will raise your standing with Mrs. Future Mother-in-Law if she feels you're going to be able to keep the apple of her eye polished, plump and rosy with well-being.

"Well, of course," said Robin doubtfully, "I love doing things to make horses comfortable—cleaning their stables and giving them good things to eat. And I suppose if my husband turns out to be as nice as a horse, I'll enjoy doing things to make him comfortable too."

Uh-huh, she will. And so will you, even if you're more attracted by similarity to—say, an Irish setter!

So, about this home that you're going to have someday, may we whisper a bit of advice?

Why don't you practice up on dad's time? We don't feel the least bit disloyal to your dad in putting you up to this, because we think he'll secretly get a kick out of it. Grin and mutter, "Chip off the old block." Doesn't he always, when you show signs of special brightness? And here's the perfect place to start:

A home of your own in miniature. Why don't you make a deal with your mother to let you have carte blanche with your own room—complete with key and privacy? In return for this, in all fairness, you take complete responsibility for dusting, polishing, window washing, linen changing, even laundering curtains, slip covers or rugs when they need freshening.

Try your hand at giving your room the kind of personality you like best. You could, perhaps, give some of your furniture a more modern feeling simply by sawing the legs off and making it gay with one of the quick-drying enamels. And do you know about that new kind of wallpaper that you can just slap on all by yourself? Do it some Saturday morning, easy as licking a postage stamp. Seems it's born all pasted—all you have to do is dunk in water.

From your soldier friends, borrow the pin-up-board idea—except that yours will have a gala frame. (Fine way to get some use out of that old wedding-present painting your mother's been hiding all these years!) Remove the painting, or mirror or whatever, deck the frame out in paint or stick-on motifs, back it with wallboard covered in pretty fabric. Then pin on, casual-like, your beloved junk—snapshots, valentines, football-game feathers or his bow tie—with those cute hatpins or bright-headed thumbtacks. Keeps them from eddying all over your desk, and you can change the exhibit as often as you add new interests.

Is your closet like Fibber McGee's? Here's a wonderful place to practice your talent for organization. Let's haul everything out onto the bed, scrub the closet walls and floors and begin all over again. For Pete's sake, let's get those shoes up off the floor, sitting there collecting dust kittens in their insides! A

"—and you'll
live happily
ever after!"

BY JUDY BARRY

shoe bag's a money-in-the-bank investment. Or perhaps you could rig up a slanting shelf with heel rest. Now a rod, of course, at least five and a half feet up, to hold the well-constructed hangers you'll place in your clothes with a fine regard for their shoulders. Because the wrong kind of hanger and a sloppy job of putting on the hanger can make your divine new suit look weary after just a wearing or two. Have at least one dustproof bag, for formals and extra-special dresses. Make cones of cardboard covered with gay "gift-wrap" paper or a snitch of your wallpaper, to serve as hatstands. Oh, come now, everyone wears a hat sometimes!

Is your closet just a little feller? Here's a trick that will take some of the burden off the slim shoulders of too small closets. Bring down from the attic an ordinary packing box, one of the big sturdy cardboard ones. You know how the top flips up? Turn it over so that part becomes the side, and give it glamour by sticking on chintz or wallpaper to harmonize with your room. Then a pole or rod at the new top, and there you are—a little separate "closet" with swinging doors for blouses, or dickeys that can hang. Neat? Don't let anyone mistake it for a seat and crunch right through it, though! Or you might just mention in passing to your doting Aunt Beth that your closet really isn't big enough. There are ready-made portable ones, you know, some quite attractive—to say nothing of matched closet accessories that would make anyone turn over a new closet leaf.

"I can't find a thing in this drawer!" Sound familiar? Even the world's best housewives seem to have bureau-drawer trouble sometimes. Those little section-off gadgets you can buy do help, though; so do envelope cases for Sunday-best lingerie. But a couple of plain old dime-store knife boxes, dressed up as you will, are probably as helpful as anything. Pretty linings of pastel paper or washable fabric, fragrant sachets to scatter through, give you that delightful "I'm so fastidious" feeling. Or, just to inspire you, that same doting aunt might present you with scented lacquer to paint on the insides of chests and drawers.

Well, now that your clothes are off the bed again, and resting comfortably (Continued on Page 155)



These are for the gay times to come

One day you will wake to find this loveliest of all silverplate *back on sale again*.

You'll see three favorite designs on your silverware merchant's shelves . . . *Danish Princess*, *Youth* and *Lovely Lady*.

But, in making your choice, remember this . . . all three are Sterling Inlaid. *That is*: two blocks of sterling silver have been invisibly inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks. Thus these patterns will stay lovelier longer than other silverplate.

Surely, Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid Silverplate is worth waiting for, worth saving for.

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**HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE**

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

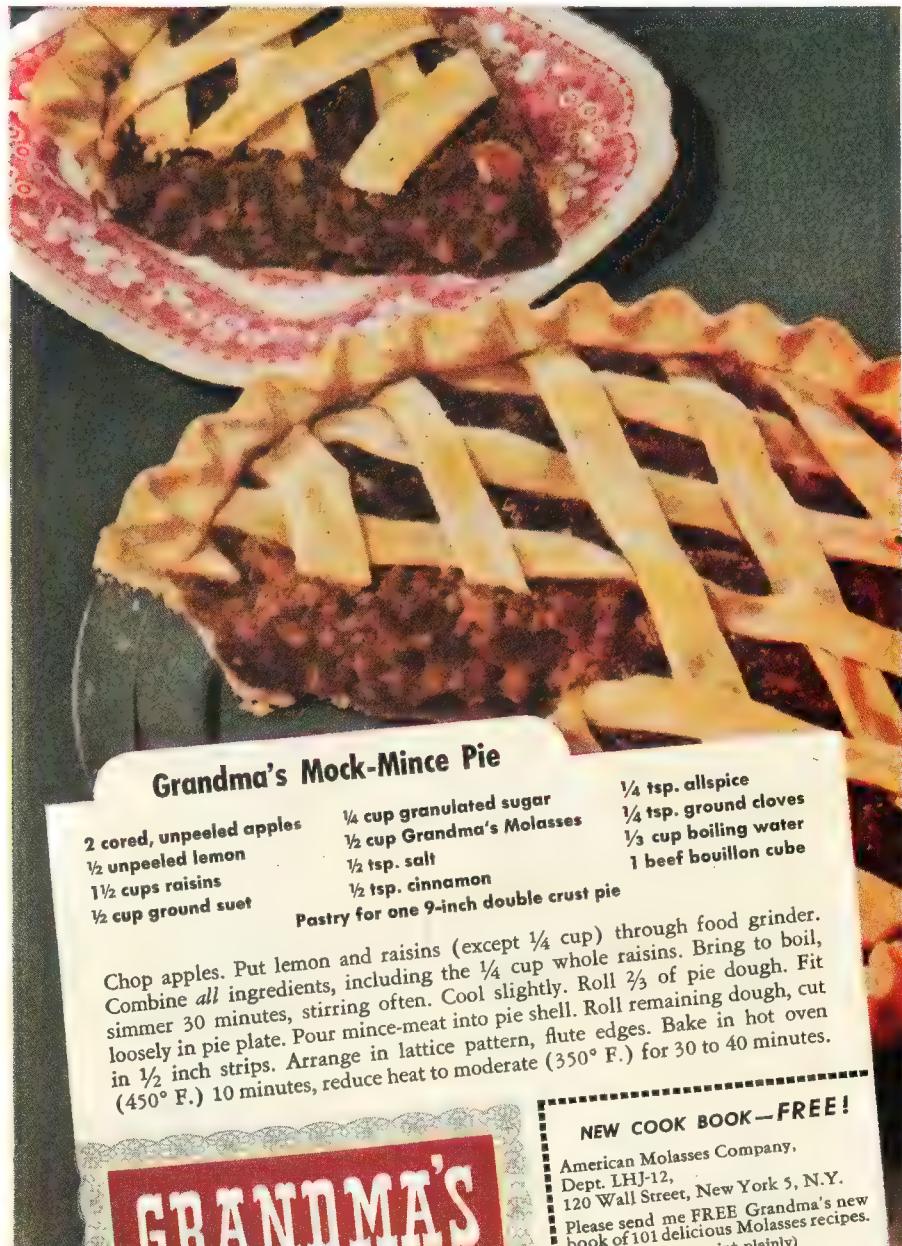


"LAN' SAKES, it isn't a holiday without mince pie. This year make the best tasting mince-meat ever without spending a ration point. Just follow my mock-mince recipe. The secret of its richer flavor, its old fashioned goodness is Grandma's *sweeter, mellower* Molasses."



"IN ALL YOUR COOKING, use Grandma's Molasses, it's made the old fashioned way *without sulphur dioxide or other preservatives*. For more of my tasty recipes, fill out and mail the coupon below. I'll send you FREE my new book of 101 molasses recipes. You'll like them."

Wonderful tasting mock-mince pie made Grandma's old fashioned way!



Grandma's Mock-Mince Pie

2 cored, unpeeled apples
1/2 unpeeled lemon
1 1/2 cups raisins
1/2 cup ground suet

1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup Grandma's Molasses
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
Pastry for one 9-inch double crust pie

1/4 tsp. allspice
1/4 tsp. ground cloves
1/3 cup boiling water
1 beef bouillon cube

Chop apples. Put lemon and raisins (except 1/4 cup) through food grinder. Combine all ingredients, including the 1/4 cup whole raisins. Bring to boil, simmer 30 minutes, stirring often. Cool slightly. Roll 2/3 of pie dough. Fit loosely in pie plate. Pour mince-meat into pie shell. Roll remaining dough, cut in 1/2 inch strips. Arrange in lattice pattern, flute edges. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

NEW COOK BOOK—FREE!

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Dept. LHJ-12,
120 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.
Please send me FREE Grandma's new
book of 101 delicious Molasses recipes.
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**GRANDMA'S
OLD FASHIONED
MOLASSES**



Robin's crowd beats a path to the Roberts' kitchen all year round.

Young and Gay

By Louella G. Shouer

THE Christmas holidays give you the best excuse in the world for a party—not that young folks Robin's age ever need one. Boys and girls are home from school, many servicemen will be home on leave. The latchstring's always out at the big house on the Hudson, and Robin's friends swarm in and out the whole season through. There'll be dances, of course, and all the traditional doings, but the parties Robin likes best are home affairs.

What elaborate party can top the gaiety of a waffle supper, with everyone trooping out to the kitchen to help, singing and swapping yarns? Or the fun of popping corn over an open fire, dancing in the living room with the rugs all up?

So don't sit back this year and let your friends have all the parties. Going to a party is fun, but having one is even better. It needn't be expensive unless you make it so. Plan it with mother, but do the work yourself. That way it will be *your* party. If the question of "eats" wrinkles your brow, here are some "might-haves" for a party just for fun.

After the dance. If you ask a few couples to your house for eats after a dance, don't plan an elaborate spread. The gang will be hungry, but not that hungry! Better settle for something fizzy, hot dogs or sandwiches or an ultra-looking sandwich loaf which you can make yourself and put in the refrigerator long before you put on your party duds.

HOLIDAY SANDWICH LOAF

Cut the crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread. Cut in three lengthwise slices. Butter the inner sides of the slices and spread with a layer of minced ham salad and one of chopped-egg-and-pepper mixture—or use any two fillings you wish. Put your loaf together again. Wrap in a damp towel. Chill it well. Place on a platter and frost all over with softened cream cheese—or just the top, if you wish. Garnish the loaf with parsley and stuffed olives and, if you want to be Christmasy, mark out a tree on top. Fill in the outline with chopped parsley. Scatter bits of red pimiento here and there for spangles on your parsley tree. Slice at the table. Forks rather than fingers for this sandwich. Serves 8.

"Come on over." Sometime during the holidays your friends will want to see your tree and the Christmas loot. With a full cooky jar and the makings for hot chocolate in the refrigerator, you'll be ready for all comers.

CINNAMON SPANKS

Cream 1 cup shortening and 2 cups sugar until light and fluffy. Add 3 beaten eggs and cream up well. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and stir in 1 cup sour cream. Sift together 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda and work into batter. Lastly add 1½ cups chopped California walnuts. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cooky sheets. Grease the bottom of a small glass. Dip in a mixture of 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Spank the top of each cooky with the sugared base of the glass—dipping glass each time into the sugar. Glass may have to be greased freshly now and then. Bake in a moderately hot oven 375° F., until done. Makes 6 dozen cookies.

"MIX" FOR HOT CHOCOLATE

Put 6 squares unsweetened chocolate in a saucepan with 1 cup hot water. Stir over low heat until all chocolate is melted and mixture is nice and smooth. Add 1 cup sugar and a pinch of salt and stir over low heat about two minutes until thick and smooth.

Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Keep in a jar. Whenever you want to make hot chocolate, put a generous spoonful in each cup and add hot milk. Makes 14-16 cups hot chocolate.

Fireside fun. Robin's planning a skiing party during the holidays, provided the weather man comes through with a good order of snow this year. Then back to the house for food and fun around the big stone fireplace in the living room. There's something about a roaring wood fire that makes any party go. Be sure to have the corn popper handy, and a big bowl of polished apples. Give the gang food that's hearty and hot—with celery and pickles and perhaps hot gingerbread. If chowder isn't your dish, try your hand with Frankfurter Turnovers.

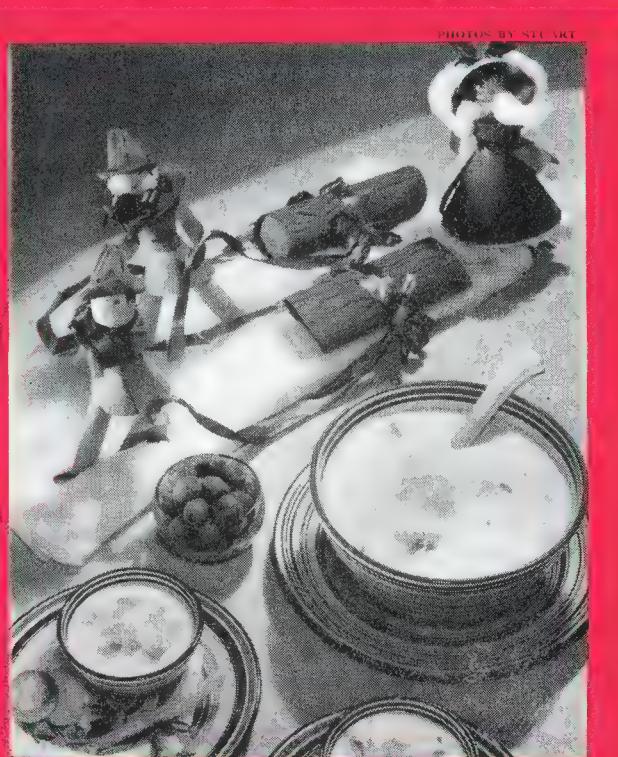
FRANKFURTER TURNOVERS

Skin and chop medium fine $\frac{1}{2}$ pound frankfurters. Brown in 1½ tablespoons fat. Stir in 2½ tablespoons flour and blend well. This should be enough flour to take up the original 1½ tablespoons of fat, plus about 1 additional tablespoonful that will cook out of the "franks." Add 1 cup milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly so it will be smooth. Flavor with 1 tablespoon prepared mustard and season well with salt and pepper. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Make up one recipe of baking-powder-biscuit dough, using 2 cups flour, etc. Roll dough out to quarter-inch thickness. Cut into five-inch squares. Put a spoonful of the cold frankfurter mixture in the center of the squares. Bring the four corners together over the filling and pinch quite firmly so they won't come apart during baking. Place turnovers on a greased cooky sheet. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., twenty-five minutes. Makes 6 turnovers.

SMOKY FISH CHOWDER

Cover a 3-pound piece of smoked haddock (unsmoked fish is good too) with milk and simmer about twenty minutes. Drain and remove skin and bones. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ pound fat salt pork into small cubes. Brown them in a heavy pot. Add 2 large or 4 medium-sized peeled onions, chopped, and cook until golden. Next add 6-8 peeled potatoes, cut into small cubes. Cover with water and simmer until potatoes are just about done. Flake the fish and add next with $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf, crushed. Add 2 quarts milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper and paprika. Simmer just about ten minutes. Don't let it boil! If you wish, make the first part of the chowder ahead of time and add the milk just before serving. Serves 8-12.

*Recipe
for fun:
good friends,
candlelight,
a log fire:
good talk,
laughter
and a
song or two—
chowder
for supper!*



Jane Parker FRUIT CAKE



*Looks good...
tastes even better!*

Made from a treasured old recipe

The rich, hearty flavor of Jane Parker Fruit Cake is your proof that it's made with extra fine ingredients. Each pound of this luscious fruit cake contains over 60% of fruits and nuts—plump, juicy raisins, tangy citron and orange peel, glazed pineapple and cherries, meaty, crunchy, pecans. Be sure to get your Jane Parker Fruit Cake early this year, as the supply is limited. You'll be pleasantly surprised by its low price—delighted by its quality.

What you should know about fruit cake:

How to Choose a Fruit Cake
—Make sure the fruit cake you select contains plenty of fruits and nuts. Examine its label carefully before buying.

How to Cut a Fruit Cake
Cut only as needed with very sharp knife using a sawing motion. For smooth slicing, dip knife in hot water.

How to Keep a Fruit Cake
Wrap in wax paper and store in tightly covered container. Fruit cake thus protected will keep its aroma, flavor and goodness.

*JANE PARKER FRUIT CAKE IS SOLD ONLY
AT A&P FOOD STORES
(Not Available on Pacific Coast)

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"Gossipy girls are all right, if their gossip is pleasant. The catty stuff makes me squirm and wish I'd picked some other company."



"Extra-special clothes make you feel extra-special, and you naturally try to live up to them. That's just feminine instinct!"



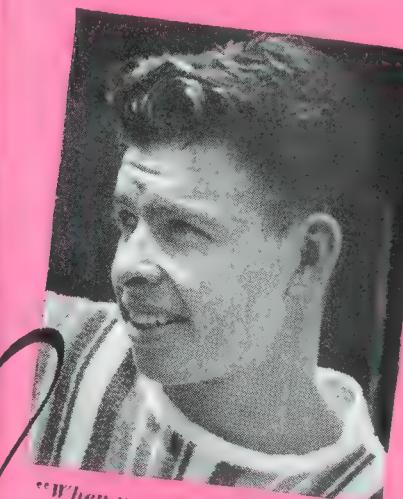
"The way some girls act is certainly a reflection on their parents and homes, and doesn't make us think any more of them either."



"You feel it is a compliment when the boy you are with is careful about his language. Of course you're appreciative of it!"



"The old-fashioned idea of a boy bringing candy and flowers was nice, but now we'd rather he would save his money for a big date."



"When you take a girl out you don't want her to gush, but you would like to have her thank you as if she really meant it."



"Girl pals may be considered good sports by boys, but they don't get the attention and invitations given to the other girls."



"Say, if girls are going to look like boys and act like boys, they are going to take all the fun out of going around with them!"

DO TEEN-AGERS REALLY CARE ABOUT COURTESY?

By Louise Paine Benjamin

Beauty Editor of the Journal

EVEN if you are as pretty as Robin Roberts, you can't get by on looks alone. "Pretty is as pretty does" may not be any more familiar to the average sixteen-year-old than a flowered toothbrush mug, but that doesn't mean manners have been discarded—any more than toothbrushing. It is just that the approach in both cases has become more modern.

If you don't think today's youngsters know about manners, ask them. These energetic, adventurous children who cause their elders so much concern are awfully smart. In discarding conventions, they often go too far. Most reformers do. But most of them have a fine sense of appreciation which makes them recognize the value of "smooth" behavior.

Moreover, they are their own severest judges. Rude girls and swearing boys may remain untouched by the tears of parents and the pleas of teachers, but let their own kind turn a cold shoulder and see what happens.

Because these young people are refreshingly outspoken, it is a stimulating experience to sit down with a group and ask questions. In Robin Roberts' camp, we talked to the teen-age boys and girls in separate groups, asking for their opinions on matters of polite behavior. Here are some of their unhesitating views.

They are almost unanimous in agreeing that smooth clothes help to make smooth manners. The girl who is all prettied up in a party dress tends to behave more charmingly than one roughing it in overalls and dirty saddle shoes. The reason? Presumably

it's the deep-rooted feminine instinct for play-acting that makes even a very young woman want to put on a manner in keeping with her costume. A rebel here and there may call that *hypocrisy*, but it is actually prompted by a strong sense of *harmony*, the feeling that personality and appearance ought to match. And how the boys like their girls decked out in their best and bravest! Doubtless they, too, have found that in swishy skirts girls take on a more appealing manner as well as greater eye-value. I have yet to talk to a boy who didn't want his girl to exude delicious femininity on a big date. One spoke for all when he said, "If you are out with a girl, you want her to look like a girl."

Boys are less susceptible to the influence of their own clothes on their manners, but even they admit that being clean and polished has a salutary effect on behavior. More direct in its refining action on a young man is the attitude of the girl he is with. Boys frankly admit that they take their cues from their feminine company; and if a girl is indifferent to little attentions, she probably doesn't get them.

Given a list of faults and asked to check those of which they were reminded most often by their parents, twice as many girls admitted to the need of keeping their voices down as any other single imperfection. "Stand up straight" and "Pick up your clothes" were the two other parental commands most often heard. "Door slamming" came in for mention, as did "Interrupting when others are talking."

Not limited to the stronger sex is the problem of rough language. Girls

(Continued on Page 155)

To make a Lovely Lady Lovelier...



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For a Bright Christmas...

GIFTS CREATED AND STYLED BY

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- If he knows and esteems good socks—knit of finest yarns obtainable, designed to meet the highest good taste . . . pick Holeproof men's socks! You can't miss when you select from these gifts by Holeproof!

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IS YOUR SUB-DEB SLANG UP-TO-DATE?

While the fuddy-duddies and the ickies put on the drizzle-pan and the blue-nose act, Young America is hep to the step and goes merrily on rockin' to the rhythm of sling lingo. Fireball sling of today may be the rusty-dusty of tomorrow, but once in a moon indigo No. 1 jive chatter will go steady with the jazz guys and gals and, lo, Daniel Web's doin' double time chalkin' up the footnotes in big print.

The new lingua Americana is rich with the Anglo-Saxon heritage—onomatopoeia—rich and descriptive. At times crude and tongue-twisting, sling lingo proves to be a new chapter and a definite addition to the American language.

Are you solid with the senders? Score 1 point for each of the following terms in your slingabulary:

90 — You're in the groove. 60 — You're off the beam.
80 — You're a solid sender. 50 — You're horrific.
70 — You're on the passive.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL



slick chick
whistle bait
sharp
rare dish
solid sender
dilly
dream puss
zazz girl
baa
destroyer
20-20

NOT ATTRACTIVE BOY



dogface
void coupon
too safe
stupor man
sad Sam

GIRL WITH SEX APPEAL



drape shape
frame dame
wolfess
able Grable
blackout girl
ready Hedy

ATTRACTIVE BOY



drooly
heaven sent
swoony
mellow man
hunk of heartbreak
glad lad
Jackson

NOT ATTRACTIVE GIRL



sad sack
goon
rusty hen
off the beam
spook
flub
scrag
dog biscuit
strictly for the birds
crate
seaweed

BOY WITH SEX APPEAL



groovy
twangie boy
go giver

A GIRL WHO NECKS WITH EVERYONE

toujour la clinch
goo ball
smooch date
sausage (everybody's meat)
hot cake
mug-bug
giraffe
chin-up girl
share crop
necker-chief



GIRL CRAZY

skirt nerts
doll dizzy
lap happy
skirty flirty
dame dazed
witch wacky



PRUDE

touch me not
hair shirt
moth ball
Mona Lizard
Percy pants
 H_2S



BOY CRAZY

slack happy
khaki wacky

TO BE IN LOVE



twitterpated
snake bit
cow-eye-tis

GRIND



brain box
book bug
book beater



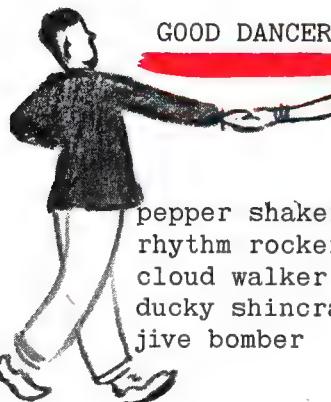
TO BE JILTED

robot bombed
blow a fuse
shot down in flames
defrosted

TEACHER'S PET



gone Quisling
palm greaser
P.C. (privileged character)



GOOD DANCER

pepper shaker
rhythm rocker
cloud walker
ducky shincracker
jive bomber

A STRICT PARENT



crab patch
curfew keeper
egg beater
picayunie

TERRIBLE

sub zero
salty
greeby
sklonkish

GOOD FOOD

lush mush

A BOY WHO'S FAST



B.T.O. (big-time operator)
wolf on a scooter
active duty
educated fox

AN EASY COURSE IN SCHOOL

gravy train

FAVORITE WORD

fuzzbuttons



Blue Grass...

for a heart stirring

Christmas

For this epic Christmas, when a new light seems dawning on the world, let your gift speak to a woman of her beauty, her courage, her shining faith in the dark years and let it tell her, sweetly, that you love her truly. How better convey that message than with BLUE GRASS... a gift that is in every sense a tribute to a lady! Give her one gift in BLUE GRASS... or make it the entire series... an eloquent and magnificent gesture.

Blue Grass Perfume • Blue Grass Flower Mist • Blue Grass Eau de Toilette

Blue Grass Brilliantine to touch the hair with sheen and fragrance

Blue Grass Illusion Powder, gossamer-fine, to give the skin a porcelain finish

Blue Grass Bath Salts to change the tub to a perfumed pool

Blue Grass Body Sachet for top-to-toe fragrance

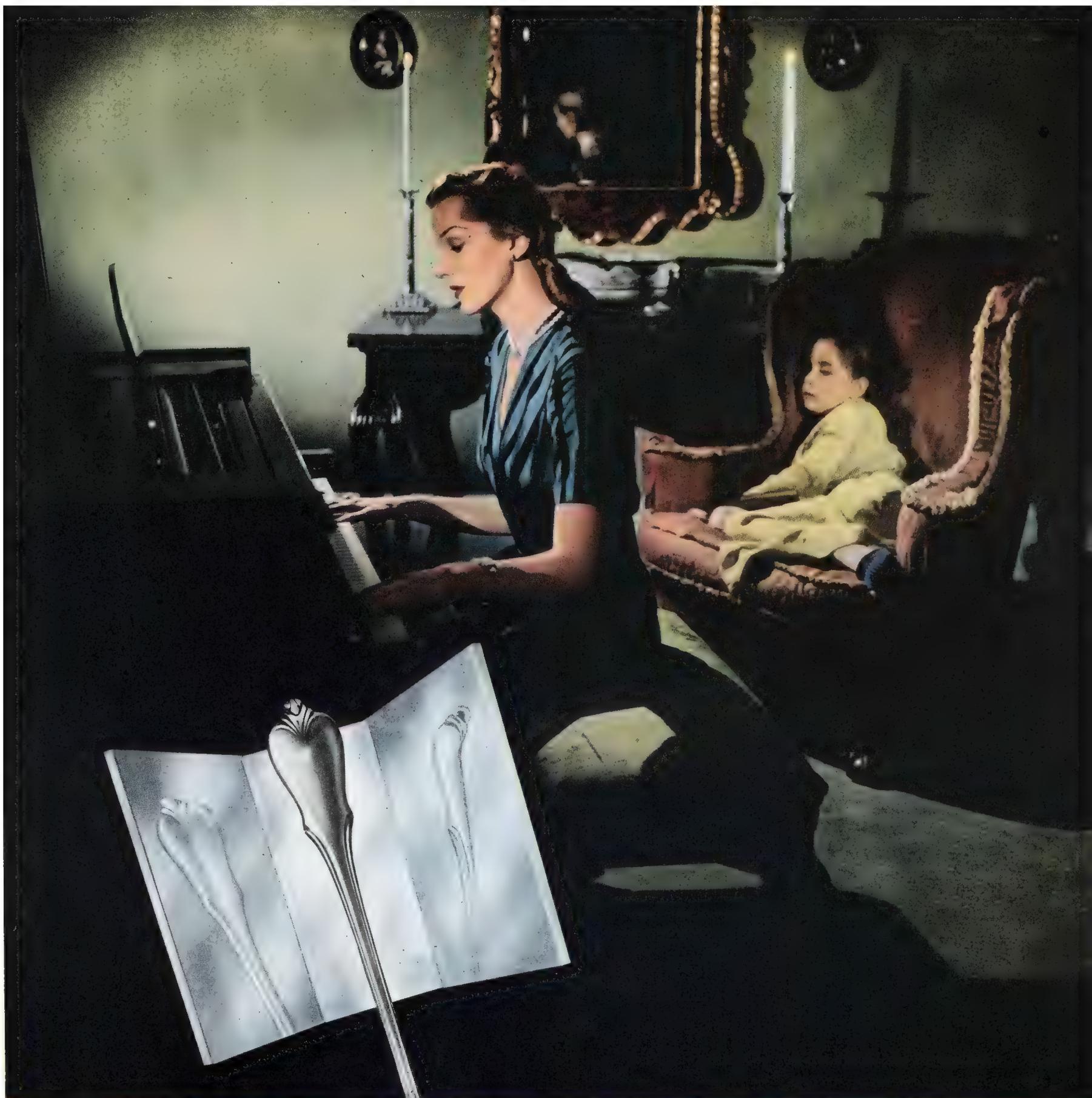
Blue Grass Bath Oil for body friction after bathing

Blue Grass Hand Soap curved to fit your hand

Blue Grass Fluffy Milk Bath brims the tub with rainbow bubbles

Blue Grass Dusting Powder, snowy soft against the skin after bathing

Elizabeth Arden



"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS"

BEHOLD GRAND COLONIAL, BEAUTIFUL FROM EVERY ANGLE

Grand Colonial
Third Dimension Beauty in Sterling by
WALLACE



Mood of Tranquillity ...expressed in
 the soft music of the twilight hour...in the rhythmic beauty
 of silver. Grand Colonial reflects the stately elegance of the
 colonial motif, sculptured in the grand manner. This is
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Today, Wallace craftsmen dedicate their skills to Victory. But plan now for the post-war era when silver will again be available in larger quantities for gracious living ☆ ☆ ☆ Send 10¢ for book, *Wallace Beauty Moods in Silver*, and read the fascinating story of Wallace sculptured patterns - Grand Colonial, Stradivari, Sir Christopher, Grande Baroque and Rose Point. WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONN.

"—AND YOU'LL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!"

(Continued from Page 146)

in your beautiful, beautiful closets and drawers, we'll give you time out to survey them smugly. Yes, you deserve it. In fact, we think you ought to call the family and bask in their admiration! But maybe you'd better wait a bit—look how that bed looks!

Would a quarter bounce on your bed? That's how the boys in the Army test to see if their bedmaking will pass inspection. They're taught to do a slick smooth job of it, you know, even to learning hospital corners, which establish you as a superduper bedmaker. Here's how you do it to impress even a top sergeant! Spread the bottom sheet—right side up—with narrow hem at the foot. Begin at the top of the bed, folding the extra length there under tightly. Now pick up the side of the sheet about a foot from the corner. Lift it straight up to form a triangle. Fold this triangle back onto the bed, then tuck its base part under the mattress gently, without disturbing the bottom of the sheet which you tucked under at the very beginning. Bring the rest of the triangle down and tuck it in too. See what a firm diagonal fold you have? Do this to all four corners of the bottom sheet, then poke in the leftover sides. The top sheet belongs right side *down*, you know, so that when you turn it back over the blanket, up near your face, there it is showing its prettiest side. Now, do you have a quarter handy? Look at it bounce! Really, you're just wonderful—that's not so easy to do. But —

"If you could only cook!" Why don't you provide an answer to that tired old crack and cook? It would be pretty smart of you to learn to do at least a few good things very well, and let word get around that they're your specialties. Things that you could feed the crowd when they come in after skating—like fluffy scrambled eggs, good Western sandwiches, doughnuts to go with cider. A big bowl of chili or heavenly smelling beef stew for buffet suppers. Read Ann Batchelder's and Louella Shouer's pages as faithfully as you do the Sub-Deb, even if you never take measuring spoon in hand—though if you don't, you're missing lots of fun! Through them you can't help but absorb a feeling for fine food, and first thing you know you'll be asking your mother to

turn you loose on dinner some night. It's a real creative art, cooking—and you remember Route 1 to a man's heart, don't you?

Route 2, we're mighty certain, though we've no statistics to prove it—just our ol' observant eye—is soap-bubble freshness, in your face, your hair, your clothes, your mind, your outlook on life! Right now, we can only tell you how to —

Begin with sweaters. When you give your precious wool sweaters a bath, treat them as gently and respectfully as if you were doing the same for a baby. If you don't have a drying form, trace the sweater's outline on a sheet of wrapping paper. Use the lukest of lukewarm water, the mildest of soap flakes. Squeeze and pat suds through it, keeping under water as much as possible. *Never rub, never* whoosh way up out of its bath. If your cardigans' grosgrain bindings are especially soiled, edge them out of the water and scrub with a tiny soft brush. Speed counts in rinsing—three times in lukewarm clear water, remembering to squoosh, not rub. Now bundle up in a bath towel to soak up excess water. Then, flat over its original paper silhouette on another dry bath towel, till it's completely recovered from drowning. If you do use a sweater form, take it e-e-easy when you insert it. A quick flick of basting thread through neck, cuffs and bottom will keep 'em from yawning and stretching.

Wool socks respond to the same kind of courtesy. As for rayon stockings, all they ask, outside of a light touch in laundering, is to be let severely alone afterward for at least twenty-four hours. They're antisocial when wet, as who isn't?

Of course you know that you never hang anything knitted. Your sweaters, now that they're dry and fluffy and sweet-smelling, belong right there in a special section of that chest of drawers you've just made look like a JOURNAL model!

Well, there you are! Fun, isn't it—making your own little world, your room, your home, spick-and-span and charming, so it presents a true picture of the way you really are? If you can do it with your room, you'll be able to do it with that beautiful home you're going to have. Lucky fellow—the boy *you're* going to marry!

WHAT PRICE MANNERS?

(Continued from Page 150)

who feel that they are being modern or sophisticated by sprinkling their conversation liberally with questionable words would do well to note that most young men are sincerely embarrassed by their racy phrases. A man, whatever his age, wants his girl to be finer and gentler than he is, to inspire romance. And you don't do that with rowdy behavior.

Girls are inclined to be tolerant of stronger language in the earthier sex than they themselves use. Which seems a pity, in view of the fact that they are the pace setters. But even the hardiest ones grant that it is an appreciated compliment when an escort edits his speech to fall more pleasantly on their ears.

About the minor social conventions the children are not too remiss, if they have been well taught. Thank-you letters get written, albeit tardily. Introductions are performed, although the young people agree that the form of these should be reduced to the utmost simplicity, and that "It takes practice to get them off smoothly."

Asked if they thought most teen-agers treated their parents with enough consideration, the answers resolved themselves into the composite opinion that, irrespective of age, to get respect you have to earn it, and that most parents are pretty accurately rated by their children and receive just about the treatment they deserve!

A sobering thought, which led naturally to the next, and final, questions: "Do you

think most parents give their children enough training? Do you expect to give *your* children more or less discipline than you have had yourself?"

Here are a few spontaneous answers which are typical of all:

"Present-day parents are severe enough. I'm going to trust my children more, and not punish them so much."

"Fewer orders and a better understanding of facts are what we need."

"If parents were more strict today with young children, they wouldn't have so much trouble with older ones."

"Parents are inconsistent. They don't stick to their own rules."

And so it goes. The old cry: "My parents don't understand me!" But where there is so much protest, there must be some foundation. It seems as though there were need of an association for the mutual understanding and improvement of parents and children, with the former keeping the value of example well in mind, instead of leaning too heavily on commandments! And what better place to start than with manners, which are, after all, only a courteous pattern for living imposed by a warm heart and a desire to treat others as one would like to be treated.

Young people sometimes complain that manners are "hypocritical." When someone complained to Whistler that manners were all on the outside, he retorted, "That's just where they ought to be."

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*The loveliest glassware
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Some of the finest glass that
came from the hands and minds of

the Early American glassworkers was Sandwich glass. The
old Sandwich glass workers are gone almost a
century now, but their glass lives on: in museums, in
antique collections, in the corner cupboard of many an
old Colonial home . . . and in the Duncan plant.

Duncan's Sandwich pattern has the brilliance that made

the early glass collectors call this "lace glass." It has the
fine simple sturdiness that made thrifty Early
New Englanders love it. We have a folder on
it you might like.—The Duncan and Miller
Glass Company, Washington, Pa.



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Just make it with Veg-All Mixed Vegetables . . . a vivacious combination of fancy green and yellow vegetables in every can . . . all ready to serve. Beautiful to behold, rich in vegetable flavor, high in vitamin retention. Get Veg-All, America's most popular mixed vegetables, at your store.

Try this Recipe

Drain 1 can of Veg-All. Place with 2 cups grapefruit sections (without membrane) in bowl. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Dissolve in another bowl 2 pkgs. lemon gelatine in 1 qt. hot water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Chill until it begins to thicken. Fold in Veg-All, grapefruit and 8 sliced stuffed olives. Chill in ring mold until firm. Unmold on lettuce.

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City State

VEG-ALL
MIXED VEGETABLES

BUDGET DISHES

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUE

BAKED PORK CHOPS WITH SOUR CREAM

(Approximate cost, 73 cents—serves 4)

Season 4 loin or shoulder pork chops with salt and pepper. Dredge well with flour. Brown well in 2 tablespoons hot shortening or salad oil. Add 2 onions, sliced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard blended with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water. Cover and simmer twenty to thirty minutes. Now add 1 cup thick sour cream. Peel, slice and parboil 4 potatoes in boiling salted water. Drain and put in baking dish. Pour chops and sauce over potatoes. Bake about one hour or until chops and potatoes are tender.

Menuette: Baked pork chops with sour cream; mashed yellow turnips; cinnamon apple salad; bread and spread; hot gingerbread—cream-cheese topping; beverage.

SPINACH OMELET WITH TOMATO-BREAD SAUCE

(Approximate cost, 39 cents—serves 4)

Make the sauce first and keep hot, as an omelet is a last-minute trick. To 1 No. 2 can of tomatoes add 1 cup diced bread—crusts and all. Season with salt and pepper and a pinch of savory, basil or crushed bay leaf—whichever herb flavors you like best. A little chopped onion belongs in it too. Simmer the sauce until it has reduced somewhat and is of good consistency. At the finishing point add 2 tablespoons dry grated cheese. Now for the omelet. This is the plain type, but by no manner of speaking ordinary. Beat 4 eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, lightly, with a fork. You might think beating the eggs more and more would make the omelet lighter. But quite to the contrary; much beating only makes a plain omelet heavier and gives it a tendency to be watery. No liquid is added to the eggs. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup drained, chopped, cooked spinach. Put 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a skillet and let it sizzle well before adding the eggs. Use a large enough pan so that the layer of egg will be thin. By having the fat good and hot, the eggs coagulate quickly. Give them a stir when you first put them in the pan. Turn down the heat and let them finish without stirring. Roll the omelet by tipping the pan and working fast with a spatula. There's a trick to that that comes only with practice. The omelet should be still soft inside if you want perfection. Garnish platter with the bread sauce. One last word. If you want a 6 or 8 egg omelet, use two pans. Don't attempt to make that big a one in a nine-inch or ten-inch frying pan.

Menuette: Spinach omelet with tomato-bread sauce; carrots with lemon-and-parsley butter; bacon muffins and spread; apples—country style; beverage.

CAULIFLOWER AND FISH AU GRATIN

(Approximate cost, 98 cents—
serves 4-6)

Cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of any fish. Remove the bones and skin, and flake. Also cook 1 small head of cauliflower and separate into flowerets. Make $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups medium cream sauce; season and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese until melted. Combine with fish and cauliflower. Pour into casserole and top with cracker crumbs or cereal flakes. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly—twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Menuette: Cauliflower and fish au gratin; cranberry coleslaw; celery and pickles; hot rolls and spread; lemon sherbet; cookies; beverage.

CHILI MEAT BALLS

(Approximate cost, 52 cents—serves 4)

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground beef and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground pork, 1 egg, 1 onion, chopped, 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chili powder. Soak $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups bread crumbs in water. Squeeze out and mix with the meat. Shape into balls. Put in baking dish with $\frac{1}{2}$ can condensed tomato soup, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 onion, chopped, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper. Bake forty-five minutes to one hour in a moderate oven, 350° F.

Menuette: Chili meat balls; baked potatoes; broccoli with buttered crumbs; celery and raw-vegetable relishes; snow pudding—custard sauce; beverage.

BAKED LIMA CASSEROLE

(Approximate cost, 30 cents—
serves 4-6)

Soak a 12-ounce package of large Lima beans overnight in water to cover. Cook in fresh water to cover until almost tender but not mushy. Dice 6 slices bacon. Fry until crisp. Remove bacon and fry 2 medium onions, chopped, in the fat. Drain the beans of all but $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquor. Add 1 cup milk, the onion, fat and bacon. Mix well and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon poultry seasoning. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into casserole and bake one and one half hours in moderate oven, 350° F. Cover for the first half hour or so. Uncover to brown for the rest of the time.

Menuette: Baked Lima casserole—chili sauce; baked onions; mixed vegetable salad; baked caramel pears—foamy sauce; beverage.

KIDNEYS—DEVIL SAUCE

(Approximate cost, 64 cents—serves 4)

Pull away fat that encases 2 veal kidneys. (Save this and try out for drippings.) Slice kidneys thin. Prepare following sauce and keep hot: Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped celery tops, 1 cup bouillon made from paste, powder or cubes. Simmer together for about fifteen minutes. Heat 2 tablespoons fat in skillet. When sputtery hot, put in the kidneys. Brown quickly on one side. Season. Turn and brown on the other. Lift onto hot platter. Pour sauce over them. Sliced kidneys shouldn't cook longer than a few minutes. That way they are tender and delicious.

Menuette: Kidneys—devil sauce; brown rice; sautéed pepper rings; popovers; winter fruit salad; beverage.

MACARONI-AND-CHICKEN CASEROLE

(Approximate cost, \$1.34—serves 6)

Cook a 9-ounce package elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with boiling water. Make 3 cups thin cream sauce, using part chicken soup or stock and part milk for liquid. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced or coarsely grated cheese, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento and 2 cups diced chicken. Combine with macaroni. Season the whole mixture well with salt and pepper. Pour into a casserole. Arrange buttered cracker crumbs around the edge of the casserole. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., twenty-five to thirty minutes or until bubbly and slightly brown.

Menuette: Macaroni-and-chicken casserole; broccoli; vegetable-salad bowl; cottage pudding; lemon sauce; beverage.

Mighty few women
will pass up this
★ 2-WAY
FOOD VALUE!

GET YOUR SHARE
WHILE THEY LAST

Buy walnuts... and you reap a harvest of flavor, *plus* food values galore. No wonder they sell fast!

And what a festive touch, for holidays and every day! Just add walnuts... and any salad, dessert, main dish takes on new elegance. Lunchbox treats, too.

A tip, though: always get "Diamonds"! That's the way to be sure of more plump, fresh, usable kernels per pound.



★ 2-extra flavor

CRANBERRY-WALNUT PUDDING

2 cups raw cranberries, halved
1/2 cup coarsely chopped Diamond Walnuts
1/3 cup finely diced citron (optional)
1/2 cup light molasses
2 tbsps. water
1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. each cinnamon (or allspice), cloves, and nutmeg
Diamond Walnut halves

Lighter than the usual plum pudding, so easy to make... and delicious!

Combine cranberries, chopped walnuts, citron, molasses and water in mixing bowl; add sifted dry ingredients, mix well; fill well greased mold 2/3 full, cover, place on rack in kettle, add boiling water to depth of 2 or 3 inches, and steam 2 hours. Serve hot, with mounds of hard sauce topped with walnut halves... "Diamonds," of course, for gorgeous good-looks. Pass a thin hot pudding sauce separately. Serves 6 to 8.

Just one of the ways walnuts help with flavor at holiday-time! Remember walnuts in the poultry stuffing, in cranberry sauce or salad, in candies. And always keep the walnut bowl heaped high!

• SEE WHAT WALNUTS GIVE YOU

In seven essential elements, how closely a pound of walnut kernels parallels the government's recommended adult diet! (See below.) Naturally, smaller quantities will contribute these diet essentials proportionately.

DAILY NEEDS	ONE POUND OF WALNUT KERNELS
Calories	2500-4500
Proteins	60-70 gms.
Calcium	0.8 gms.
Phosphorus	0.52-1.2 "
Iron012 "
Vitamin A	5000 I. U.
Vitamin B ₁	600 I. U.

★ 1-extra nourishment

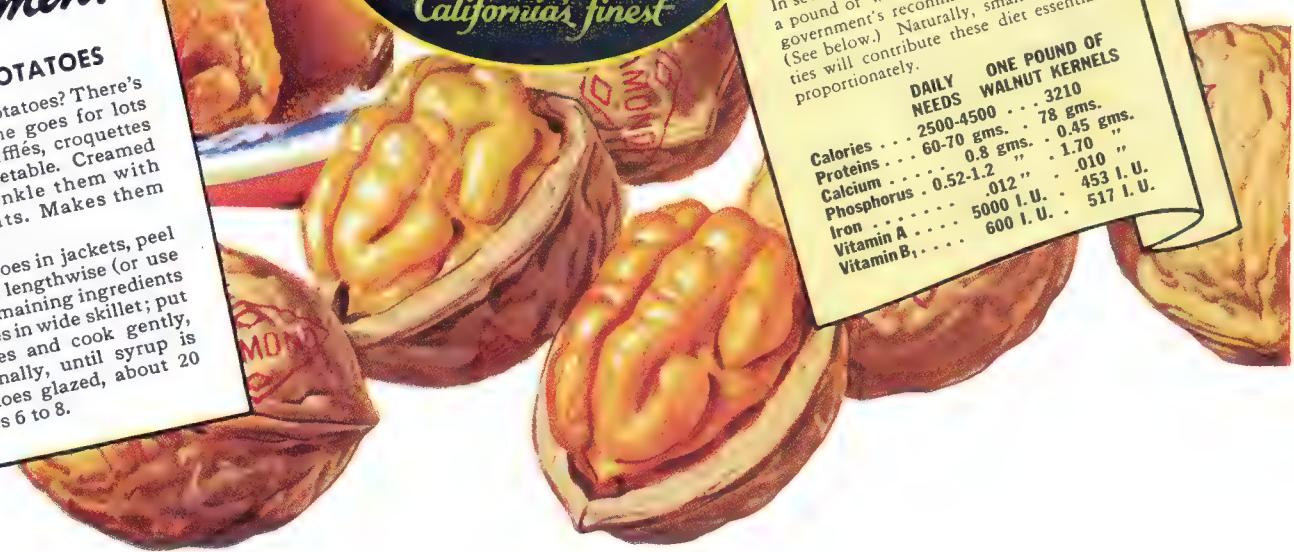
TOP-OF-STOVE CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

Walnuts with sweet potatoes? There's real food value! Same goes for lots of vegetables. Soufflés, croquettes and any stuffed vegetable. Creamed dishes, too... sprinkle them with nourishing walnuts. Makes them real energy-foods!

Boil sweet potatoes in jackets, peel and cut in halves lengthwise (or use canned). Cook remaining ingredients together 5 minutes in wide skillet; put in sweet potatoes and cook gently, turning occasionally, until syrup is thick and potatoes glazed, about 20 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

6 large sweet potatoes
1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup water
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
Dash of cinnamon
1/2 cup coarsely chopped Diamond Walnuts

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DIAMOND WALNUTS
California's finest



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Merry Christmas

LET JOURNAL booklets help you make it a merry one. Parties for the children, parties for the Sub-Debs, parties for everyone. How to announce your engagement, how to shower the bride-to-be, how to plan a furlough wedding. You'll find ideas for them all in JOURNAL booklets. Order those that will best help you, and see how your party problems vanish. Happy holidays!

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GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 25)

Lisa pushed her chair back angrily. She looked very young and petulant and childish, and tears, Mrs. Chester knew, were not far away. She did hope Dickie wasn't being a bit too —

"Of all things!" said Lisa. "Who is going to shop, and queue?"

"You are, pet," said the colonel genially.

"I'll leave you all the addresses written down," said Mrs. Chester quickly. "And there is some—er—cold game *pâté* in the larder for your lunch today, darling. And we've told Mrs. Barnes, next door, that you are alone. She'll hear you if you call or knock on the wall."

"How on earth do you suppose I am going to manage?" demanded Lisa, furious.

"You will manage," said her father, a note in his voice she seldom heard, but never cared much about, "just as your mother has to manage. Only less efficiently."

Then he tipped the end of her nose with his finger, in a way that infuriated her even when she was in a good temper, and off they went. Rather obviously holding hands, in the taxi. At forty! Only young people—like Bill and herself—should go off together happily holding hands, thought Lisa. And then she sat down all alone on the sofa, in the empty house, and cried a good bit. For Bill obviously hadn't wanted to. He had seemed to like her well enough in Washington, but here in England it had all gone sour. It was seeing her in this beastly little wartime house, with nothing done as it should be. In company with a mother who could talk of nothing but food, thought Lisa angrily.

By noon Lisa had decided that of all selfish and heartless people, her two parents topped the list. In some queer way this made her feel a bit better; she could not quite say why. The martyr's robe is always infinitely becoming to youth. And it goaded

her, too, in another queer way, to show them. They expected she would make a mess of the whole thing, and die of starvation? Very well. They should see!

Her spirits sank when she saw the larder contained no margarine, no cooking fat, and only a small pea of butter on a plate. And no rations due till tomorrow. Vaguely she began to understand why her mother hadn't been so keen on having Maybelle in to lunch. However, the disguised sheep's heart lurked on a plate, artfully covered over with parsley. That, and some baked potatoes, would see her through till tomorrow.

Meantime, she donned an overall and gave the house a better cleaning out than it had had for months, noting with some delight that her mother skimped the corners. She lighted no fires that day, so as to have no grates to do in the morning, and went early to bed with a book. The sheep's heart had been better than she expected, and she had rashly finished it, so now there was nothing whatever in the house for tomorrow.

It was pretty bitter, lying there, thinking of her parents in London having a wonderful time. Hors d'oeuvres, and a dance band, and red Algerian wine! What right had people of their age to have a wonderful time? All their energies ought to be expended in giving her one.

There was nothing for it next morning but to go shopping and join the fish queue. Lisa had always looked down on queuing as a stupid pastime of people who had nothing better to do; but when she saw the length of the queue, she began to wonder if anyone would do it for fun. There was no point in bothering what you looked like, on such a sinister errand so early in the morning, so she put on her garden coat and tied an old silk scarf over her daffodil-colored hair.

(Continued on Page 160)



THE LOVE GIFT that says:

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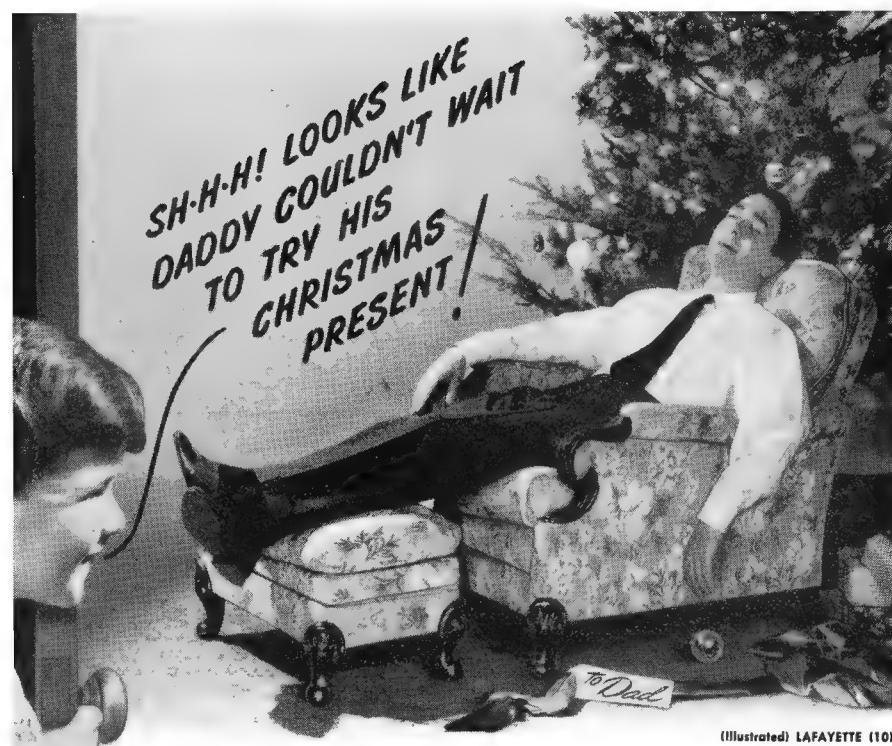
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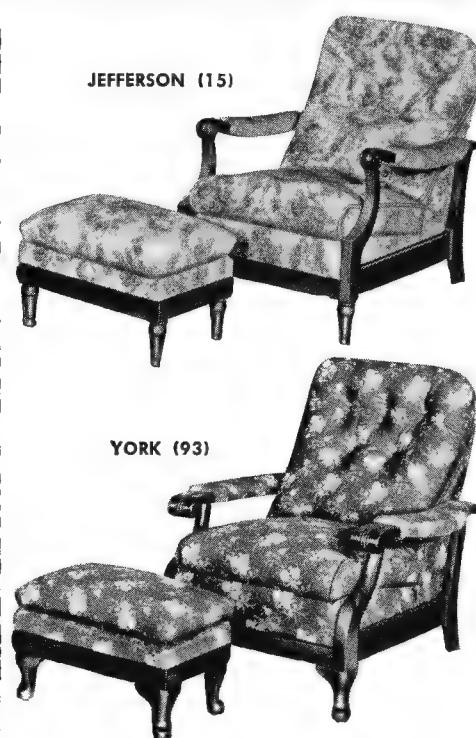
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MANY BEAUTIFUL MODELS THAT WILL LEND DISTINCTION TO YOUR LIVING ROOM



THE STREIT "SLUMBER" CHAIR IS SOLD BY LEADING FURNITURE DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from Page 158)

The grocer presented her with a series of small parcels. Lisa stared in amazement. "Can't you put them into a paper parcel?"

"Oh dear, no, miss. No paper parcels allowed nowadays," said the grocer genially. "Haven't you brought your basket?"

Lisa had not brought her basket.

"Tut-tut," said the grocer. "Wherever can you have been?"

"I have been in Washington," said Lisa coldly, "and only got back a little while ago."

"Ah," said the grocer. "That's it, is it? I always thought they didn't realize, over there."

He suggested she put some of the parcels into her pocket. Lisa let that pass. She did not want to go around looking like an expectant mother, or a kangaroo. She took the silk scarf off her hair, and knotting the rations in it like a laborer's dinner, she joined the fish queue. It had shrunk a little, and the fishman winked at her kindly.

"I've got something for you. Your mother asked me to keep it for her."

He disappeared behind his wooden screen, and returned presently carrying by the tail something that looked to Lisa like a whale in youth. She waited for him to cut a slab off it, but he didn't. He handed it to her.

"Mrs. Chester told me the colonel was coming home, so I said I'd save her something special, and there you are. Rock salmon. Haven't you brought a basket? Tut-tut. Then you'll just have to catch ahold of it by the tail, miss. It won't slip if you grasp it firm."

Lisa stared at the thing with horror. It was clammy and cold to the touch. She went out into the street. A gust of wind blew her hair wildly about her face, and there was nothing she could do unless she slapped it back with the rock salmon. So, partially blinded with hair and angry tears, the cold fish slapping against her legs, the silk handkerchief containing the rations rapidly coming undone, she ran into Bill. Bill, of all people, whom she had thought miles away in London.

"Lisa!" said Bill, apparently quite pleased. "What on earth are you doing with—that!"

"Oh, just taking it for a walk," said Lisa angrily. "Look out—it's trying to escape." And then they were both of them laughing, and grappling with the rock salmon.

"Let me carry it back for you. I'm stationed down here at the airfield for the next three days. I was coming to call on you."

Is there anything in this world more thrawn than mankind? thought Lisa. When her mother was home, and the house running like clockwork, and the larder well stocked, they stayed away or left early. But the moment everything was upside down and you had on your oldest clothes and smelled of dead fish, they dropped in!

"I'M ALL alone in the house," Lisa warned him. "Mother and father have gone to London for the week end, leaving me."

She waited for expressions of sympathy that did not come. There was more of admiration in Bill's voice when he said, "You mean you're keeping house?"

"Well, it hasn't got away yet," said Lisa dryly.

"Lisa, I didn't know you could do all that sort of thing. I didn't know you could cook."

I don't know myself yet if I can, thought Lisa apprehensively, but she said nothing about that. She opened the front door, glad she had left the house so spick-and-span.

Bill followed her into the kitchen and watched her goad the rock salmon onto a dish. "I say, isn't this fun?" he said. "I suppose I can stay to lunch?"

"Oh, rather—if you like to take the risk."

"I'll cut that fish into steaks, and we'll grill them," said Bill. "The way we do at home. I know quite a lot about cooking."

It was a good thing, thought Lisa, that somebody did. A trifle apprehensively, she

watched him cut up the rock salmon. She wondered what it was her mother had planned to do with it. Maybe smoke it in the drawing-room chimney and pass it off as something quite different; you never could tell these days.

But for the first time it dawned on Lisa that keeping house was fun. It was fun getting meals ready and knowing Bill would come along as soon as his work was over. He even borrowed a bicycle and came to breakfast. Lisa did wish she knew how her mother managed to provide those little hot scones so early in the morning.

Saturday passed like a dream, and Sunday. After Sunday lunch Lisa looked a little apprehensively at the joint. It hadn't been much to start with, but it was less now. She began to understand her mother's lack of enthusiasm about unexpected guests, and she grinned to herself. Bill was different. Bill liked her, after all. Whatever it was that had been wrong between them that other week end, it was all right now.

SHE made coffee after Sunday lunch. The apple blossoms were out. They fell all around them as they sipped their coffee. Like confetti.

"This is my idea of bliss," said Bill. "A little house and a garden, and apple blossoms falling into my coffee."

How silly I was that other time, thought Lisa. She had tried so hard to impress Bill. She had insisted on a three-course dinner. There had been prawns in aspic, and sherry wine, all to impress Bill, who, it seemed, did not want to be impressed.

"Oh, Bill," she said impulsively, "what was wrong that other time? You hardly spoke to me, and you flirted with mother."

He looked at her whimsically, raising one dark eyebrow. "I didn't flirt with her," he said, "though I think your mother is a grand girl. I just helped her mow the lawn. It seemed to me she had a lot on, hand, and you didn't exert yourself much to help her."

She laughed. She was so happy now, she could laugh. She said, "Oh, Bill, you don't understand, darling. I was trying to be a real lady. The kind I thought you'd like."

He laughed, too, and put his cheek against her bright daffy-colored hair. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "When I came down here I meant to ask you to marry me. I've always wanted a little house of my own, and a garden, and kids. And you were so sweet. From the first time I met you I said to myself, 'That's my girl.' But seeing you here at home, I suddenly got cautious."

"Cautious?"

He was silent a minute, trying to find the words. "You were so scornful, darling, about your father and mother. And do you know what I thought? 'One day,' I said to myself, 'Lisa and I will be where her parents are now, with a packet of spoiled kids snubbing us,' and I sort of got pulled up, like a train does when it goes slap into the buffers."

Lisa said nothing at all. She wanted to cry. Funny that it had never occurred to her to look at it that way. You thought, somehow, of yourself as always young and ageless. Whereas in time the youngest of us will be forty. The idea needed a bit of getting accustomed to.

"I began to wonder if it was worth the risk," said Bill. "Seeing you just sitting around, while everyone else did the work. I thought you were just a spoiled kid. And then I came along this time, and found you managing all alone, and I knew I'd got you all wrong."

"Oh, Bill, she thought, you hadn't. But I'm going to be different. I'm going to work hard and learn."

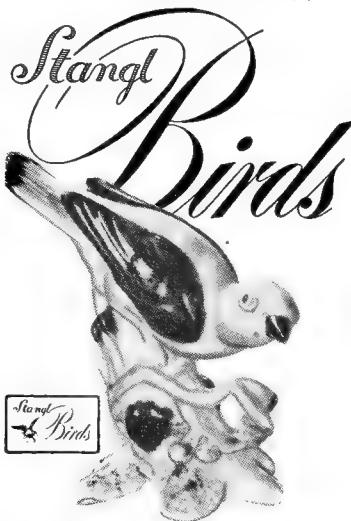
"I love you," Bill said, and he kissed her. "This is the way I want life to be. You and me, and a little house and a garden. And in time, there we'll be, sweet. A couple of middle-aged parents. Darby and Joan, who used to be Jack and Jill! Life isn't only today."



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That's where a girl went wrong, thought Lisa, suddenly wise. You thought it was. She said, breathlessly, "Oh, Bill, promise me one thing. If ever our kids are sassy, promise me you'll take me off for a week end, and leave them to fend for themselves."

"If our kids are sassy," said Bill, "I'm going to wallop them, sweet. With my strong right hand!"

The moment Mrs. Chester saw her daughter, her woman's intuition told her something had happened and her spirits rose. She had had a lovely week end, but it had been a bit of a struggle at times to keep her mind off a picture of endless dirty dishes piling up in a sink. But the house was immaculate. Dickie was quite right—was he not always right? These children could, if they had to.

"I had a wonderful time," said Lisa.

"So did we." Mrs. Chester's eyes met and held her husband's eyes for a moment, and they both smiled.

You could be in love even if you were over forty, Lisa realized. But now the thought held charm for her.

"I ordered a rock salmon," said Mrs. Chester. "Did it come?"

"It did, mother," said Lisa faintly. "But —"

"I'll change and be right down. I learned the loveliest way to do it," said Mrs. Chester.

"But Lisa, darling, I ordered a whole fish. Is this all?" Mrs. Chester regarded the weeniest piece of tail.

"Bill came, mother. He came on Saturday, Sunday and today. Oh, mother, I'm sorry about the fish, but I'm frightfully happy."

"You mean —" said Mrs. Chester, understanding dawning. The fish tail slid unnoticed to the floor as she embraced her child. "Oh, darling, I couldn't be more glad! Of course I had hoped—but then, somehow, it didn't seem —"

"No, I know. It was all my fault. I was so —"

"Well, perhaps you were, darling. Just a bit."

"Fish without paper, and all those tedious little bundles and baskets and the rest of it. I didn't understand, till I had to cope. But I'm going to be much nicer now."

"You were always nice," said Mrs. Chester fondly if vaguely, patting her daughter's shoulder, but obviously thinking of something else. "Fish soufflé, perhaps? Or maybe fish omelets. Yes, that's the thing. Fetch me the egg flogger, darling. And tomorrow, mince eked out with toast squares and force-meat balls. Your father thinks he can't eat beef, but we will call it something else. I often wonder what on earth people do, in a war, who have no imagination."

The future opened before her, a vista of well-planned meals, just eking out. Thursday, as usual, would be frightful—the day the old rations were finished and the new ones hadn't come. But this was only Monday. You crossed your bridges as you came to them, in a war.

The telephone rang. "Answer it, will you, darling," said Mrs. Chester, flour on her nose.

But Lisa was already answering it. The awful thought came to her that it might be Bill, saying after all he would not be free to come along to supper. But it wasn't.

"Mother, what do you think I've got!" she cried, bursting in, starry-eyed.

"The Koh-i-noor for an engagement ring," hazarded her parent, adding pepper.

"No, darling. An oxtail. That sweet man, William Tuttle, just rang up to say he knew the colonel was at home, and he has kept you one, if I'll run along."

"Well, isn't that nice? One of us will simply have to knit that man something," said Mrs. Chester. "War does make one appreciate one's friends."

"Unfortunately, Bill can't eat oxtail."

"Oh, never mind about that. We'll cook it down in aspic with a lot of peppercorn and some peas, and chill it, and call it Victory Mold," said Mrs. Chester ecstatically. "Run, darling. Run."



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Honey watches us go through old Christmas cards, and clean out a whole closet to get to the Christmas-tree ornaments.

Diary of Domesticity

BY GLADYS TABER

EARLY in December I begin to think about a winter house cleaning. The fever comes over me some morning when there is plenty to do anyway. I just suddenly feel it is time to clean. Get ready for Christmas.

I wonder if every house doesn't have one particular room or closet that is invariably crammed with junk. Ours is a long narrow closet off the front bedroom which has a sharply slanting ceiling. It is shaped like a prehistoric cave, tunneling toward a tiny doll-size opening at the farther end. When this is so full it is no longer possible to open the door, the cleaning urge comes over me. I decide to begin there, because the Christmas-tree ornaments will be there somewhere in any case. And some various-sized boxes to use again.

Walking backward like a crab, hunched on hands and knees, I get inside, pulling the cleaning paraphernalia after me mostly by my teeth. I hit my head on the beam. This opens the attack.

I remember wistfully, as I drag at the first tier of boxes, the happy days when I used to simply throw everything out the window and let the children gather it up and burn it. The things we used to burn in the good old days! And there was the time the whole front lawn was drifted with old girdles nobody could wear, unmatched galoshes, petrified rain-coats and derelict underwear, and then company came riding up in an elegant limousine.

Now you wouldn't think that closet could be full again. But it is. There are some things that are simply impossible either to give away or to throw away. Every woman knows such things. I move them out to the bedroom, creeping along as best I can. The bedroom floor is awash with them. Things like old family albums full of people that nobody knows any more, frozen-faced men and severe-eyed women in stiff satins. Nasty little children in velvet, snug and superior-looking. Unhappy wedding pictures with the bride obviously grinding her teeth and the groom, in front of a palm tree and a waterfall, wearing a flowered waistcoat and an expression of "I'll do it if it kills me."

Things like framed pictures of the Bridge of Sighs and Fujiyama. Old high-school diplomas. My husband's university glee club, with a piece of Bob's ear plainly visible

behind some other member. Golf awards of my sister Jill's, printed on parchment.

A very mangy shaggy buffalo robe. Maybe the Army—but no. Not even good for rags. And yet —

Old scrapbooks. Nobody ever looks at them except when the place is turned out, and nobody ever will. I gaze with a mild pang at some old yellowed clippings. Myself in the high-school play—ah, glamorous, happy days. But who cares? That starry-eyed girl wouldn't be remotely connected with this panting creature crawling around on the closet floor.

Then I suppose every family has just a few old letters and manuscripts and a couple of baby shoes and that first curl and the hair earrings and a pearl card case and a stack of wedding invitations.

Oh, well, in the end I clean the floor and replace the things just about as they were, and that is that.

The era of attics has, I dare say, passed for good. Wheh I was a child, playing in the attic was a lovely game. Everybody had chests filled with old clothes that made elegant costumes. There were boxes of old books, spinning wheels, old broken rockers, bird cages and the 'National Geographic' from 1899.

If only I weren't so sentimental, I would get through house cleaning so much faster. I just can't help thinking as I work. And it slows me down like a slow-motion picture. The books are nearly fatal. But even the cupboards give me trouble. That India Tree cup and saucer. I used to drink cambric tea from it. Pigtails, Mary Jane slippers, middy blouse and serge skirt. I don't suppose anything uglier was ever invented than the middy-blouse-skirt costume of my childhood. But I loved it. With a scarlet tie flowing over my flat front.

Cleaning the corner cupboard is a hazardous task, because Esmé always decides to help. Invariably the phone rings as I begin and I am forced to answer it, watching with one anguished eye while Esmé leaps lightly about among old sugar bowls and luster. My conversation is interspersed with frantic whispers, "Esmé, get down! Esmé, go away! No, no. No!" Esmé's little dark face peers at me from behind my Wedgwood soup dish; her sapphire eyes shine. Her tail

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winds about the India Tree cup. "Esmé," I implore.

"What's that? What are you saying?" I hear over the wire.

Never at my best over the telephone, I am even more incoherent. "It's just the cat," I say.

Esmé launches herself into the air and falls to earth I know not where, except I hear Tigger utter a wild hiss as she rouses him. The two of them then come racketing past me. By the time I hang up they are asleep on the sofa, models of deportment and certainly milder than skim milk.

Both the cats like Honey best of the dogs. Saxon is too bouncy and Sister has a way of leaping suddenly upon them from nowhere—all in good faith, but disturbing. Windy, they know, would like to chase them. He has that look in his earnest brown eye. Pussy not only would like to, but does, at every opportunity. She is entirely unreconstructed about cats. Star, being her mother, is even worse. Not that anything ever comes of it, but the cats don't care for the game. Clover and Snow are all right, but they move too fast.

Honey lies on the hearth, golden in the firelight, while Esmé comes delicately up and moves her little wedge-shaped face closer and closer and closer. Blue eyes look into dreamy brown. Esmé sniffs Honey's muzzle all over, very delicately. Honey never moves a whisker. Finally Esmé will give her a lick and then settle down against her: Honey settles down, too, still not moving. Perhaps the next time Esmé may feel in a dancing mood and reach out and slap Honey as she goes by on her own business. Honey gives a girlish squeal and hurries. But they both know it doesn't mean anything.

Tigger likes to lie beside Honey too. She is such a warm soft thing. The black against the gold looks so beautiful, black velvet against tawny satin.

After the house is finally cleaned, with help from cats and cockers, it is time to get out the old Christmas cards and go over them. They are much too pretty, most of them, to be used only once. For children, they make lovely scrapbooks; but now our children have moved into the rarefied air of Plato and aeronautics, I cut out the pictures and use them to decorate the new packages. I like best the country scenes, of course, but those little pink and blue angels with bisque complexions and the little leaping fawns and lambs are lovely on a pale blue package.

The very choicest Christmas gifts, I think, are those made by the giver for the special person. I always wish sadly that I could sew. My mother used to spend her spare time, what little she had, in making things for the next Christmas. The little pink soft baby

(Continued on Page 168)

Prayer for Christmas

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Dear God, to all was Christmas given;
But perhaps we understand it best
Who know barns best, and mangers, too,
And weariness which cries for rest.

And then we know how small beginnings
Can grow to greatness, how a light
Cupped by a hand may be sufficient
To save a man lost in the night.

So perhaps for us the Christmas story
Seems nearer to our daily ways;
Help us to take our courage from it,
Help us to feel the thing we praise.

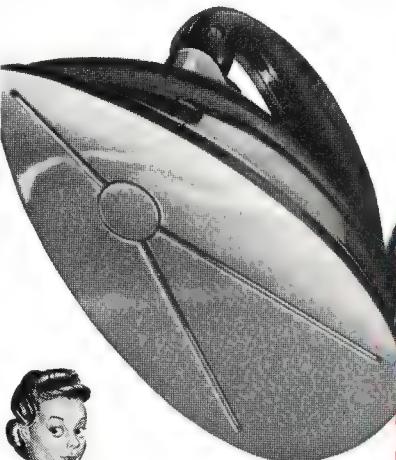
No other Iron like it!

Does everything the finest Automatic Electric Iron will do . . .

Does MORE than any other steam iron will do!



LOOK! Steam all over



Sally Silex says:

Insist on Silex . . . it's the only automatic electric steam iron with the features you see on this page! PLUS all the advantages you'd expect in a fine automatic electric iron. You're entitled to every one of them in the iron you buy. Accept no less! If your dealer has not yet received his stock of Silex Automatic Electric Steam Irons, he will shortly. Have him promise to save one for you! See him today.

© 1944

LOOK! STEAM FLIPS ON OR OFF INSTANTLY

Flip the handy lever on the handle and you can change from dry heat to steam while you're ironing! Yes, the wonderful Silex is really two grand irons in one!

SILEX
automatic electric steam iron

A PRODUCT OF THE SILEX COMPANY, HARTFORD 1, CONN.

American Crafts

FOR CHRISTMAS

By Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THE delightful articles shown on this page are all made by mountain craftsmen living in the remote regions of our Southern highlands. Because these people are largely unemployable owing to age, physical handicaps and the lonely isolation of their mountain homes, the sale of these articles represents the only cash income of many of these individuals and families.

The articles are well styled, thanks to expert and sympathetic guidance which has preserved the romance of the old skills while making the articles usable and even sophisticated in their simple design and modern colorings. They are beautifully finished and the prices are surprisingly low.

Sixty-four regional units of mountain craftsmen, most of whose members work right in their own isolated cabins, market their wares under the name "Southern Highlands," a nonprofit organization which returns full value to the workers, less the actual cost of marketing the articles.

Many of these articles and similar ones can be found in our large city shops, and exhibits of them are shown in museums, libraries and colleges all over the country.

You may get information about these items, or order direct, from Southern Highlanders, Inc., Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20. Since all items are individuals, except sets, and all are equally beautiful, the best plan is to state color preference and style and allow the shop to choose for you. Include postage. Gifts may be mailed direct.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



Utility baskets from Tennessee come in all sizes, cost from \$2.00 to \$3.50. Jugtown pottery jars are all individuals. Cost from 75 cents to supersizes at \$25.00.



Soft toys made of washable cotton print, flat enough to go through the wringer, are priced at \$1.50 each. Happily there are no hard parts for baby to pull off.



Larger scarfs and throws of hand-loomed wool, in exquisite colorings. The big one in pastel stripes is \$4.50. Others, \$2.50 and \$3.25. Individual carvings cost from \$1.65 to \$3.00.



Hand-blown tumblers in stained-glass colors at 90 cents each. Vases cost \$2.00. Luster cream jugs, \$3.00 and \$3.50. Hand-loomed mats in lace weaving, \$1.50 each.



Old blue-and-gray salt-glaze ware, in a wide selection. Duck salt and pepper, \$1.50 a pair. Hand-loomed place mats, \$1.50 each; carved holly-wood trivet, \$2.50.



Gay, hand-woven craft bags cost \$3.00 and \$3.95. The little lapel bouquets of pine cones, acorns and seeds, called "Woods Pretties," cost \$1.00. The bear carving, \$1.65.



Bright vegetable-dyed table mats, no two alike, but all harmonious with quaint mountain pottery, cost 75 cents each. Jugtown pottery from 75 cents up.



Fine hand-woven wool baby blankets in white, blue and pink at \$4.50 and \$5.00; hand-sewn silk bootees for \$1.25, and a pastel bib similar to the one shown here, for \$1.00.



All-wool, hand-loomed scarfs as gossamer-light as this-tledown. Long, square or shawl size. Priced at \$2.50 and \$3.00. These are as exquisite as the distinctive imports.



Sewing Boxes; Sewing Kits. Hand-some boxes in fascinating shapes and patterns; fitted or unfitted. \$1.00 up. Handy kits, including ones for service men and women; from 50¢.



Handsome Sewing Cabinets. A gift in the grand manner! Each one is fitted with sewing supplies; each is an attractive piece of furniture in its own right! Several models; from \$15.95.

"My Christmas Shopping's in the Bag"

—THANKS TO MY SINGER SEWING CENTER!**

Ladies—you can echo those joyous words! Hurry to your Singer Center—for the grandest gifts that ever made eyes light up like Christmas tree candles! See a preview on this page—get out your shopping list—and go!

*The address of your local Singer Sewing Center is listed in your telephone directory under "Singer Sewing Machine Co."



E-Z-Make Snuggle Dolls. Little girls love them madly. You'll enjoy making and dressing them! Dolls stand 14" tall when finished. Materials and directions; \$1 for each doll.



Fresh, Crisp Neckwear. Trim dickies, beloved by school girls and career girls alike; from \$1.00. Collar-and-cuff sets, tailored and crisp or frilly and feminine; from \$1.00.



Luscious Costume Flowers. For the giftee's hair, belt, or lapel. From 50¢. Sachets, a nice extra or "stocking" present; 30¢ up.



Pretty-Plus-Practical Aprons. Some of these charmers are all made up; from 98¢. And some, very special ones, are semi-made; you add applique and trim. \$1.59.



Fashion-Wise Handbags. And as useful as they are good-looking—big enough to hold knitting or sewing. In lovely shades of long-wearing leather; from \$8.95.



Cuddle Cut-Ups. You make these cunning gingham beasts yourself—quickly, easily! Makings; 50¢ each. And when you buy 4, you get the Merry-Go-Round free!



Soft, Pretty Scarfs. Any woman is glad to see one of these come out of Paisleys, florals, solid colors; from \$1.00.

Need a Singer?

If you've hoped that Santa will leave a Singer at the foot of your tree this year—start hinting now!

New Singers are available—though the supply is limited and you may have to wait your turn.

Reconditioned Singers—next-best to a new Singer—give you real Singer quality and performance.

Rental Singers. Rent one by the month for home use; by the hour at your Singer Center!



SINGER

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE
Singer Sewing Machine Co.

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Sunbeam

AUTOMATIC

MIXMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

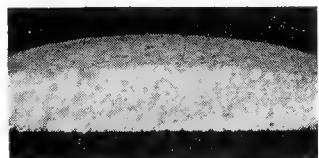


*the Key
to simplified cake-making
this new 1 Bowl, 4 Minute way*

If you are one of the fortunate persons who own a Sunbeam Mixmaster, try this simplified 1-bowl, 4-minute cake-making method and see how easily and quickly you can make a delicious, moist, meltingly-tender cake. It's the *even* Mixmaster mixing that gives "1-bowl" cakes a uniformly finer, feather-light texture. And there's no "trick" to it with Mixmaster to perform the two simple, 2-minute mixing operations. Simply dial No. 2 speed on the exclusive Mix-Finder Dial and you get the perfect mixing speed. Only Mixmaster has this exclusive feature. Although there have been no Mixmasters manufactured at Sunbeam since Spring, 1942, when war production replaced them, they will be back again just as soon as conditions permit.

With this new short-cut method, all the ingredients for a cake are mixed together in one bowl. Two steps combine everything. You skip the long, tedious creaming of butter and sugar, and "alternate addings" of flour and liquid. Your cake is ready for the oven in 4 minutes!

MIXMASTER-MIXING MAKES ALL THIS DIFFERENCE

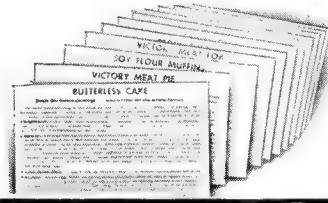


Butter cake made by "one-bowl" method, hand-mixed



Butter cake made by "one-bowl" method, Mixmaster-mixed

Recipes and instructions for the new simplified method are given in our new kit of special Sunbeam Recipes. All on handy 3" x 5" cards for your file. Send for your free set.



CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5600 W. Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 50, Chicago 50, Illinois. Canadian Factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto 9
Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

By the Peacetime Makers of **Sunbeam** TOASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER

NEW LIFE IN OLD HOUSES

(Continued from Page 40)

ventilated. Perhaps, under those circumstances, the improvements, in the long run, would hardly have been worth the money. Whereas to double that amount—to spend, let us say, \$4000—a complete modernization could be accomplished, and the result would be not only a house worth more than twice its present value, but a house with a new long lifetime of better living ahead of it.

In other words, it is often better, as it was in this case, to do a thorough remodeling job than to make merely extensive repairs. And there are times, of course, when repairs are preferable to full remodeling. But if you are in doubt, and even if you aren't, information from your local FHA representative may be most helpful. A reliable real-estate man can tell you about the property value that betterments will create, and an experienced builder can examine your house and give you good practical advice on its condition and how much it would cost to carry out various improvements. If the changes are to be extensive, it will pay to get the best architectural advice you can afford.

The ailments and inadequacies of the old house shown on page 40 are so typical that to list them will enable you to analyze the troubles that may happen to be yours. Here they are:

EXTERIOR

1. Old-fashioned—dated—commonplace—depressing.
2. Roof top-heavy—huge dormers.
3. Porch dark and uninviting, mere passageway, darkens living room.
4. Windows too few and badly spaced.

INTERIOR

First Floor

1. Rooms small, light and air inadequate.
2. Corner of house lost to stair and hall.
3. Living room small and dark. No wall spaces for adequate furnishing. No fireplace or bookcases.
4. Dining room has no access to outdoor terrace. Sliding doors useless and ugly.
5. Kitchen small, inadequate for modern equipment. Poor light, no cross ventilation. Rear porch too small to be of value; darkens kitchen. Pantry takes space from kitchen.

Second Floor

1. Second-floor corner also lost to stairs, one closet and useless alcove.
2. Bedrooms small and badly arranged for furnishing. No room has space for twin beds. Only one bedroom has cross ventilation; one bedroom one window only. Main bedroom double window only.
3. Closets wholly inadequate in two bedrooms. Corner closets spoil wall spaces. No linen closet.
4. Alcove in front room virtually useless.

The immediate needs are as follows:

1. New siding and roofing.
2. Painting, inside and out.
3. Modern heating and plumbing.

Shore Leave

BY NATHANIEL BURT

These are the things I think about:

To put my feet on land,
Go to you as an arrow goes,
Kiss you and take your hand,
And step into the special world
You make by being there—
As though a bubble closed us in
And lifted us on air.

I think, too, of a morning light
On some familiar street,
The kindly pavements growing
warm
Under our aimless feet;

A cool and shabby eating place
Where we have been before;
A foolish, feckless afternoon
Lazing along the shore.

Finally, as the dusk draws down,
We'll turn toward a room
Where soft among our chairs and
lamps
Love and quietness bloom.
And I, close in our own clean bed,
Will hear the dark hours come,
Lip to lip, dreaming there with you,
Knowing that I am home.

INTERIOR

1. The remodeled house is now modern, direct, simple and dignified.
2. Horizontals are emphasized throughout. Flattened and simplified roof lines; deck and porch roof carrying out horizontal lines.
3. Larger windows and better grouping.
4. Use of modern materials easily installed. Clean-cut surfaces and simple masses reduce upkeep.



ARMY INFANTRYMEN line up for chow. Italian youngster with pail, at right, asks for food.

Today . . . TWICE AS MUCH FOOD TO THE FRONT. One daily "K" ration includes such foods as veal and pork loaf, processed cheese with bacon, bouillon powder, chopped pork and egg yolks, soluble coffee, fruit and chocolate bars, biscuits, graham crackers. That's

for just *one* soldier—gives you an idea how much food our fighters need . . . this year twice as much as before because there are twice as many men.

Yes, food is a mighty and vital weapon in shortening the war. Let's save it, avoid waste, use the plentiful kinds instead of the scarce ones and pay no more than top legal prices.

Produce and Conserve, Share and Play Square!

Tomorrow . . . TWICE AS MUCH FOOD TO THE FRONT—of the patented, exclusive Crosley **SHELVADOR*** Refrigerator.

Think of the convenience of having all those shelves in the door—at your finger-tips! How many eggs, fruits, bottled beverages, small vegetables and packages can be easily reached! No longer any need to tuck these smaller foods around bulkier objects in the main compartments and shelves.

Conserving and preserving food will be vital long after the war ends. As soon as Crosley Refrigerators are shown at your dealer's, see the **SHELVADOR*** for the sake of its daily added convenience, for your pocketbook's sake, and for your family's health through better food-preservation.

When Crosley can turn from making fighting materials to make refrigerators again—

Remember that only in Crosley Refrigerators can you get the extra usable space of the **SHELVADOR.*** It's patented! Exclusive! Unique!

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CROSLEY
THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO



IN ADDITION to the Crosley Shelvador*, which gives you twice as much front-row food, within easy reach, Crosley will offer other quality appliances for the modern home.





"My Uncle Danny can't get a telephone"

Well, Jimmy, I'm afraid lots of other people are in the same fix. You see, the machines and men which ordinarily would be making telephone equipment for civilian use are working instead on war orders.

Guess soldiers and sailors need telephones, too!

By the hundreds of thousands, in fact! Telephones help keep guns on target, keep our forces in touch with each other, operate ships and bombers and submarines.

Imagine that! You must be awfully busy.

Yes, indeed. Meanwhile, the folks back home who want a telephone have been mighty patient about waiting, and we sincerely appreciate it. You can be sure we're doing everything in our power to serve everybody just as soon as possible!



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 163)

bonnets and the minute fleecy bootees. The pillowcases hand hemstitched. The hand-kerchiefs, rolled and initialed. Then the candy and plum puddings and fruitcakes!

Last year a friend gave me a box filled with homemade herb vinegars. She grew the herbs herself, steeped the vinegars and bottled them. It was one of the loveliest gifts I had. Thyme vinegar, basil vinegar, mixed-herb vinegar. How delicious they are. Garlic vinegar—there's a good thing. I like to dash it on steak before broiling. A piece of plain round steak will be tender and elegant if it has this treatment. For salad dressing it is perfect.

Americans are just beginning to have a feeling for herbs. I am still timid about some of them, but every year we experiment a little more. Mint, of course, is easy, and parsley and water cress and celery leaves and sage. Basil I understand fairly well, but thyme and summer savory I am not really at home with. Borage either. The blue flowers are fine in long drinks, and the leaves in a green salad. Beyond that, I don't know.

When I go outdoors on a frosty December morning, I can see the herb garden down by the barbecue. The cold earth looks absolutely sterile and unproductive, but that's where the sage runs riot and the chives bear those fairy purple-blue flowers. At the edge of the bed, I know, is the wintergreen we brought from the woods. The waxy polished leaves and the little flowers will be beautiful again next season. I really must have more herbs and learn more about them, I think, as I cut out the last Christmas scene.

It seems to me, looking toward Christmas, that the last years have brought back to us the real significance of Christmas. The arrogant prewar years had a lush and expensive kind of Christmas. Everyone galloped about buying more and bigger presents, more ostentatious. Fancy greens and artificial trees and dazzling rococo ornaments were the order. Complete exhaustion set in directly after the last present was unwrapped.

Now we know things aren't important. What is important is remembering those we

love in remembrance of One Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. And instead of elaborate parties, the warmth and simplicity of gathering around a fire to eat a supper of home-baked beans.

It is a good thing. In a world of change and confusion and doubt, we need Christmas more than ever. For me, it is the time when my mother seems closest to me, and that shows in itself what the time is. The years between seem to slip away on Christmas Eve and I really sense her continued presence. Easter may be supposed to be the time for a renewal of faith in immortality, but for me it is Christmas. It isn't the burgeoning of spring that contents my soul, but the clear starlight of a December night. The feeling that Christmas has always been and will always be, and that the spirit of man will rise above any indignity offered it—somehow this feeling really comforts and sustains me.

When I look out at the dark beautiful sky bending over our snowy hills and shadowy valleys, I know a kind of serenity which I wish I could share with everyone all over the world. The stars are almost blue-white in the infinite meadows of the sky, and the moon is delicate luster over the dark cedar slopes. Far off, diminished by the night, the neighbor's hound begins to sound his mournful cry, and all the cockers at once start out of sleep and yell their heads off. A horse in the barn across the road stamps softly. The air is as pure and cold as deep water from a spring. It aches in the lungs, and it is a good ache. There is the smell of snow in it. A blizzard any day.

I have to turn on the kennel lights and speak severe words to the cockers, while Honey echoes their noise in her throat, far down but distinct. She is in the house, she rumbles; what are they hollering about? When it is still again, I come in to the fire and the faint smell of apple-wood smoke, and I always say my favorite traditional words, because they are English, because they are Christmas, because I always say them to myself and always will:

God rest you merry, gentlemen.

ASK ANY WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

IF THE average woman would put as much work into cleaning her house as she does in trying to find a cleaning woman, the problem would be solved.

One child needs restraining, another drawing out. I have sometimes thought if our children could be stirred together and divided by four they would come out about all right.

A child whose parents are in love is permeated with a fragrance that lasts him all through life.

One of the struggles a parent has is to keep a boy real, and at the same time in one piece.

Note to women at home: You can't keep your figure down eating up food that is "too good for the dog."

You belong to a past generation if you can remember when the celery wasn't stuffed.

There is as wide a difference between whipping and spanking as between schooling and education.

Note to teen-agers: An ounce of convention equals a pound of lure.

Any mother big enough to hold a job away from home should be big enough to keep the one going she has at home.

Some persons make the mistake of living years instead of life.

The meanest woman is one who gives you a recipe and leaves out her secret for making it "special."

I had a difficult time straightening out the loyalties involved when it was discovered that the children had saved money from their Sunday-school allowances toward buying my Christmas present.

The average small boy can find the middle of a mud puddle quicker than a compass can point north.

Never apologize for the children's behavior, because if your guest is a parent he understands and if he isn't he cannot understand.

She was one of those women unmistakably wired for sound.

I was years acquiring enough clothesline; every time it seemed adequate, we had another baby.



In case of mistletoe shortage

*You'll look your loveliest in this deftly-styled skirt of Pacific
Fabric. It's 100% wool, with a suave touch and an easy drape; and
the clear, soft, spring colors are a palette of smartness!
Ask for skirts of Pacific Worsteds and Woolens at your favorite
store. Look for the two labels shown below. They identify
genuine Pacific Fabrics... assure you of maximum value.*



FREE! Entertaining booklet, "46 Ways to Pamper Your Wools"

Write to PACIFIC MILLS, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16

SAY IT WITH BONDS
FOR VICTORY



Your Chesterfield Santa Claus reminding you that at Christmastime when you get together the best of everything for real enjoyment . . . the cigarette that Satisfies belongs on top.

The reason is * * *

CHESTERFIELD'S RIGHT COMBINATION
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LIGHT UP **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*